Don Quixote, before Don Fernando. &c. offering to kill the Giant.

Our Knight imagines Dorothea's fate — Is by enchantment made unfortunated;— Then solemnly declares, arm'd Cap a pee, He'll kill the Giant, and the Lady free! 12492 6 35

HISTORY

THE RENOWNED OF

DON OUIXOTE

LA MANCHA.

Being an Accurate, Complete, and Most Entertaining

NA R R E

OF THE WONDERFUL

ATCHIEVEMENTS

THAT INCOMPARABLE

HERO AND KNIGHT-ERRANT;

From his first great Pursuit after FAME IMMORTAL. till the Close of his celebrated CAREER:

Including, minutely, every curious INCIDENT attending his faithful Squire and Servant,

SANCHO PANZA.

INTERSPERSED WITH

LUDICROUS DIALOGUES, RHAPSODIES. MADRIGALS, and SERENADES.

WHOLE REPLETE WITH INFINITE HUMOUR THE AND DROLLERY.

Translated from the Original Spanish of

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

BY CHARLES HENRY WILMOT, Esq.

TWO VOLUMES. IN

VOL. I.

Honour and Conquest, Triumph and Renown, Shall all my bold Adventures nobly crown! Shine out, fair Sun! and gild the blooming Day! Come forth, my Horse! -- 'Tis Glory leads the Way.

LONDON: Printed for J. COOKE, at Shakespear's Head, in Paternoster Row. 1769.

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ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

MIGUEL de Cervantes Saavedra was born in the year 1549; and notwithstanding he has in his writings declared himself a gentleman, the place of his birth hath never been made known: a circumstance which we will venture to attribute to fome very particular family reasons. In the early part of his life he was in the low capacity of a private foldier under Marco Antonio Colona, whom pope Pius the fifth appointed general of the troops fent against the Turks. With this famous captain our author embarked in the christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria; and lost his left-hand at the battle of Lepanto. The Cardinal Aquaviva; however; pitying his misfortune, and hearing that he was a perfon of great spirit; genius, and gallantry; took him under his protection: and in all human probability this was the period when Cervantes had leifure to give an unbounded difplay of his natural abilities as an author; for now it was when the Spanish theatre became improved and adorned with various dramatic pieces written by his own masterly pen, and which were exhibited with uncommon marks of applause. In the year 1574 he had the misfortune to be taken by a Barbary Cortair, and was confined as a flave at Algiers almost fix years. His captivity was in the reign of Haffan Aga, an infamous renegado; whose favage nature was fuch, that 'every day he was hanging one; ' impaling another, cutting off the ears or breaking the limbs of a third, and on fuch flight occasions, that the Turks themselves owned that he did it from mere wantonness of barbarity.* Saavedra, however, took fuch liberties with this tyrant as amazed every body, and

^{*} Vide the story of the Captive, vol. I. page 281.

fuch as would have caused any other person to have been immediately hung up or impaled: but Hassan scarce

ever gave him an angry expression.

Extraordinary were the exploits and general conduct of our author at Algiers. Among many memorable instances of his enterprising spirit; his gallantry, firmness of foul, honour, and penetration, I cannot omit to oblige my readers with the following: Saavedra, who was in no want of money, finding it impossible to recover his freedom without affenting to a most exorbitant demand of ranfom, formed a plan of escape for himself and fourteen other unfortunate gentlemen who were of his country. He first of all redeemed one Viana, an intrepid Mayorcan failor, by whom he dispatched letters to the governor of Mayorca, foliciting his excellency, in the name of himself and his fourteen companions, to fend over a veffel under the direction of faid Viana, who had engaged to touch upon a particular part of the coast, in order to take them all on board. Saavedra and his friends then getting privately together, repaired to a cave near the fea-side, where they secreted themselves till the return of Viana in a brigantine which he had obtained from the governor; but just when he was about to anchor at the appointed fpot, some Moors happening to observe his motions, and immediately spreading an aların through the coast, Viana was under a necessity of relinquishing his attempt. The poor people in the cavern remained in their dreary prison seven successive months, and never dared to stir out except in the night-time. They were supplied with food and other necessaries by a Spanish slave, whom our author had found means to speak with and to engage in this critical business. At length, however, this flave betrayed them; and all were taken in chains to the public bagnio except Cervantes, whose person was exempted by the especial order of the tyrant Hassan, who continued his partiality to him in confequence of his great abilities. Haffan, however, now endeavoured to prevail upon him to accuse one of the friars of redemption as having been privy to the scheme for their escape, in order

by this means to extort a fum of money from him: but the noble-minded Cervantes was superior to such meanness and infamy: he rejected the most advantageous offers, and afferted that he himself had been sole projector of the plan. Haffan finding it impracticable to warp the integrity of his foul, foon afterwards restored him and his fellow-countrymen to the respective mafters whose flaves they were; and our great Spaniard had given fo many testimonies of his genius, his circumfpection, his learning, his gallantry, and his activity, that the tyrant was resolved to purchase him, and accordingly bought him of his mafter for five hundred ducats: and fuch was the peculiar lenity with which Haffan always treated him, that although in one of his projects he had actually planned the conquest of Algiers, and had been threatened to be burnt alive, still did he obtain a pardon: and indeed how could things be otherwise? for there was something so engaging, so attractive and persuasive in this ingenious man, as could diffolve the most hardened cruelty into the tenderest compassion. He was afterwards redeemed. through the means of a trinitarian friar, for a thousand ducats.

From these circumstances it should seem that Saavedra supported a much higher character than that of a common foldier: indeed he was diftinguished in Barbary by the title of Don Miguel, and was looked upon as a gentleman of opulent fortune. Hence we will conclude that he acquired this affluence by his writings after

the battle of Lepanto.

On his return to his native country, his life and actions were one continued display of virtue, friendship, and munificence; and if, from his tafte and education, he was fond of pleasure, still his primary happiness centered in the grand point of DOING GOOD TO HIS FEL-LOW CREATURES. Purity of principle, and not splendor of fituation, was the object which attracted his generous foul. The proud and haughty man he pitied and despised; but the modest and deserving he loved, cherished, and protected. Injured Merit never made her appeal to his humanity without a certainty of relief;

nor did Poverty ever approach him, without participating that benevolence which to honourably diftinguished

HOU mayth affile thyfelf re mid benrobs bus Thus actuated by the most liberal and beneficent principles, his fortune foon became exhausted, and he was under a necessity of re-commencing author. For a feries of years he exercised his pen with applause, and in 1605 finished (but in a prison) the first part of his celebrated Don Quixote. He foon, however, recovered his liberty; but so cold was the friendship of his patrons, (not even excepting those panegyrised in the second preface) and fo barren the understanding of the prince in whose reign he wrote, that he was always in a state of indigence: no protection could be expected from ROYAL STUPIDITY and MINISTERIAL HYPOCRITES. Cervantes, however, struggled nobly with the stream of ill-fortune: he alleviated his afflictions by the philosophy of his heart, and entirely difregarded the reproaches of envy; except, indeed, the unfair proceedings and the abuse of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, author of the spurious Don Quixote, (and whose hero makes a third fally) very much affected him.

The last of all his works was a novel entitled, The History of the Troubles of Perfiles and Sigismunda, but

which he did not live to fee printed.

In the year 1617 our amiable Spaniard quitted this transient life, to enjoy the reward of eternal happiness, His gentle foul fustained the affault of death with calmness, resignation, and piety: all human sense and feeling bemoaned the loss of him: philanthropy let fall the tear of tenderness, while malignity itself could not forbear to figh when struck with the idea of his virtues. He died the happy man; for he had lived the good one. The purity of his life laying claim to an heavenly reward, hope foothed him to his last moment, and infoired him with that facred felicity which virtue alone teels when the vital frame is diffolving, which arm I mid Quixote, a talk which I found to difficult that I was

selvived not to publish, but bury my hero in the archives

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THOU mayst assure thyself, reader, that I wish this offspring of my brain were the most sprightly, ingenious, and discreet that could possibly be produced: but we cannot oppose nature: every production must refemble its author. My uncultivated understanding could yield nothing but strange, whimsical, froward, extravagant ideas, as if they had been conceived in a prison, that habitation of misery and of every unwelcome found *. Ease, quietude and convenience, fields, groves and springs, together with a sweet serenity of mind, are helps which can even infpire into the most barren genius the power of pleasing and of delighting. The parent who hath an ugly child, may be so blinded by affection, as to think the greatest defects in his person the greatest beauties, and every act of folly a display of his wit. But I, who, though feemingly the father, am no more than the step-father of Don Quixote, will not follow fuch example. I will not, gentle reader, intreat thee, with tears in my eyes, to overlook and forgive the defects of this my bantling: thou art neither its relation nor friend; thou art to applaud or cenfure as thou dost please; thy will is unrestrained, and exempted from all obligation; wherefore thou canst incontroulably deliver thy real fentiments. I wished only to lay before thee the production, naked and clean, without the embellishment of a preface, and unmixed with fuch commendatory verification as we commonly find prefixed to modern performances; for, be affured, though the writing of my book has been attended with fome trouble, I have found more in writing this preface. Often did I feize the pen, and as often throw it from me because I knew not what to fay. While I was one day very ferioufly meditating on the subject, a friend entered my apartment, and asked me the cause of my contemplation. I told him I was studying a preface to my history of Don' Quixote, a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved not to publish, but bury my hero in the archives

^{*} The first part of Don Quixote is said to have been written in a gaol.

FRESTRA

of La Mancha: for, faid I, how abfurd would it be in me, after having been fo long hidden in the shades of oblivion, to lay before the public, in my old age, a production which hath neither invention, stile, wit, nor erudition to recommend it, nor any marginal quotations, or annotations at the end, which other performances have, however prophane and fabulous; indeed they are so crammed with sentences from Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers, that they attract the admiration of the readers, who think fuch writers possessed of very transcendent talents. When they produce a citation from holy writ, they appear equally orthodox with St. Thomas or any of the fa hers; and so ingenious is their method, that in one line you shall see an infatuated lover introduced, and in the next an homily fo perfuafive and confolatory as cannot fail to please the senses: but I have none of these embellishments and graces: I have no marginal quotations or critical animadversions; nor do I know what authors I have followed; confequently can have no alphabetical index of them, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; the latter two of whom generally appear in the same production, though the one was a painter and the other an impertment reviler: neither have I any fonnets at the beginning composed by a duke, marquis, count, or famous poet; though indeed I have two or three friends who would not refuse. to affift me with as good poetry as ever was written, were I to apply to them. In short, I find myself unequal to the task, through want of ability and of learning; and besides, I am too slothful and bashful to go in search of authors to fay what I myfelf can advance as well without their aid. My friend, burfting into laughter, faid, Is it possible so trifling an obstacle can perplex a genius like your's, fo admirably calculated for encountering much greater difficulties? 'Tis not want of ability, but want of resolution, which thus obviates the free exercise of your reason. As to your having no sonnets or commendatory verses from great people, you can easily remove that obstacle by writing some yourself, and fathering them upon whom you please; for instance, Prestor John

John of India, or the emperor of Trebisond, who I have heard were famous poets. With regard to marginal quotations, you must introduce some Latin sentences: for example, supposing your subject be freedom and bondage; then you say, non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro. If death be your theme, you have pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres: and when you treat of divine goodness, have recourse to the holy writings. In defining the quality of malevolence, you must say, de corde exeunt cogitationes male: and Cato will affift you in any reflection on the inconstancy of friendship, with donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. By this means you may pals for a great scholar. Then as to annotations,when you are speaking of giants, hawl in Goliah, and fagaciously inform the reader that Golias or Goliah was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a stone. Should you wish to be thought a cosmographist, introduce the river Tagus, remarking that it is so called from a king of Spain, and which, taking its rife in such a place, loses itself in the sea, and is said to have golden fands. If you treat of robbers, mention the story of Cacus; and if you introduce harlots in your history, the bishop of Mondoneda will furnish you with a Lamia, a Lais, and a Flora. When cruelty is your theme, Ovid will present you with his Medea: and when you treat of incantation or witchcraft, you have a Calypio in Homer and a Circe in Virgil. When heroes are your subject, you have Julius Cæsar ready to your hands in his own commentaries; and Plutarch will supply you with a plenty of Alexanders. When love flows from your pen, Leon the jew will stand your friend, if you possels but three grains of Tuscan: and should you not be fond of roaming much abroad, at home you have Fonseca's treatife on divine love. In short, all you have to do is to get the names and stories of these authors; and then as to the business of annotating, leave that to me. With respect to the citing of authors, fo common in other performances, select some production that quotes the whole body of them alphabetically, and foift them into your book :

viii THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

mind not the abfurdity of the measure, so it does you fervice: people will not be at the trouble of examining whether you have trod in the path of the originals. But if I mistake not, your performance is in want of none of those ornaments you pretend; for it is one continued fatire upon the idle stories of knight-errantry. Nature is the picture you copy: her alone you fludy: and the nearer your imitation, the more excellent and approved your work. Your whole aim is to defeat the authority. and expose the absurdity of those romantic histories which feem to have fascinated the eyes and senses of human kind. particularly of the vulgar part of the creation. You have only to deliver your fentiments in well-chosen and fignificant expressions, to give an harmony to your periods and spirit to descriptions. You must communicate your thoughts with freedom and perspicuity: you are to change fadness into mirth, heighten good-humour, amuse the illiterate, please the judicious, avoid the contempt of gravity, and obtain applause from the ingenious; keeping your eye invariably fixed upon the principal end of your undertaking. Extirpate all the books of chivalry. contemned by many, but admired by more. Do this, and great will be the act.

I listened very attentively to this advice from my friend, and thought it so consistent and rational, that I was determined to introduce it in the room of a preface: wherein, gentle reader, thou hast an instance of his difcretion, and of my good-fortune in having fo fage a counsellor in time of need; nor can it be disagreeable to thee to receive, without difguife, the history of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose character in the neighbourhood of Montiel was that of the chaftest lover and most heroic knight that had appeared there many years. Not the least defire have I to expatiate on the merit of introducing thee to fo famous a knight: I only require to be thanked for making thee acquainted with Sancho Panza his squire, in whom, if I mistake not, thou wilt find described and united all the squirish graces that appear in books of knight-errantry. And

now I bid thee adieu.

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Notwithstanding the Publisher gave a printed Notice for the Subscribers to send in their Names, and delayed the Publication of the last Number several Weeks, in order to give those who live at a great Distance the Opportunity of having their Names appear in our List, he has not been able to procure the Names of near one Half of our numerous Subscribers. He hopes, therefore, that those whose Names are here omitted will not be offended; and begs that he may not be blamed if any of the Names in this List are sound wrong spelt. as he has taken great Care to have them all printed literally as they were delivered by the Hawkers, &c.



SKILLES TORRESTRANT AND RECORD

INTRODUCTION.

WITH fuch univerfal estimation and applause hath the celebrated History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, been received by the polite and literary world; that it is presumed, a new faithful translation of so ingenious and admirable a performance, cannot fail of being honoured with that generous encouragement which an indulgent public seem ever ready to bestow upon productions of real merit.

The wit, humour, and pleafantry, that are contained in this beautiful romance, have unitedly the power of charming and elevating the mind, without yielding offence even to the most refined delicacy.

On the presumption, therefore, that a modern edition of so truly valuable a work, if executed with propriety and attention, hath a fair chance for public favour and patronage, an entire new translation of The History and Atchievements of the renowned Don Quixote

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will

will now be published in weekly numbers, in order that a fource of such exquisite amusement may be obtained at an easy method of purchase.

The translator ventures to affirm, that he has adhered invariably to the true spirit of the original; that he has attended nicely to the genius of his favourite Cervantes; carefully preferving, as in their native purity, every display of genuine humour,—every exercise of a feratile imagination.

Don Quixote de la Mancha shall appear as nature herself has delineated him: every whimfical adventure, every strange vicissitude of fortune, in short every curious incident of knight-errantry, will be minutely and faithfully recorded.

It is humbly prefumed, upon the whole, that the Knight of the Woeful Countenance will be found a most pleasing Companion: his gallant and memorable atchievements, his noble ambition, his profound wisdom, his epistolary eloquence, his fine taste for poetry, and his finer sensations of love, must infallibly recommend him to general notice and savour.



ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the quality of Don Quixote, his manner of living, and his amusements.

N a certain part of La Mancha, the name of which must not be mentioned, there lived, not long ago, one of those plain country gentlemen, who hang up in their houses an old lance and target, and who ride from field to field upon a meagre horse, attended by an half-starved greyhound.

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Beef * and mutton were his usual diet; though, 'tistrue, he had much less of the + one than the other; some minced meat commonly at night; lentils on Friday; on Saturday grumblings ‡ and groanings; and on Sunday a pidgeon or a pullet.

Three parts of his income were confumed in this mode of living; and the rest was laid out in the purchase of a plush coat, a pair of velvet breeches,

* In Spanish, vaca y carners, or an olla of beef and mutton together.

† The mutton; it being dearer in Spain than beef.

† Various are the opinions of the learned upon these same grumblings and groanings; some supposing that pease and herbs are implied; others, eggs and bacon; some, eggs and collops: and others have different conjectures.

and slippers of the same, for holidays, and a suit of home-spun for ordinary wear. He was near fifty years of age, very thin visaged, but of an hale constitution, an early riser, and a lover of hunting: his family consisted of a semale servant turned of forty, a niece of about twenty, and a sturdy young clown to saddle

his horse and handle the pruning-hook.

The name of our squire is said by some to have been Quixada; by others, Quesada: but as it is a matter of little consequence which of these names he bore, I shall proceed to relate, that he employed most of his leisure time (which in fact was the greater part of the year) in reading histories of knight-errantry, totally unheedful of either his family or his estate: nay, so devoted was he to this species of amusement, that he sold many good acres of land to purchase such as the said with.

His most favourite author was Feliciano de Sylva, whose admirable sublimity and intricacies of expression delighted him more than any thing. What emotions did he not feel, what raptures did he not enjoy, when in the writings of that author he fondly dwelt on the charming love-epistles sent from the knights to their beauteous mistresses, and the bold challenges that passed between the respective cham-

pions!

'The reason of your unreasonable attractions hath fo unreasonably attacked my reason, that I have the justest reason of complaint!' And what pleasure revelled in his heart when he came to the following inimitable expressions:

'The bright heaven of your divinity, that raises you to the stars, and renders you deserving of every desert which your dignity deservingly deserves!'

With fuch rhapsodies as these he continually employed his brain, and perplexed himself in endeavouring to unravel mysteries which not even Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from his grave for so important a purpose.

He

He could not altogether credit the accounts of those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave to others, and received himself, although he admired and even applauded the promise which the author had made, in the conclusion of his book, of giving a continuation of such wonderful atchievements: and when he found there was no probability of this promise being fulfilled, he had a strong inclination to commence author himself, and complete the work: but more weighty concerns demanded his attention.

It happened that our squire and the parson of the parish had frequent disputes whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the most renowned knight-errant: a barber in the village, however, insisted that none equalled the Knight of the Sun, and that none were in any respect worthy of being compared to him except Don Galaor, brother of Ama-

dis de Gaul.

The squire now became more assiduously attached to his studies than ever. From morning till evening, and from evening till morning again, was he poring over the historic page; his thoughts being wholly applied to challenges, battles, and enterprises; to enchantments, stratagems, and love-letters. He thought Cid Rudyaz a most illustrious knight, yet not so illustrious as the Knight of the Invincible Sword, who with one fingle stroke had cut two tremendous giants in the middle. He had a very high opinion of Bernardo del Carpio, who slew the enchanted Orlando, reported to be invulnerable: he also spoke favourably of Morgante, who, though of gigantic race, was perfectly gentle in his manners: but none did he admire or extol so much as Raynaldo of Mentalban, who was a public plunderer, and who stole the golden idol of Mahomet.

At length, however, having totally lost his senses, a strange whim entered his poor distracted brain: it was no less than this: he resolved, for the honour of his country and of himself, to turn knight-errant.

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He was now to imitate those adventurous champions of old, who bravely created diffensions, in order to have the triumph of suppressing them, and who, heedless of all danger, roamed from place to place in quest of glorious enterprises. Fired with these great ambitious views, our hero prepared for the field; and accordingly, an old rufty fuit of armour, which had been in the family for ages, was well rubbed and scoured with brick-dust; but most unfortunately there was no helmet to be found: however, his ingenuity foon supplied this defect; for he made himself a complete vizor of thick brown paper, doubled and pasted together. The invention pleased him mightily; and, to try whether it would answer the purpose for which it was intended, he valiantly drew forth his fword, and striking it against his own head, destroyed in one moment the toil and labour of a week. Scorning, however, to be in the least discouraged with this his first misfortune, he fet to work again with fresh paper and paste, and most ingeniously placing a thin plate of iron between each piece of paper, confided in the workmanship without farther trial.

He now went to visit his horse, which was soon to become a pompous warlike fleed. Four days did he employ in confidering what name to give the poor meagre animal: a horse that was to carry a valiant knight-errant, should undoubtedly have a grand name: at length, however, he fixed upon the fuperb, lofty, high-founding name of Rozinante, implying that this fame horse had fortunately rose from the meanest condition to the highest state of exhaltation, having been originally no more than an humble carthorse, and was now to be the horse of a knighterrant. Having thus thought of a name for his horse, it was now his care to think of a name for himself; and on this most important concern he was eight days in confidering. At last he determined! he resolved! - it was to be that of Don Quixote. Whence Whence we will conclude that the former name of

our hero was Quixada, and not Quesada.

Our knight, reflecting that the valiant Amadis, in order to render his name immortal, gave himself the title of Amadis de Gaul, thought it equally necessary to embellish his own name, and therefore called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha.

And now having scoured his armour, and accommodated himself with a beaver for his head-piece, he was in want of nothing but a lady: a lady was by all means necessary; for a knight without a lady, was like a tree without leaves, or a body without a foul. Should it happen, said the knight to himself, that I meet with some giant, and lay him sprawling at my feet, as a knight-errant ought to do, and so become conqueror of his huge carcase, would it not be proper to convey the glorious tidings to some fair mistress of my heart, on whom the trembling giant himself should most submissively attend, and throwing himself prostrate at her feet, address her in these words:

"Divine Princes! I am the giant Caraculiambo, "Lord of the island of Malindrama, but have been conquered by that most renowned and puissant knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has commanded me to kneel to your illustrious person, that I may be destined to whatever fate shall please

" your Highness!"

Charmed with this foliloquy, he determined on a lady: and a fresh-coloured young country girl, in an adjoining village, with whom he had formerly been in love, was accordingly fixed on: her name was Aldonça Lorenço; but this name not being equivalent with the high quality, splendor, and pre-eminence, with which she was on the point of being invested, it was changed to Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that village. Our knight was delighted with this name: Toboso had so fine, so mufical, so noble, so majestic a sound.

No. 1. B CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Don Quixote departs from bis native babitation.

DEING now refolved to put in execution his plan of knight-errantry, from a conviction of the numerous grievances that stood in immediate need of redress, he one morning in the month of July, without disclosing his intentions to any body, put on his armour, laced his helmet, hung his target at his shoulder, and then seizing his lance, mounted Rosinante, and rode privately away through a backyard, in a transport of joy: but he had not trotted many paces, before an unfortunate circumstance had like to have frustrated his schemes: he reflected that he had not been knighted; and well knowing that, according to the laws of chivalry, he was not entitled to challenge or engage with any professed knight, the poor man was in the utmost consternation. He was fenfible, also, that even if he were invested with that honour, his old black fuit of armour was by no means adapted; for new-created knights always wore white armour, and had no device in their shields till they had given some signal testimony of their valour. He was firmly refolved, however, not to relinquish his enterprize, but to be actually dubbed a knight by the first person he should meet with; for divers personages, according to his books of chivalry, had been dubbed in like manner; and as to his old black armour, he would again fcour it with brickdust, till it should have as bright and white an appearance as the best. Things thus settled, on he jogged, leaving it entirely to Rosinante to go which way he pleased, from a notion that such a liberty given to his horse was strictly consistent with adventurous undertakings.

The loftiest ideas now filled the great soul of our hero. What advantage will it be to posterity, said

he, to be furnished with large volumes of my transcendent exploits? Thus will the fage historian write:

' Scarce had all-glorious Phoebus begun to spread ' his resplendent tresses o'er the fields and lawns, and ' scarce had the little feather'd songsters begun to ' falute the blooming Aurora, who, stealing from her jealous husband's chamber, appeared in the bright galleries of La Mancha's horizon, when the ' famous Don Quixote awoke from his slumbers, and disdaining the pleasures of supinity and indolence, jumped from his downy bed, mounted his ' fierce Rofinante, and rode into the delectable plains of Montiel, (for Montiel was the road he took) in ' quest of immortal honour.' Then he added, 'Thrice happy age, in which my glorious atchieve-' ments will be made known to wondering mortals! ' atchievements worthy to be engraven on pillars of ' marble, as an example to futurity, And thou, O happy man, whose fortune it shall be to record my unfading honours, fail not, I befeech thee, O fail ' not to applaud the merits of my much-loved Rosinante, the steady companion of my life."

This foliloquy being concluded, he began, as if deeply in love, with 'O divine Dulcinea! fole em' press of my heart! how distressed is thy faithful

fwain to be thus cruelly driven from thy presence, and sentenced never to approach thy charming

' person again. Deign, heavenly fair one! deign to think, at least, of the sufferings of thy poor Quixote,

who loves, who venerates, who adores thee! and whose wretchedness proceeds solely from that ar-

dour of affection which hath taken possession of his foul!

Such rhapfodies as these, which he had borrowed from romantic tales, he would often repeat, unheedful of the scorching beams of the sun, which were nearly hot enough to set fire to his weak brain. And all this day did he travel without meeting with any

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occurrence worthy of notice; which gave him fome concern, as he was impatient to exercise his lance.

With respect to his first enterprize, authors disagree, Some affert, it was the Lapicean Gate adventure; others, that of the Windmills. In the annals of La Mancha, however, I find that our hero kept jogging on till the evening, when Rosinante was so tired and hungry, that the poor beast could scarce put one foot before the other; and the rider being as much tired as his horse, and equally as hungry, began to look out for some eastle or shepherd's cot, in order to procure rest and resischment: at length he saw an inn, and now sticking his spur into Rosinante's side, away he tretted, and soon reached it, at the gate of which stood a couple of ladies of no great reputation, enjoying the cool air, and who the following morning

were to go with the carrier to Seville.

Don Quixote, whose head was stuffed with the most abfurd notions and conjectures, and who fancied every thing he faw to be some object he had read of in his books of chivalry, mistook the inn for a magnificent castle with four superb towers, surrounded by a moat with drawbridges; he therefore stopped at a small distance from the gate, in expectation that some dwarf would appear on the battlements, and with an horn found the alarm of his arrival; but no dwarf appearing, and Rosinante discovering a strong inclination to be in the stable, our hero advanced nearer the gate, and feeing these two ladies of pleasure, concluded they were personages of great distinction, who had come to the gates of the castle in order to breathe a little fresh air. As chance would have it, just at this instant a fwineherd happened to found his horn three times to call in his hogs: the music was celestral; the dwarf was now certainly on the battlements Rosinance was therefore again spurred, and master and horse soon approached the two girls, who, not being a little furprised at so extraordinary an appearance, ran away: whereupon Don Quixote, lifting up his VIZOR

vizor a little, thus most gracefully addressed them: · Illustrious ladies! be not affrighted; your fair s persons are in the most persect safety: I am a knight, and in virtue of my order am to protect and not injure beauty and innogence. The girls now returned, and again gazed with aftonishment at the truly ludicrous appearance of the knight; they had heard him speak with great civility, but yet could not discover where his mouth was; and the appellation of ladies diverted them exceedingly, it being a title they had not been used to; in short, they could not forbear to laugh at Sir knight, which offended him much, and occasioned him to observe to them, that more discrete behaviour would better become ladies of so exalted a station in life, and that derision without cause was the immediate result of folly. 'But think not, fair ladies,' added he, 'that my reprehension is the effect of ill-will: no; it proceeds purely from my friendship and regard for your beautous persons; I hold it my essential duty to give wholfome advice to those, whom, by the laws of honour and knighthood, I am bound to protect.' The girls, however, now laughed more than before, and our knight began to be much enraged, when the landlord making his appearance, and being equally ftruck with the fingularity of the object before him, could scarce forbear to join the girls in their mirth; but having a little more folidity, he thus, with great shew of respect, addressed his strange warlike visitor: Good Sir knight! if it be want of acs commodation that brings you here, every thing shall your knightship be supplied with except a bed; but 'not one bed have we to spare.' Don Quixote, pleased with the kindness and hospitality of the governor of the castle, as he supposed the landlord to be, thus replied: 'Worthy Paladin! any accommodation will fuffice: I am not the dupe of pride and oftentation: no crimfon curtains do I lack; this ar-' mour mour is the only ornament I admire, and combat is

the bed on which I repose myself.'

The landlord was at a loss to comprehend why the knight bestowed upon him the epithet of worthy *Paladin; but having been an Andalusian bravo, and thoroughly skilled in almost every species of roguery, his evil conscience suggested that the appellation conveyed a reflexion; he therefore fneeringly replied, ' Please you, Sir knight, methinks a bed of 4 hard rough stones would be a proper lodging for 4 your knightship, considering your mode of life and profession, and as I presume you do not wish to " fleep; fuch a lodging as this would not fail to keep " you awake for a whole night, but for a whole * twelvemonth, if your knightship will vouchsafe to " make trial;' then laying hold of Rosinante's bridle and stirrup, Don Quixote dismounted, though with great difficulty, being much fatigued with travelling to long under his weight of armour. He had no fooner alighted, than he gave a most strict charge that Rosinante should be taken great care of, assuring the landlord at the fame time that there was not a better horse in the kingdom; but the landlord, from the appearance of this curious steed, could not be perfuaded to think fo: Rosinante, however, was led into the stable, and there rubbed, littered, and supplied with hay.

As foon as Don Quixote entered the house, the two ladies offered their assistance to take off his ar'mour: Illustrious fair ones!' said the knight, 'I
'thank you for your courtesy:' whereupon they began to undress him, but could not get the helmet off, it was tied so fast with green ribbands, which he would by no means suffer to be cut; the other parts of his martial habiliment they managed with facility, but the head-piece was irremovable, and he was

^{*} A Knight of the Round Table.

obliged to keep it on the whole night, which rendered him a truly laughable object. However, to testify his gratitude for the great civility of the ladies, whom he looked upon as ladies of the first rank, he addressed them in these terms: 'Fair princesses! Was ever knight so honoured? O fortunate Don Quixote! O fortunate Rosinante! Will mankind ' give credit to my tale, when I inform them that Don Quixote and his horse were in the care of ' ladies diftinguished by their illustrious birth? Don ' Quixote, ladies, is my name, and the name of my faithful steed is Rosinante: not that I had an intention to disclose this secret till I had rendered ' myself famous in some great adventure for your ' fakes; but in order to apply the respectable ro-' mance of Lancelot to my prefent fituation, I am ' necessitated now to divulge it, though rather un-' feafonably: yet I hope the brilliant moment is not ' far off, when, honoured with your commands, I ' shall give noble testimony, by the terror of this in-' vincible arm, of my obedience and fidelity in your fervice.

As the girls did not understand one word of this romantic nonfense, they made no reply to it, but only asked his worship if he would please to have any supper; when the knight readily answered, 'with 'all my foul, fweet ladies:' but it being unfortunately a fast day, there was nothing to be had except Truchuela, or troutlings; the knight, however, had no dislike to this kind of fish; 'Many troutlings,' faid he, are to me the fame as one large trout; beside, for aught I know to the contrary, these same troutlings may be as superior to trout that is large, ' as a young pig is to an overgrown hog, or as lamb is to mutton; therefore let me have the troutlings, ' if you please.' The cloth was accordingly laid just at the inn door, that the fine cooling breezes might contribute to the felicity of the repast. Our knight had no sooner seated himself, than the landlord brought brought the troutlings, miferably cook'd, in a nafty dish, with a coarse greafy loaf; but as the knight was not particularly nice in his diet, this was of little consequence. The manner in which he eat his troutlings, afforded infinite diversion; for the helmet, which entirely inclosed his head, being tied so fast under his chin with the ribbands, that his mouth had little power of motion, and his beaver requiring to be lifted up, he found it a matter of much dissiculty to get at the fish; one of the ladies, however, most obligingly undertook the office of feeding him, but was entirely at a loss how to convey wine to his mouth; when the landlord, stepping aside a little, soon returned with a piece of hollow cane, which he placed to his mouth, and so poured the wine through it. These inconveniences might have easily been obviated, if the knight would have suffered the ribbands to be cut; but this was not to be done, though even the fate of a kingdom had been depending on it.

During supper, a sow-gelder arrived in the innyard, and several times blew his horn, which ravished the ears of Don Quixote. He was now certain that he was in a castle, and that the governor had ordered a band of music to entertain him; the troutlings were a most delicious treat, and the ladies who were so kind to him were personages of the first quality. He was delighted to think that his first day's journey promised him so much suture glory; but one particular circumstance rather disturbed his happiness; it was the research that he was not yet a real knight, and that he could not engage in any important enterprize till the order of knight-

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hood fhould be conferred on him.

CHAP. III.

Don Quixote is dubbed a knight.

THE aforesaid reflection continuing to disturb him, he got up from table the moment he had fupped, and laying hold of the landlord by his arm, led him across the yard into the stable; then shutting the door, and falling at the host's feet, he thus addreffed him: 'Noble and magnanimous Sir! Never from this place will I rife till you grant me a boon 'I now kneel to implore, a boon that will do honour to yourfelf, and render univerfal good to mankind. The innkeeper was alarmed, and knew not what to think of his guest; he repeatedly defired him to rise from the ground, but not being able to prevail, at last assured him he would grant whatever favour lay in his power; upon which Don Quixote replied, ' Gracious Sir! I doubted not your generous con-' descension! The boon which I supplicate, is, that ' to-morrow, by the break of day, you will invest " me with the honourable order of knighthood; and in the chapel of your stately castle will I this e night watch my arms, that in the morning I may be prepared for the distinguished character in which I mean to travel to each corner of the e globe, in fearch of great adventures, for the relief of the oppressed, according to the falutary rules and " maxims of knight-errantry."

The innkeeper, who was a person of humour as well as an arrant knave, now plainly discovering that his guest was crazy, and thinking he might be an object of mirth for his customers, promised to grant him the boon he solicited, and encouraged him in his laudable design of commencing knight-errant; at the same time observing to him, that a person of so fine a figure and deportment was admirably calculated for the duties of the profession; that he himself (the inn-No. 1.

keeper) in his youthful days had pursued the same course of honour, and had been in every public place in the kingdom, rendering his name famous by the commission of every kind of vice, such as defrauding the unwary, abusing virgins, assaulting married women, deceiving widows, and exercising both the dexterity of his hands and the agility of his * heels, till at length he had retired to his castle, to live upon what he had acquired by his ingenuity, together with what he could get from others, and devoting himself to the service of knights-errant, from the very peculiar veneration he had for them, and for the money which they always freely gave him in return for his civility.

'As to a chapel,' added the innkeeper, 'I have lately pulled my chapel to the ground, in order to erect a new one; however, in such a case of emer-

- ' gency, you may watch your arms in one of the towers of my castle, which indeed seems constructed
- for a ceremony of this kind, and in the morning I
- 'will invest you with the order you request: ——
 'have you any money in your pockets?'——'Not
- ' a single souse,' replied Don Quixote, ' nor did I ever
- read that knights-errant carried money about them.

But the landlord observed to him, that although in the process of his studies he might never have met with such circumstance, the writers of the histories of chivalry not seeing the smallest occasion to make mention of an article so very indispensibly necessary, still it could not be imagined that knights-errant ever travelled without a plenty of money to procure clean linen and ointment, the former to keep the body wholsome, and the latter to heal such wounds as were the natural result of honourable combat;

^{*} These pious boastings of the innkeeper do not correspond with Don Quixote's declaration that, in virtue of his order, he was bound to protect and not injure beauty and innocence.

that knights-errant had often been engaged in battle in the most dreary and desolate places, where not the smallest relief was to be obtained, however much they were in want of it, unless (which rarely happened) some dwarf or damsel descended in a filver cloud with a small box of ointment from the hand of some pitying enchantress, a single drop of which instantly healed the most dangerous wound, and restored the noble champions to their health and vigour; but as no human forefight could enfure affiftance of this kind, knights-errant had generally their fquires to attend them, who carried their money and other necessaries; and such knights as had no fquires, which was feldom the cafe, carried thefe necessaries themselves in a small bag, fixed with fuch nicety to their faddles, as hardly to be difcovered. 'Let me, therefore,' concluded the landlord, 'advise you frankly, as soon you are to be ' my much-loved godfon, not to think of purfuing ' your great plan of knight-errantry without money ' and fuch other articles as I have mentioned.'

Don Quixote listened with great attention to his supposed governor of the castle, and promising a strict observance of the advice he had received from him, defired he might now be conducted to the tower where he was to perform the ceremony of watching his arms; for which purpose his suit of armour being brought to him, the landlord conducted him to a large watertub that stood by the side of a well, informing him he was now arrived at the tower; whereupon Don Quixote, clasping his lance and target, made several fine manœuvres before the tub, with the utmost haughtiness and intrepidity of countenance. In the mean time the landlord apprizing his customers of these curious proceedings, and it being a fine moonlight evening, the diverting scene fully gratified. every spectator.

Now it happened that, during the above martial exercise, a carrier who lodged in the inn had occasion

to water his mules, but could not get at the tub on account of Don Quixote's armour, which was placed both upon it and in it: the carrier, on preparing to move the lumber away, was thus inftantly addressed by our hero: 'Presumptuous knight! whoe'er 'thou art!—for thine own sake touch not those 'arms, unless thou art weary of thy life, and thus 'comest rashly here to facrisce it at the feet of the most valiant champion that ever brandished a 'sword.'

The carrier, however, paid no regard to these menaces, but took the arms from the tub, and threw them on the ground. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this most audacious act of insolence, than in an ejaculation he thus addressed his Dulcinea: "Fair mistress of my heart! assist me in this unparalleled insolence to my person and honour! grant me thy protection in the great atchievement I am now on the point of performing: then laying aside his target, and taking his lance in both hands, he made so violent a blow at the carrier's head as brought him instantly to the ground, where he lay speechless and motionless. This feat performed, our hero collected together his arms, and, placing them as before, resumed the ceremony of watching them.

Soon afterwards another carrier came also to the tub, to water his mules; and when he began to clear it, as the former one had done, Don Quixote, without any invocation to his Dulcinea, or indeed uttering a fingle expression, laid aside his shield again, and taking his lance in both hands as before, knocked the second carrier likewise to the ground; but the blow not being so effectually given as that to the first carrier, this second man had power to cry out lustily for help, when several other carriers, with the inn-keeper and all his customers, came towards the spot to his assistance. Don Quixote, upon seeing them coming, took up his target, drew his sword, and slourishing it in the air, cried, 'Charming Dulcinea!

the blooming queen of my affections! the strength and vigour of my heart! here stands thy noble champion! turn then thine eyes upon thy valiant knight, who has engaged in such perilous adventures. Having thus addressed his Dulcinea, he conceived himself inspired with courage enough to

have encombated all the carriers in the kingdom. The friends of the wounded being fearful of approaching this tremendous hero, who flood in an attitude to truly hostile, attacked him with fuch a volley of stones as must inevitably have put him to death, had he not sheltered himself with his shield, and by that means, in maintaining his post of honour, guarded his arms. The innkeeper called out to the carriers to defift, affuring them the man was mad, and that therefore if he should murder any of them, the laws would acquit him. 'Cowards! miscreants! ' villains!' exclaimed Don Quixote, ' and thou, O governor of this caftle! scoundrel and traitor as ' thou art! thus to fuffer a poor knight to be abused! were I but invefted legally with the facred or-' der, I would feverely punish thee, perfidious 'wretch:' then addressing himself again to the carriers: 'Fling on, ye fcoundrels! approach me, if ' ye dare! Don Quixote will maintain his ground.' The carriers, however, did not chuse to advance within reach of his fword, neither did they throw any more stones, but only defired they might be permitted to take away the wounded: this was granted; and Don Quixote returned to his ceremony of watching, with all the fortitude of a foldier, and the composure of a philosopher.

The innkeeper, having now had fufficient divertion with his guest, thought it prudent to propose conferring the honour of knighthood on him, to prevent further mischies: accordingly he assured Don Quixote, that the assault from the carriers was not committed with his knowledge or consent, and that he esteemed himself happy in having put a stop to such unwar-

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rantable proceedings; that he was now ready to invest him with the order of knighthood; that his having no chapel in the castle, was not of the least consequence; for as the remainder of the ceremony was no more than striking him on the neck and shoulders, it might be performed any where, even in a field, as he was well assured by what he had read in the rules and orders of chivalry. Don Quixote, who was eager to be invested, desired the governor to be expeditious, at the same time observing to him, that if any persons, after the investiture, should offer him the least insult, he would put all to death in the castle, except such as he, the governor, should desire to be

spared.

The innkeeper, in order to render the geremony as formal as possible, produced an old black accountbook, and ordering the two ladies already mentioned. (accompanied by a boy with a piece of lighted candle,) to give their attendance, requested Don Quixote to kneel; then feigning an occasional prayer, and raising his hand with an air of folemnity, gave the kneeling hero a fevere stroke on his neck, and afterwards another with the flat of his own fword across his shoulders, pronouncing, 'In the name of the holy ' apostles I dubb thee a knight; be valiant and ' loyal.' One of the ladies was now ordered to gird on the knight's fword, which she did very dexteroufly, though at the fame time had great difficulty to conceal her mirch. As foon as the had done, the dropt him a low curtefy, and prayed heaven to prosper his adventures; upon which, the knight defired to know the name of fo obliging a lady, to whom he faid he should attribute some part of his impending honours; the girl, dropping another curtefy, answered, her name was Camella, the daughter of a cobbler at Seville, and should always look upon his worship as her sovereign lord: the knight thanked her for her dutiful attachment, and defired that thenceforward she would assume the title of Donna Camella:

Camella; with which she very respectfully promised

to comply.

Don Quixote then defired to know the name of the other lady, (who had performed the office of buckling on his fpurs,) when the girl answering that her name was Lubiana, the daughter of a taylor at Valencia, the knight honoured her with the title of Donna Lubiana; for which she was also extremely

grateful.

These ceremonies being concluded, such as were never before heard of, Don Quixote, who was eager to be on horseback, in order to perform some signal atchievement, ordered Rosinante to be saddled, and brought to him; Rosinante being accordingly saddled and brought, the knight immediately mounted, and returning the governor of the castle his most fervent thanks for the high honour he had conferred on him, rode triumphantly away, to the great joy of the inn-keeper, who thought it needless to demand any money of him, as he had declared himself not possessed of one single souse.

CHAP. IV.

Of what befel our knight after he quitted the inn.

A URORA had begun to make her appearance when our hero fallied from the inn, so delighted with the investiture of knighthood, that even Rosinante seemed susceptible of his master's happiness. Recollecting, however, the advice which the innkeeper had given him, relative to providing himself with money and other necessaries, he determined upon returning home, in order for a supply of those articles, and at the same time to procure himself a squire.

fquire. He had already fixed in his mind on a poor labourer in the village, a neighbour of his, who had a wife and large family. Elate with this golden idea, he now fluck spur into Rosinante, and trotted towards his native home, but had not rode far before his ears were wounded with the doleful lamentations of fome human voice in a wood hard by. He instantly stopped his horse, and thanked heaven that he had the prospect of an opportunity of exercising the duties of his profession, and reaping the fruit of his excellent pursuits. 'These lamentations,' said he, ' proceed from some oppressed object, who hath need of that relief which I am bound to administer:' then spurring Rosinante again, he hastened towards the wood; where he beheld a most dreadful spectacle truly; a boy of about fifteen years of age was tied naked to a tree, enduring the scourges of a leathern thong from the strong arm of a merciles peasant, who had a horse grazing at a small distance from the fpot: at every lash the peasant gave the boy, he bid him be less free with his tongue, and more watchful with his eyes; the afflicted lad replying, ' I never will do the like again; spare me, master! 'forbear, dear master! and before God I declare I

Don Quixote looking on with great indignation, thus expressed himself to the barbarous clown: 'Dif-' courteous knight! 'tis base in thee thus to affail a defenceless person: mount thy steed, and resume ' thy lance,' (the farmer having a long forked flick . standing against the tree, which Don Quixote mistook for a lance,) ' and then I will shew thee that

thou art both a coward and a knave.

will hereafter be good.'

The countryman was much frighted at the tremendous appearance of our knight, and expecting nothing less than immediate diffolution, thus replied: 'Great Sir knight! good Sir knight! an please your worship, this rascal is my shepherd, but so careless or knavish withal, that he loses one

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or two of my sheep every day: he complains that I don't pay him his wages; but an please your wor-

' ship, he tells a confounded lie.'

' Lie! —— lie, firrah, in my presence!' exclaimed Don Quixote, with fury in his countenance, by the light of the glorious fun I am inclined to ' pierce thy body with this lance: unbind the shepherd, and pay him what thou owest him, or by this

' invincible arm I will fend thee to perdition.'

The countryman immediately unbinding the boy, Don Quixote demanded how much was owing to him, and the boy answering that his master was indebted to him three quarters wages, at fix rials per month, the knight cast up the sum, and finding it to amount to fifty-four rials, ordered the countryman to pay him the money, or he should be instantly annihilated. The poor trembling farmer replied, he would be upon his oath he did not owe him fo much, (faying at the fame time he would not forswear himself for all the riches in the world,) and added, that he was to deduct for three pair of shoes which he had bought for him, and a rial he paid the doctor for bleeding him when he was fick. Don Quixote then observed, that the shoes, and the bleeding him when fick, would in fome measure make atonement for the skin which he had now stripped from his back, and the bleeding him in full health. 'Alas, Sir knight!' cried the countryman, ' I have not money enough about me to pay him here; but an please your worship, if Andrew will return home with me, I will duly and truly discharge the debt:' but the boy refused to go home with him, alledging that in fuch case he mould be treated more cruelly than ever. haid the knight, 'I will not fuffer him to depart from my presence till he does promise not to molest thee: nay he shall swear by the sacred order of knighthood, of which he is a companion, both to pay thee, and to use thee kindly.'

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' A bleffing attend you, good Sir! answered the No. 1.

boy; but you mistake if you think my master is a knight; he is no more a knight than I am; to be fure my mafter is rich; but he is only plain gaffer ' Haldudo of Quintanar.' 'That is nothing to the ' purpofe,' replied Don Quixote, ' there may be knights among the Haldudos; he who acts with valour, is his own herald; every man is the fon of his own works.' Lord, Sir!' returned the boy, what works is my mafter the fon of, who scourges ' me, and refuses to pay me what I have earned by "my industry." I do not refuse to pay thee, ' honest Andrew,' answered the farmer; 'by every order in the universe I do now swear, that I will only pay the fum that I owe thee, but per-' fume it to boot.' ' None of your perfume,' faid Don Quixote, pay the lad his money, and that will be sufficient. Do not violate thy oath; for if thou doft, I will bring thee to punishment, though thou shouldst be more hidden than a lie zard. And that thou mayft know whom thou e art either to obey, or disobey at thy peril, I in-' form thee that I am the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, protector of the injured, and the scourge of oppression. Preserve, therefore, the oath which thou hast made; or, by this arm of terror, thou shalt suffer.' Thus having said, he fourred Rofinante, and trotted away. The farmer looked after him till he was quite out

honest Andrew,' said he, 'I now must think of paying thee thy wages, according to the commands of the knight, and the obligation of my oath.' Yes, yes,' replied the boy, 'you must pay me, or suffer what good Sir knight has threatened; God grant him a long and prosperous life.' 'Make thyself easy Andrew,' said the farmer; 'to shew how I respect thee, I will increase the debt, and pay the whole directly:' then binding him to the tree as before, he exercised the leathern thong again on his back

of fight, and then returning to the boy, 'Come,

back with unexampled barbarity, at the same time, in a tone of defiance, bidding him call for the knight to his affiftance. When his cruelty was fomewhat fatiated, he released the boy, who was resolved to go and feek Don Quixote, whilft the inhuman ruftic exulted at feeing his poor bleeding fervant limp after the knight, whom he was fure he would never fet eyes on again.

Don Quixote, enraptured with the idea of the fignal act of prowers he had performed in this redress of grievance, thus addressed his Dulcinea as he jogged on: ! Matchless beauty! Well mayst thou think thyself the favourite of heaven, when so e peerless an hero as Don Quixote is thy slave and ' adorer! a champion, who, though but just invested with the order of knighthood, hath already given fo distinguished a testimony of valour in wresting an helpless shepherd from the savage hands of a f tyrant.

When he had thus addressed his absent mistress, he perceived himself to be in a place where four roads met, and recollecting it had been customary for knights-errant to stop at such places, in order to confult with themselves which of the roads to take, he thought it his duty to observe this rule of chiwalry; but not being able to determine upon either of the roads, he dropt the bridle on Rolinante's neck, giving his fleed the choice; when the fagacious animal took that road which led home to his stable.

When the knight had travelled about two miles farther, he was overtaken by fix merchants of Toledo, on their journey to Murcia to purchase silks, attended by three fervants on horseback, and three on foot who drove their mules. Don Quixote, the moment he saw them, imagining them all to be knights-errant, affumed a most intrepid aspect, fixed himself firmly in his firrups, couched his lance, braced on his target,

thus boldly called out to them: 'That knight' who advances an inch farther, advances at his peril, till he doth acknowledge that the beautiful! Dulcinea del Tobolo, empres of La Mancha, is the most beautiful beauty of all the beauties in the universe.'

and placing himself in the middle of the road,

The merchants gazed, with no small degree of amazement, at the strange figure which thus so imperiously addressed them; but soon concluding what kind of person he was, they with great good humour stopped; when one of them, in a very submissive manner, thus replied to the knight, Great Sir knight! The lady whom you speak of, we never have had the honour to see: if your knightship will indulge us with the sight of so transcendent a

beauty, we will readily obey you.
You shall readily obey me, replied Don Quixote, without seeing the incomparable Dul-

cinea: I order you to believe, acknowledge, and

f wear to the truth of my affertion, without feeing

her. Swear to this great truth, I fay, or come

on, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together like ruffians as ye are. Here am

I ready to receive ye, in full confidence that justice

is on my fide.

Good Sir knight,' answered the merchant, 'I implore you, in the name of the respective princes here, not to persist in so unreasonable a command: we cannot, consistently with our consciences, swear to the reality of what we never saw: if your worship will vouchfase to shew us a picture of the lady, though it be no larger than a bead,

fo as by a fingle thread we may judge of the

fo high an opinion of the lady's merits at leaft,

that should she be even represented as blind with

f one eye, and fquinting with the other, and her body crooked withal, we will ever speak with the

s utmost partiality in her favour.

' Prefumptuous wretch! hold thy peace!' exclaimed Don Quixote in a loud angry tone; 'the lovely ' Dulcinea is not blind with one eye; neither does ! she fquint; neither is her body crooked, but as ' streight as a bulrush: I will make thee suffer for thy prophanation against the queen of beauty. Then riding up furiously towards the merchant, and making a stroke at him with his lance, Rosinante happened to stumble, and threw the knight off his faddle; by which means the merchant fortunately avoided the effects of his refentment. While he lay rolling in the dust, making repeated efforts to get upon his legs, which the weight of his armour as repeatedly frustrated, he cried out, 'Stop, villains, ftop; ftop till I get up: had not my horse fumbled, you should have felt the terror of this ' arm: stop ye cowards, stop.'

One of the mule-drivers, not much admiring these invectives, wrested the knight's lance out of his hand, and exercised it smartly upon him till he broke it in pieces; and if his body was somewhat defended from the severity of each stroke by his armour, yet there was nothing to defend him against those severer strokes with which the loss of honour tortured his great soul: he threatened both heaven and earth, as well as the cowards about him, for the injuries he sustained. The mule-driver, however, did not leave him till he was called away by the merchants, who had matter sufficient for mirth and conversation dur-

ing the rest of their journey.

And now our hero, finding himself alone, made a fresh attempt to get up from the ground, but to no effect; for his body, notwithstanding the armour had in some measure defended him, was at length become bruised by a repetition of the mule-driver's chastisement. In this situation he began to meditate with

feriousness, but soon consoled himself with the reflexion that events of this kind had often happened to former knights, and that the whole resulted from the stumbling of Rosinante.

CHAP. V.

A continuation of the story of Don Quixote's misfortune.

THE unfortunate knight, as he lay on the ground, totally incapable of rifing, began to confider how former knights-errant had acted under fuch dilemmas; and the tale of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua occurring to him, when the former was left wounded on the mountain, a tale well known both to old and young, and as true as the miracles of Mahomet, our hero rolled backward and forward in the dust, and in plaintive accents repeated the following words from the wounded knight of the wood:

Where art thou, ever-lovely fair?

Haples thy swain is and distrest!

Sole object of my tend'rest care,

Doth no compassion touch thy breast?

And just when he came to the words,

O noble lord of Mantua's plains!

a peafant, who had long been a neighbour in the fame village with him, happened to be paffing that way upon a mule, with a fack of meal which he had just fetched from a mill, and seeing Don Quixote thus rolling on the ground, asked him who he was, and why he lay there? but our hero, supposing the peasant

peasant to be the Marquis of Mantua, instead of making any reply, continued repeating verses of the romance, and relating his misfortunes, with the amour of his wife with the emperor's fon, exactly as fet forth in the fable. The countryman, aftonished at what he both faw and heard, lifted up the knight's vizor, which had been beaten almost to-pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping the dust off his face, at once knew him: 'Ah! what Signor Quixada!' faid the countryman, ' how came your worship in this woeful plight?' But Don Quixote continuing his verses, without making any reply, the countryman took off some of his armour, and began to examine if he had any wounds, but finding no appearance of blood, nor any fcars about him, he raifed him upon his legs, and put him on the mule, the latter being a more fure-footed animal than Rosinante.

The peafant was fo careful of the knight's arms, that he collected all together, even the splinters of his lance, and binding them, fixed the whole on Rofinante's faddle; then driving the mule gently before him, and leading Rosinante, proceeded homeward, Don Quixote all the way continuing his rhapfodies. But our hero being much bruifed, and finding it difficult to keep his feat, at intervals groaned fo difmally, that the peafant, moved with his diftress, requested to know the cause of it; but no reply could be obtained: from the story of Valdovinos he now receded to that of Abindarrez, the Moor who was made captive by Rodrigo of Narvaez, governor of Antequera: fo that when he was a third time asked the cause of his forrow, he made the fame replication which Abencerrage makes to Rodrigo in the Diana of Monte Major; applying every circumstance to himself.

The countryman concluding that he had entirely lost his senses, hastened homeward with all convenient

speed.

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'You are to know,' faid Don Quixote to the countryman, 'you, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, are to know, that the princess of whom I have been

fpeaking to you, is the illustrious Dulcinea del

'Toboso, in whose service I have performed, and fhall continue to perform, the most signal atchieve-

ments that ever were recorded in the annals of

fame.

'Alas! Signor Quixada!' replied the countryman,

'I am not Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of

Mantua; I am only poor Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour; neither is your worship Valdovinos or

· Abindarrez, but plain Signor Quixada.'

'I know who I am,' answered Don Quixote, 'and

I do further know that I not only deserve to be those great persons I have mentioned, but also the

' twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, at

one and the fame time; fince all their atchieve-

ments, put together, bear no comparison with mine

' fingly.'

In this manner did he talk till he arrived at the village, which was in the evening; but his conductor not being willing he should be seen in such a rueful condition, did not escort him to his house till

day-light had entirely disappeared.

When he arrived there, the family were in the utmost consternation: the curate of the village, and a barber, two old companions of his, were there in serious conversation with the housekeeper, who was speaking with great freedom of her master's misconduct, observing that he had most imprudently made over or sold some part of his *income, to purchase books of chivalry; that she apprehended some dreadful missortune had happened to him; that he had

^{*} Income is evidently improper here, tho' agreeable to its original, renta, erroneously put for estado. And in other places the word estado is with equal error substituted for renta, as su estado, 'his estate,' instead of income or revenue of such estate.

how been absent above two days, and had taken the armour with him; that she was afraid those cursed books had turned his brain; for that she had heard him fay he should some time or other commence knight-errant, and traverse the world in quest of atchievements. 'May the devil and his friend Barabbas,' added the house-keeper, ' lay hold of ' those books, for they have seduced and ruined one

of the best understandings in our village.

The niece was likewife observing, that her uncle had used to read those iniquitous books for two days and nights fucceffively; that he would then lay them afide, and attack the walls or doors; proclaiming, afterwards, that he had flain giants as large as steeples: and the perspiration which the different positions of his body had occasioned, he surmised to be blood from the wounds those giants gave him: then taking a glass of cold water, which he looked upon as precious liquor fent him by fome benign enchantress, he would drink it off, and conceive his wounds to be entirely healed. 'I was afraid to speak of these freaks of my uncle, added the niece, lest he should have been deemed a madman: I now ' regret that I did not make them known, that his follies might have been timely checked, and those dangerous books destroyed.'

' I am refolved,' faid the curate, ' that these same · books shall be destroyed before to-morrow night.

' They have deprived me of one of my best friends;

but I am determined they shall be productive of no

further mischief.'

The whole of the above conversation being overheard by the country-man, who was now thoroughly confirmed in his opinion of the squire's infanity, called out aloud, 'Open your door to the Marquis of ' Mantua and the Lord Valdovinos, who returns . home wounded from the field of battle; as also to the governor of Antiquera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, ' who brings with him an imprisoned Moor.'

No. 1. Much Much alarmed, they immediately opened the door, when the curate and barber knowing their friend, the niece her uncle, and the housekeeper her master, they all embraced him with an hearty welcome. 'Touch' me gently,' said Don Quixote, ' for I am bruised

by a fall from my horse; therefore conduct me to bed, and send for Urganda the enchantress to heal

' my wounds.'

'It is as I suspected,' said the housekeeper, 'my poor master's brain has been turned by those books; but let us get him to bed, and my life for it we'll cure him without the help of any enchantress.' They therefore put him to bed, but could discover no wounds. 'No, no, I am not wounded,' said the knight, 'but only bruised by falling from Rosinante when I was engaged with ten giants of enormous fize.' The curate smiled at the mention of giants, and declared not one of them should be alive the next day. The knight was then asked several questions relative to his absence from home, and his present condition, to which he gave no answer, but defired to have some food, without which he said he could not sleep.

Some victuals being accordingly prepared for him, and the countryman relating every circumstance that had happened from his first meeting with him till the conducting him home, at the same time strongly particularizing his crazy behaviour when upon the mule, the curate was bent on executing his resolution, and accordingly appointed the barber, whose name was Nicholas, to meet him at Don Quixote's house the

following morning.

CHAP. VI.

The curate and barber examine the knight's library.

CCORDINGLY, the next morning, the curate and barber came to the house of Don Quixote, (who had not yet awaked from his flumbers) and getting the key of his closet, went into it, attended by the niece and housekeeper, where they found a pretty large * collection of books. On a fudden the housekeeper disappeared, but soon returned with a bason of holy water to sprinkle about the place, left fome enchanter or enchantrefs amongst the many contained in those books should inflict a punishment for the liberty which the curate and barber were about to take with them. The curate laughed at the superstitious notion of the housekeeper. and defired Mr. Nicholas to hand him down the books separately, that he might the better examine them, and fee which deferved to be destroyed, and which did not. 'Destroy them all,' faid the niece, ' for ' they all have equally contributed to my uncle's prefent unhappy fituation: let us throw them all out of the window into the yard, and make a bonfire ' with them.' The housekeeper was equally defirous to have every one of them destroyed; but the curate chose to examine their respective titles before he determined on their fate. The first book that the barber handed down was Amadis de Gaul, in four volumes.

'Ha, ha, Mr. Nicholas,' faid the priest, 'methinks there is fomething mysterious in your first

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fixing your hand on this book; for I am well alfured it is the first book of chivalry that was ever

printed in Spain, and that it has been a model for

^{*} Una colocion de diversos autores.

' the rest; we will therefore shew it not the least

• mercy, but instantly sentence it to be burnt,'

'Be not too precipitate, neighbour,' replied the barber, 'I have heard many judicious men pass great 'encomiums on this book; it is looked upon as a 'very ingenious performance: I therefore beg some lenity may be shewn it.' The curate was sensible of the justice of this affertion, and readily complied with the barber's request.

The next book was the Life and Atchievements of Esplandian, the legitimate fon of Amadis de

Gaul.

'Though Esplandian,' said the curate, 'was the lawful son of that knight, still, as he inherited not his father's merit, he shall be condemned:' and accordingly Esplandian was immediately thrown out at the window.

Well, what is the next book, Mr. Nicholas?

'The next book,' answered the barber, 'is Amadis' of Greece, and I believe all that stand near him are of the same family.'

'Then the whole family,' faid the prieft, ' shall

fuffer: Darinel the shepherd shall have the honour of being burnt with Queen * Quintiquiniestra.

With all my heart,' faid the barber.
And with all my heart,' faid the niece.

And with all mine, added the housekeeper: and the latter then holding out her apron to receive the books, threw them all out at the window together.

"What bulky volume is that," faid the prieft,

which stands on the corner shelf there?

'It is Don Olivantes de Laura,' answered the barber.

* The same author,' faid the priest, 'who wrote the Flower-Garden; and I know not which of his

^{*} A much dreaded fighting giantels.

two books is the vileft: he, at a certainty, shall fuffer.

What have you next, Mr. Nicholas?"

'The next is Florismarte of Hircania,' answered the barber.

'Ah! Signor Florismarte!' said the curate, 'what are you here? we shall quickly pass sentence on you, notwithstanding your surprising birth and at chievements: the statness and insipidity of thy stile deserve no better fate.'

'The next that I present you with,' faid the bar-

ber, ' is the knight Platir.'

'That old lascivious knight,' replied the curate, deserves no clemency: here, good Mrs. house- keeper, throw the old knight out of the window immediately.'

'The next,' faid Mr. Nicholas, ' is the Knight

of the Cross.

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'In troth,' replied the priest, 'one might incline to pardon this illiterate booby on account of his holy title; but, as the proverb says, "the devil "lurks behind the cross," he shall suffer with the rest.'

The next book which Mr. Nicholas handed down,

was the Mirror of Knighthood.

'In this same Mirror of Knighthood,' said the curate, 'we meet with Rinaldo de Montalban and his companions, with the twelve peers of France, and Turpin the historian: these gentlemen we will condemn only to perpetual exile, as they contain something of the samous Boyardo's invention, whence the Christian poet Ariosto borrowed the groundwork of his ingenious compositions; to whom I should pay little regard if he had not wrote in his own language.'

'I have him at home in Italian,' faid the barber,

but cannot understand him.'

'Tis of little consequence,' replied the curate, 'for the captain who translated him into Spanish has done 'him ' him great injustice; and indeed this is the case with

· all who translate poetry; they lose the natural graces. of the original. This book, and all others written

on French matters, shall be deposited in some dry

place till we have a proper time to think of their

· destiny, except one called Barnardo del Carpio, and another, Roncivalles, which shall certainly accom-

' pany the rest in the bonfire.'

Mr. Nicholas most readily conformed to every proposition of the curate, knowing him to be a good christian and the steady advocate of truth.

The next books were Palmerin de Oliva, and Pal-

merin of England.

' Palmerin de Oliva,' faid the curate, ' shall be torn in pieces, and burnt to the last ember; but · Palmerin of England shall be preserved as a relique

of antiquity, and placed in fuch a cheft as Alexan-

der found amongst the spoils of Darius, and in

which he kept the writings of Homer. This fame book, neighbour Nicholas, is valuable for two

things; first its own peculiar excellency; secondly,

it is the production of a Portuguese monarch cele-

brated for his literary talents. The adventures of

the cattle of Miraguarda are finely imagined; the

' stile is natural and elegant, and the utmost decorum is observed throughout: therefore, with sub-

mission to your better judgement, neighbour, I propose that this book and Amadis de Gaul be both preserved from the flames; but as to the rest,

' let them be all burnt.'

No, neighbour, not all of them,' replied the

barber, 'here is the famous Don Belianis.'

Don Belianis, with his two, three, and four parts, faid the curate, ' hath need of a dose of rhubarb to · purge off that mass of bile with which he is in-

flamed; his Castle of Fame, and other imper-· tinences, should be totally obliterated; this done,

we would shew him lenity in proportion as we found him capable of reforming. Take Don Belianis

· home

home with you, and keep him in close confine-

ment.

The rest of the library being sentenced to the slames without further examination, the housekeeper threw out solios, quartos, and octavos, as fast as she could get them together; but happening to drop a large quarto at the barber's feet, the latter had the curiosity to open it, and found it to be the history of that celebrated knight Tirante the White,

'Pray let me see that book,' said the priest; 'we 'shall discover in it a treasure of amusement; here 'we shall find the famous knight Don Kyrie Elyson

- of Montalban, and Thomas of Montalban his brother, with the knight Fonseca, the battle which
- the heroic Detriante fought with Alano, the stra-
- tagems of the widow Tranquil, the empress's amour with her squire, and the witticisms of lady Bril-
- ' lianta. This is one of the most entertaining books ever written: here the knights eat, drink, sleep,
- and die in their beds, after making their wills, with
- ' feveral other circumstances not to be found else-
- where; and yet the author of it deserved to have
- been fent to the gallies for having obtruded for
- "much abfurdity on mankind: take him home with
- ' you, Mr. Nicholas, and you will find all that I fay to be true.'

'I have no doubt of it,' replied the barber, 'but' what shall we do with those lesser books that lie

' upon that shelf? shall we mix them with the rest, for destruction?'

' I suppose those are pastorals, and not books of

chivalry, replied the curate.

Upon opening one of these smaller volumes, it appeared to be the Diana of George de Monte-Major; and the curate, concluding the rest were of the same kind, said they should not be burnt, as they had no dangerous tendency; but the niece expressed a desire that these should be also burnt, observing, that though her uncle might be cured of his knight-errantry freaks.

freaks, those pastorals might induce him to ramble about in the character of a shepherd, piping through the meads and groves: 'and,' added the niece, 'perhaps he may take it in his head to turn poet also, and poetry is said to be an incurable disorder.'

Your observations, young lady,' replied the curate, ' are extremely just; however, we must not burn the Diana of Monte-Major; but we will cancel those verses which relate to Felicia and the enchanted water, with others equally exceptionable, leaving the author all his prose, and the

honour of being the first profaic writer in that walk.

The barber tumbled a number of other books about, and faid he had got one entitled Diana the Second of Salmantino, and another with the fame title written by Gil Polo.

'The first shall be burnt,' faid the curate, 'but the second we will as carefully preserve as if Apollo

' himself had been its author. Be as expeditious as

' you can, neighbour, because it grows late.'

'Here is an enormous volume entitled the Ten Books of the Fortune of Love,' faid the barber,

written by Antonio Lofrasco, a Sardinian poet.'
By mine holy function,' replied the curate, 'since

Apollo was Apollo, and the Muses the offsspring of Jove, or poetry first inspired the human soul,

there never was a better or more pleasing composi-

tion; he that hath never read it, has missed a fund of entertainment: give it me, Mr. Nicholas; I had

rather have it than a cassock of the best Florence silk.

The next books were the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and a Cure for Jealousy; all which were condemned.

' Here is the Shepherd of Filida,' faid the barber.

'Then preserve him as thou wouldst a diamond,' answered the priest; 'he is not a shepherd, but an 'elegant courtier.'

Mr.

Mr. Nicholas then taking down a large volume entitled The Treasure of Poetry, the curate observed that this same Treasure of Poetry had many beauties and some defects, and stood much in need of being cleared of the latter; that the author, who had written many ingenious books, was his friend, and said it should not therefore be destroyed.

'Here is a collection of fonnets and madrigals,' faid the barber, 'written by Lopez Maldonado.'

'That author is my friend also,' replied the curate,
'and so melodious a voice has he, that his verses,
'when he sings them himself, have redoubled powers
'of charming; his eclogues, indeed, are rather
'tedious; however, we must by all means preserve
'him.'

'Here is the Galate of Miguel de Cervantes,' faid Mr. Nicholas.

'Ah! Cervantes! poor Cervantes!' faid the curate; 'better art thou acquainted with ill-fortune than with poetry; and still there is a fomething in thee that pleases; a kind of invention, that promises much, and performs little: however, as we are to have a second part from thee, which may be superior to the present, we will keep thee prisoner till we see whether thou art capable of improving. Take Cervantes home with you, neighbour Nicholas, and keep him in close custody.'

The priest seemed now determined to give over the scrutiny; but the barber telling him he had got the Aurocana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla, the Austriada of Juan Ruso Jurado de Cordova, and the Monseratto of Christoval de Virues, a poet of Valentia, 'those,' said the priest, 'are the best heroics in the Spanish language, and worthy of comparison with any of the most celebrated performances of Italy: they shall be preserved as archives to perpetuate the excellency of our own poets.'

The barber then produced another book; but the

curate faid he would look at no more.

No. 2 F And

THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF

' And can you turn your back,' faid Mr. Nicholas, ' upon the Tears of Angelica?'

'The Tears of Angelica!' replied the curate; had that book been destroyed, I should have shed

tears myself: it is the production of one of the finest poets, not only of all Spain, but of all the world,

and who was particularly fuccessful in his translation

of fome of Ovid's Metamorphofes.'

CHAP. VII.

Don Quixote's second departure from his native habitation, in pursuit of immortal bonour.

HEN the curate and barber had nearly finished their scrutiny, Don Quixote awaked from his flumbers, and calling out aloud, ' Here, here, ye noble knights! 'tis here ye are to mani-' fest the glory of your arms, and prevent the cour-' tiers carrying off the honour of the tournament,' the two scrutineers ran hastily from the closet, and the remainder of the knight's library was burnt unexamined, amongst which were the Lion of Spain, the Careolea, and the Feats of the Emperor; a fate perhaps which they might not have suffered, had not the knight's loud exclamation fo fuddenly called away the curate.

Our hero had just arose from his bed when the curate and barber entered his chamber, where they found him engaging with the walls and chairs; they, however, with affiftance of the niece and housekeeper, put him to bed again; where, after lying quite composed for some time, he at length turned towards the curate, who was fitting on the bed-fide, and faid to him, ' My good Lord Archbishop Turpin! how ingloriously.

gloriously did the twelve peers behave, thus to suffer the tournament to be borne away by the courtiers, after we had retained the prize for three successive days!' The curate begged him to think no more about it, observing to him, that Fortune was ever inconstant, that a future day might be less inauspicious, that the tournament was not irrecoverably loft, that it was necessary he should take great care of himself, for certainly he must be both fatigued and wounded. ' I am bruifed,' replied the knight, ' but not wounded; for when my foot slipped, and I fell on the ' ground, the baftard Don Orlando exercifed an oaken cudgel on my bones, merely because he ' knew I was his compeer in valour; but may I no ' longer deserve the name of Reynaldos de Montalban, if I do not amply retaliate, in spite of his en-' chantments, as foon as I recover. In the mean time, my good Lord Archbishop, I could wish to have fomething to eat, and be then left alone to my ' plan of revenge.'

Some food being accordingly brought him, he eat it very heartily, and fell asleep again; his friends then withdrew, expressing their surprise at the distracted state of his mind. In the evening the bonsire was made, into which the housekeeper threw all the remaining books; so that it is probable several good ones perished with the bad, verifying the old proverb,

the innocent often suffer for the guilty.

The curate, in order the more fully to effectuate a cure of the knight's infanity, gave orders for the closet-door to be blocked up; and proposed, that when he made enquiry about it, he should be informed that some enchanter had taken off both the closet and books. The curate's orders were executed; and Don Quixote in two days rising from his sick bed, and, to his astonishment, not finding his closet, asked the housekeeper what was become of it? 'Lord, Sir,' replied the servant, 'I know not what is become of it:

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it; the strangest figure that ever was seen made its appearance in the house, and took away the closet,

books, and all.'

'Yes, uncle,' added the niece, 'it was an enchanter mounted on a dragon; he came about two
nights after you left home, and riding into the
closet, staid there a little while, and then galloped
away, leaving the house full of smoke. As soon as
he was gone we went to see what he had been doing
in the closet, when, to our inexpressible astonishment,
no closet was to be seen. I remember, uncle, that
the ugly wretch said, as he was going away, Now
have I had my revenge on the owner of these books,
and called himself Munaton.' You mean
Freston,' said Don Quixote. 'Yes, yes,' answered
the niece, 'I believe it was either Freston or Friston;
I am sure, however, his name ended in ton.'

'Aye, aye, Freston the enchanter,' said Don Quixote: 'that same Freston,' added he, 'knows that, in spite of all his magic, I am to conquer in single combat a favourite knight of his, and he is therefore doing me all the mischief his malevolence

can invent; but I regard him not; what the Fates

have decreed cannot be avoided.'

'Very true, uncle,' answered the niece, 'but why do you involve yourself in such troubles? Would it not be better to stay at home in the peaceable enjoyment of your estate, your family, and friends? Let me intreat you, my dear uncle, no longer to indulge in such injurious pursuits, but to content yourself with that situation of life in which Providence has placed you, and to practise that more rational mode of conduct which prudence and virtue dictate.'

My dear niece, replied Don Quixote, thou hast none of thy uncle's spirit; sooner than I would brook an insult even from the proudest hero that weilds a sword, I would tear off his very beard, and leave

I leave his chin as fmooth as the palm of thy hand. The niece, dreading to inflame his passion, returned no answer.

Our hero remained at home pretty peaceably for fifteen days, but infifted that nothing could be so beneficial to mankind as knight-errantry, and that he was determined to re-establish the order: the curate held repeated disputes with him, but sometimes concurred so far as policy dictated, fearing to contradict him too much, and hoping to effect by degrees a

change of sentiment.

Not a day passed but Don Quixote visited a poor fimple fellow in the neighbourhood, whom he defigned to constitute his squire, assuring the credulous booby, that in a short time he might be one of the greatest men in the universe if he pleased; that knighterrantry was fo successful a profession, that while a man could stoop to pick up a straw, a knight-errant could conquer a whole country; that he should soon quit the office of fquire, and be made governor of an By these all-powerful allurements, poor Sancho Panza (for fuch was the clown's name) refolved to abandon a wife and children, and enlift himself in the character of Don Quixote's squire; for which purpose the knight supplied him with money, having mortgaged and fold, at confiderable lofs, other parts of his estate, and by this means collected a tolerable fum.

Don Quixote now furnished himself with another target, which he borrowed of a friend, and then repairing his battered vizor, gave notice to his squire of the day and hour when he should precisely set out, at the same time ordering him to provide himself with every necessary, particularly a wallet: but the prudent and sagacious Sancho Panza reslecting that long travelling on foot would weary his bones, and that it was repugnant to the rules of distinction for both master and man to ride upon the same horse, informed

formed the knight that he could procure himself an ass to ride upon.

'An ass!' replied Don Quixote; 'thou must not ride upon an ass, unless I can discover a precedent

- in chivalry: but however, friend Sancho, as we have no time to lofe, I will not now look for pre-
- cedents: thou shalt ride upon thy ass, till I procure
- thee a horse, by dismounting the first haughty knight

" I meet with."

Our hero having provided himself with every article the innkeeper had prescribed, and all things being now fettled, he again fallied from his house one night, without taking leave of his niece and housekeeper, attended by Sancho Panza, who had likewife not taken any leave of his wife and children. They travelled with fuch expedition, that before daylight they were fecurely out of all reach, and Sancho Panza had an empire in idea, of which he was going to take poffession; he travelled like a grave patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, impatient to arrive at the island of which he was to be appointed governor. They took the fame road which Don Quixote had done in his first excursion through the plains of Montiel, and travelled with much greater fatisfaction, the morning air being so agreeably cool. Having rode feveral miles without exchanging a fingle word, Sancho at length broke filence: 'Sir knight,' faid he, ' have not you forgot the island I am to be governor of?

'Hark ye, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, it was ever a maxim with knights-errant to bestow upon their squires such islands or kingdoms as they

had conquered: that fame laudable maxim I not

only determine to observe, but to improve it with

a noble liberality; for they often omitted to reward

their squires till old age and infirmities came upon them, and then perhaps gave them some petty pro-

vince or other, with the title of count or marquis;

' whereas

- whereas if it should be my fortune, in the space of
- ' fix days, to fubdue fome mighty empire, to which
- other kingdoms are subject, thou shalt immediately
- be crowned king of one of them. Such great events
- often artend knight-errantry, by means mysterious and unknown. Perhaps, Sancho, I may give thee
- ' much more than I have promifed.'
 - ' If I should be a king,' replied Sancho Panza,
- ' affuredly my dame Juana Gutierez would be a
- ' queen, and my children princes and princesses.'

CHAP. VIII.

Of Don Quixote's most courageous and successful battle with the windmills.

WHILE they were thus conversing, the knight perceived at some distance thirty or forty windmills. 'See yonder, friend Sancho,' said he, 'behold those giants! Fortune directs our affairs

- 'nobly: I will extirpate so detestable a race from
- the face of the earth, and enrich myself with their foils!
 - What giants?' faid Sancho Panza.
- 'Why those giants which thou seest before thee 'with their wide-extended arms,' replied Don Quixote, 'fome of which are above a couple of leagues in length.'
 - 'An please your worship,' said Sancho, 'I see
- onothing but windmills: those arms of giants, as your worship calls them, are fails which the wind
- ' turns to grind the corn.'
- 'Thou art a fool, Sancho, and knowest nothing
- of chivalry, replied the knight; I tell thee
- they are giants; if thou art afraid of them, get out

of the way of danger, and pray for the success of

thy mafter, who will attack them, one after the

other, however unequal the combat.'

Thus undauntedly speaking, he stuck his spurs into Rosinante, and rode towards the supposed giants, Sancho Panza at the fame time calling to him aloud, and affuring him they were only windmills; the knight, however, paid no regard to his fquire; but the nearer he approached the enemy, the more fure he was they were giants, and when he had got very near them, called out, 'Stand your ground, ye enor-· mous monsters! Fly not from a fingle knight, who means to encounter ye all!

A fresh breeze happening just at this instant to turn the fails rather brifkly, our hero was enraged beyond expression: 'Insufferable insolence! what, defy

' me to my teeth! Ye shall repent of such unprecedented infolence, though each of ye were as dread-

ful as the giant Typhæus!'

Then addressing his Dulcinea, and imploring her affiftance in fo perilous an enterprise, he braced on his target, couched his lance in the rest, spurred Rosinante, and furiously thrusting it into one of the fails of the nearest windmill, the sail raised both man and horse into the air, and shivered the lance to-pieces.

Sancho, as foon as he faw his poor mafter fprawling on the ground after his elevation, trotted up to his relief, and finding him much bruifed, "Mercy fave me!" faid the fquire, "did not I tell ' your worship they were windmills? and who could have thought otherwife except fuch as had

" windmills in their heads?"

' Hold thy peace, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; the circumstances of war fluctuate in perpetual in-'constancy; that cursed Freston, who stole my closet and books, has transformed the giants into wind-" mills, to obviate those honours I was pursuing:

fuch is the malignity of his heart: but in the end he shall affuredly submit to the terror of my arm.'

Amen!

'Amen! amen!' replied Sancho; and then raising his master on his legs, and affisting him to remount Rosinante, the poor lame beast, almost disjointed by the fall from the windmill, hobbled away with his

truly valiant and noble rider.

Don Quixote and his fquire now took the road leading to the pass of Lapice, conversing all the way upon what had happened, and expecting to meet with many adventures in fo great a thoroughfare; the loss of his lance, however, was a great mortification; ' Friend Sancho,' faid he, ' I remember reading of a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de Vargos, who, ' having broken his lance, tore down the branch of ' an oak-tree, and felled so great a number of Moors ' with it, that he won to himself and his posterity the ' name of Machuca, or the feller: now, Sancho, I will tear down from the first oak I meet with a branch ' as fit for execution as that of Diego Perez de ' Vargos, with which I will perform fuch exploits as ' shall strike thee with wonder, and cause thee to bless ' heaven for its goodness in having given thee so great a master,'

'By the ghost of St. Peter,' replied Sancho, 'I believe 'tis all true, because your worship says it; but pray, Sir, sit a little more upright on your faddle: the bruises don't seem to agree with your

worship.

'A knight-errant must not complain,' said Don Quixote, 'whatever pain he suffers; no, not even if his neck was broke, or his bowels were coming

' from his body.'

'Then I shall say no more,' answered Sancho; and yet methinks I should like to hear your worship complain when there is occasion; for my own part, I am sure I should complain if my neck was to be broke, or my bowels were tumbling out, or even if a giant was but to shake his club at me, — except indeed squires are under a like restriction with their masters in that respect.'

No. 2 G Don

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's fimplicity, and affured him he might complain as much as he pleafed, whether he had any occasioned or not; for that he had never met with any law in chivalry that forbid it.

'Then fince it is lawful for fquires to complain,' faid Sancho, 'I do now complain of being very 'hungry.'

'Thou mayst satisfy thy hunger then,' replied the

knight; ' as to myfelf, I have no appetite yet.'

Sancho Panza having thus obtained leave to appeale the cravings of his stomach, opened his wallet, and took out some provision, which he eat as his ass moved flowly on, and every now and then took a fwill at the leathern bottle. Thus employed and fatisfied, he thought nothing more of the great promifes his mafter had made him, nor any thing of his family at home. They jogged on till night, and then took up their lodging under an oak-tree, from which the knight pulled down a flout branch to ferve him as a lance, and fixed to it the iron head of that which had been broken by the windmill: he now lay down upon his bed of grafs; but fleep was expressly contrary to his then present fituation; knights-errant had never closed their eye-lids, though in the most desolate places, but had passed away their chearless moments in contemplating the beauty of their ladies; therefore Dulcinea, and not fleep, was to take posfession of his foul.

But Sancho Panza being infusceptible of such refinements in heroisin, and having well crammed his belly, fell into a sound nap, that lasted the whole night, and would not perhaps have awaked till the approaching noon-day, if his master had not roused him, notwithstanding the shrill harmony of birds in the several trees, and the musical brayings of his ass. Thus roused, however, he got upon his legs, cpened his wallet for some breakfast, and took a swill at the bottle, regretting that it grew rather light.

As to Don Quixote, he wanted no breakfast; Dulcinea

was food both for his body and mind.

They now mounted again, and proceeded towards the pass, which they reached about eight o'clock. 'Here shall we meet with adventures out of number,' faid the knight; 'but hark ye, Sancho; let me ad'monish thee never to draw thy sword, though thou 'shouldst see me in the utmost danger, except indeed 'I am assaulted by any ill-bred or low-born desperado: in such case thou mayst assist me, but not 'otherwise; for, to encounter with a knight, without being a knight thyself, is forbidden by all the laws 'of chivalry.'

'Never doubt, Sir, but I will strictly obey your commands,' answered Sancho; 'I never was very fond of fighting: but, Sir knight, I suppose the laws don't forbid me drawing my sword in defence

of my own carcase.'

'Thou mayst defend thyself, in case of an affault,' said Don Quixote; 'but when thou seest me engaged with any knight, no affistance must thou offer, but only fall to prayers for my victory over the foe'

'I will observe your worship's instructions, as

ftrictly as the fabbath,' replied Sancho.

While they were thus conversing, they saw a couple of Benedictine monks approaching towards them, each mounted on a mule nearly as big as a dromedary, with their umbrellas and travelling spectacles; they were followed by a coach, with about half a dozen people on horse-back, and two mule-drivers on foot: there were some ladies in the coach, one of them a Biscayan lady, going to her susband at Seville, who was bound to the East-Indies to take upon him some considerable employment. Don Quixote no sooner saw the monks, (who did not belong to the coach) than he exclaimed in extasy, the moments teem with glory! dost thou not see G 2

52 THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF

those enchanters yonder, friend Sancho? either I am

deceived, or we now shall have one of the most

famous adventures ever heard of: some princess is in that coach, whom those wicked enchanters have

folen; but I will release the illustrious cap-

tive.

Sancho Panza, dreading that this would turn out a worse affair than the windmill adventure, said, 'your worship is under another mistake; they are only Benedictine friars, and the people in the coach are

common passengers."

'I tell thee, Sancho, they are enchanters,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou art a mere puppy in chivalry;

' thou wilt foon find thyfelf miftaken.'

Thus having faid, he fixed himself in the middle of the road where the monks were to pass, and called out to them, in an imperious tone, 'ye mon'sters in human shape! advance not an inch farther

' till ye release the princess! instantly obey my command, or take the just reward of your infamy.'

The two friars immediately stopped, equally surprised at his appearance and his menaces, but assured him they were not monsters in human shape, but inossensive monks of the order of St. Benedict, travelling that road upon business, and that they knew

not of any princess being in the coach.

'I know what ye are,' replied Don Quixote; then fourring Rosinante, and couching his lance, he attacked one of them with such fury, that if the man had not prudently thrown himself from his mule, he would in all probability have been killed on the spot. The other monk stuck spurs into his mule, and galloped precipitately away.

Sancho no fooner faw the monk on the ground, than he difmounted from his afs, and began to ftrip him, when a couple of attendants belonging to these friars made up to him, and asked him by whom he was authorised to commit such a breach of decency.

I am authorifed by myfelf,' replied Sancho; ' the fpoils in the field of battle are my property, allowed me by my lord and mafter.' The fervants, however, not understanding this kind of language, and Don Quixote being at this time at some distance talking to the ladies in the coach, fell most unmercifully upon poor Sancho, and left him on the ground with scarce any appearance of life. In the mean time the monk, who was more frighted than hurt, mounted his mule again, and immediately rode after his companion, who at a safe distance had waited the issue of so strange and terrible an event: they then galloped off together, making as many crosses as if twenty dark angels had been at their backs.

At this time, as hath been observed, Don Quixote was engaged with the ladies in the coach, whom he

was thus addressing:

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'Illustrious fair ones! your beauty is no longer in danger: the terror of this arm hath released you from captivity. That your highnesses may know who is your deliverer, be informed that my name is

Don Quixote, champion and adorer of the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso: and all that I intreat of your

' highnesses for this my signal act of prowess, is, that 'ye will forthwith wait upon that charming lady,

' and acquaint her with every circumstance.'

For this purpose, he ordered the coachman to drive immediately to Toboso; but a Biscayan gentleman, who rode with the coach, and who had listened to the whole of the knight's address, swore he would lay him dead on the spot if he did not that instant leave the coach. 'Get thee gone,' said the Biscayan, in bad Castilian, 'get thee gone from the coach, or 'che will kill thee dead as zure as che was a gen'tleman.'

'Thou art not a gentleman,' replied Don Quixote, with a most philosophic calmness, 'or I should chastise thee.'

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Don Quixote immediately threw down his lance, drew his fword, braced on his target, and attacked the Biscayan with all possible fury. The latter endeavoured to alight from his mule, it being one of the dullest animals ever rode; but not having time to dismount, he valiantly drew his sword, and snatching a cushion from out of the coach to serve him as a shield, the battle began. The spectators intreated both champions to desist; but the Biscayan declaring he would put to death whoever should interfere, the engagement was continued with great spirit on both sides, and the ladies ordered the coachman to drive them a small distance from the place of combat.

The Biscayan soon giving the knight so severe a stroke across his shoulders as had nearly brought him from the back of Rosinante, he thus audibly addressed his mistress: 'Dearest Dulcinea! sovereign mistress' of my soul! assist your champion, now sighting for your honour in this extremity of danger!' Then grasping his sword, and raising his target, our hero seemed resolved to decide the conflict at one single stroke; and the Biscayan, raising his cushion, put himself properly on the defensive. The lookers-on stood affrighted, waiting the issue of those dreadful strokes that were now to be given: the ladies put up their prayers to heaven, and vowed offerings to every saint and place of worship, provided the Biscayan should be conqueror.

But what the reader will perhaps deem unpardonable in the author of this history, is, that at so important a moment, he drops his pen, and leaves the battle undecided, pretending he could find no decision in the annals of our illustrious hero. The second

author,

author, however, not believing that so remarkable a story could be entirely forgotten, or that the virtuosi of La Mancha had been so negligent as not to have preserved some papers relating to so famous a knight, made a very diligent enquiry, and at length had the good fortune to find a continuation of the history, in the manner the reader will be informed of in the next book.

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

The termination and result of the most famous battle between the valiant knight of La Mancha, and the bold Biscayan,

E left the gallant Biscayan and Don Quixote, in the first book of this history, brandishing their swords, in readiness to discharge on each other the most dreadful strokes; and in this peculiar criss the author breaks the thread of his history, without informing us where or how we are to meet with the sequel.

It gave me much concern to think that a story of such importance should have no conclusion; and it seemed very strange that the atchievements of so famous a champion as Don Quixote should want an historian to complete them; a misfortune that had never attended the memory of former knights-errant: even Platir, and other champions, though so inferior, had all been commemorated.

I could not perfuade myself to think that so excellent an history could have been left incomplete,

and

and therefore laid the fault upon time, which ravages and lays waste every thing; and yet again I thought this hiftory was not of fuch ancient date, but that there might be perfons living who remembered fome of its most striking circumstances. This induced me to make a very strict enquiry after the wonderful adventures of our great Spaniard, the blazing star of La Mancha, and the first who in a degenerate age had revived the long-neglected profession of knight-errantry, to relieve the diffressed, protect the widow and orphan, and be fuch a fafeguard to damfels, that they might trip over the hills and dales, with their whips and palfries, in pursuit of their innocent pleasures, without dreading moleftation from any fenfual clown or monstrous giant. But all my diligence and labour had been fruitless, if fortune had not favoured me in the manner you shall hear.

Walking one day on the exchange at Toledo, I obferved a boy offering a bundle of papers to a grocer
for fale; and as I for fome time had had the curiofity to collect together all the printed and written
paper I could meet with, I defired the lad to let me
look at his papers, and upon turning over a few
leaves, found they were written in Arabic, which I
did not understand, and therefore looked about for

fome Portuguese Moor to interpret it.

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Soon meeting with an interpreter, (an advantage easily acquired in a place where so many languages were spoken,) he read several lines, and laughed; and on my enquiring the cause of his mirth, he told me he was much diverted with a particular marginal note, which was as follows:

'This same Dulcinea del Toboso, mentioned so often in the history, is said to have salted pork better than any other woman in La Mancha.'

I was most agreeably surprised to hear the name of Dulcinea, and concluded that those papers must certainly relate to the History of Don Quixote: but how was I delighted when the title-page was thus tran-No. 2 flated: 'The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian historiographer.' I could by no means dissemble the secret felicity of my soul, but eagerly snatching the rest of the papers, bargained with the boy to give him half a rial for them; which he would not have sold for treble the sum, had he formed proper ideas of my avidity to become possessor of them.

The acquisition thus effected, I retired with my Moor to the cloisters of the cathedral, and agreed with him, for fifty pounds of raisins and two bushels of wheat, to translate such of the papers as related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, desiring him at the same time to adhere as much as possible to the original; and in order that he might be the more expeditious, I took him home with me, where in six

weeks he completed his work.

In the first sheet was delineated to the life the battle between Don Quixote and the Bifcayan, just in the manner we left them, with their brandished fwords, the one guarding himself with his shield, the other with his cushion: and the Biscayan's mule was fo naturally depicted, that she had all the appearance of an hireling even at a confiderable distance. Under the Biscayan was a label, with these words: 'Don Sancho de Adzpetia;' and under the knight were inscribed the words 'Don Quixote de la Mancha! Rofinante was admirably drawn, fo lean, lank, meagre, drooping, sharp-backed, and raw-boned, as to excite much curiofity and mirth. And at a small diftance flood Sancho Panza, described to be a little fquat fellow, with a tun belly and spindle shanks holding his als by the halter.

Whoever doubts the truth of this history, can have no other reason for his incredulity than that the author of it was of a nation remarkable for propagating falshood: but as the Arabians are out enemies, it is reasonable to surmise that the author was rather prejudiced against our hero, than too zero.

tously his encomiast; and I the rather think so, from an observation, that in many places, where he might have enlarged upon some particular acts of prowess, he bestows not the least commendation; which is derogatory to the characteristic of an impartial writer: an historian should never deviate from the truth; it is his duty to relate matters of fact as they eventually appear before him, without being in the least influenced either by interest or prejudice; he should form his repository of great actions with the utmost candour and punctuality, esteeming it the inviolable fanctuary in which truth is to appear in all its purity. I flatter myself this history will furnish whatever the mind can expect or wish; but if it so happen that there be any thing imperfect in it, the deficiency must be ascribed to the author, and not the subject. But we will now proceed to the second book.

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Such was the terrible appearance of the two enraged combatants, that every spectator was agitated with fear and aftonishment. The bold Biscayan gave the first blow, and with fuch fingular force, that if his fword had not happened to turn in his hand, the stroke would have put an end to Don Quixote and all his adventures: but fate kindly preferved the hero of La Mancha; he only lost the half of his helmet, and the half of one of his ears; and now raising himself on his stirrups, he struck his fword with fuch fatal violence against both the cushion and head of the Biscayan, that his mouth, nose, and ears, streamed with blood, and he must inevitably have fallen to the ground, had he not laid hold of the mane of his mule: but he did not keep his faddle long; for losing his hold, and his feet slipping from his stirrups, the affrighted mule, dull as she was by nature, ran across the field with her unfortunate mafter, and foon threw him off her back.

Don Quixote beheld the difaster of his foe with great tranquility, and dismounting from Rosinante,

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approached

approached sword in hand to the Biscayan, giving him the choice of either asking his life, or having his head cut off: but the Biscayan was too much wounded to be able to make any reply; so that the knight would certainly have dissected his head from his body, had not the ladies got out of the coach, and begged for his life.

Don Quixote was too much the polite champion to refuse favours to ladies: he immediately sheathed his sword, and thus addressed his fair petitioners!

- Since beauty intreats, Don Quixote will comply; but the knight whom I have conquered must go
- to Toboso, and there present himself in my name

' to the incomparable Dulcinea, to be entirely at her

disposal.

The ladies, without enquiring who this Dulcinea was, affured him his orders should be most strictly obeyed. 'Then let him live,' replied the hero; 'let him enjoy that pardon which he is unworthy of.'

CHAP. II.

Containing a diverting dialogue between Don Quixote and bis trusty squire.

SANCHO Panza, during the battle, got upon his legs again, though somewhat the worse for the divers kicks and thumps he had received from the servants of the monks; and, seeing Don Quixote thus engaged with the Biscayan, sell on his knees, imploring heaven to grant him victory; for now, said Sancho, I suppose he is sighting for the island that I am to be governor of.

When the battle was over, and all danger at an end, the squire ran to the assistance of his master, who

The Life of the Biscayan spared by Don Quixote.



The brave Biscayan, by our peerles Knight, of Inspired with fury, is subduid in fight? Drone on the ground, his life Don Quiavte claims; Yet spares him to oblige the lovely Dames.

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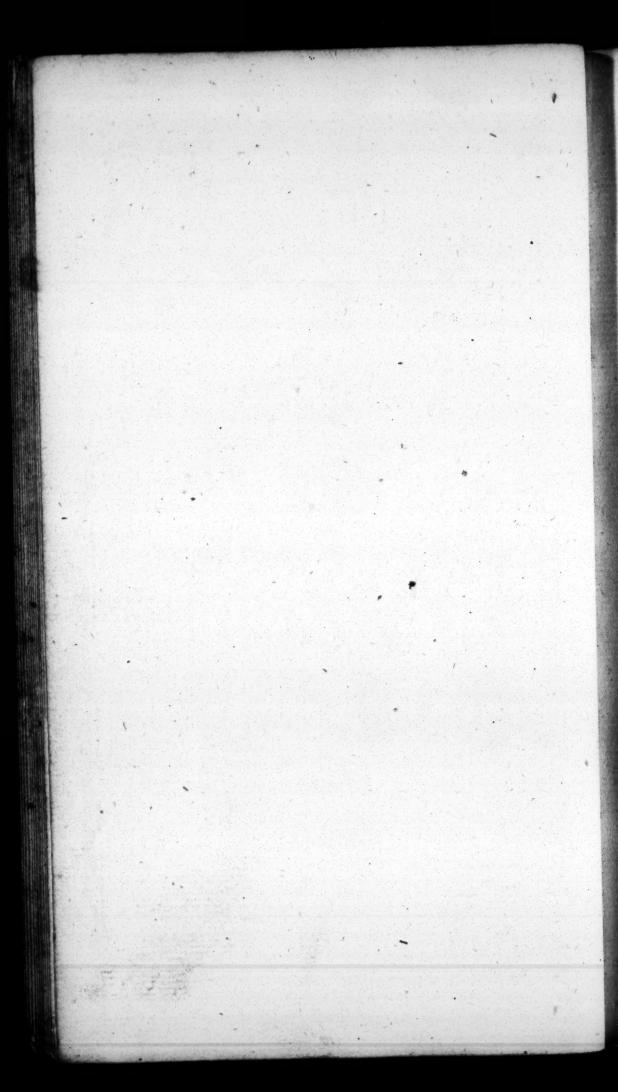
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was now ready to mount his steed again; and just when he had put his foot in the stirrup, Sancho again fell upon his knees, and kissing the hand of Don Quixote, 'My great Lord Don Quixote,' said he, 'I beseech you to make me governor of the island

' you have just won by your victorious arm of terror;
'for I find myself as able to govern it as the best

' that ever governed an island in the world.'

'Friend Sancho,' replied the knight, 'this is no is is infland adventure; what we meet with on the road are only rencounters, in which nothing is to be got but a broken head and the loss of an ear; but have a little patience, and I shall soon have an opportunity of not only preferring thee to a govern-

ment, but of doing fomething more for thee.

Sancho returned him his humblest thanks, and again kissing his hand, helped him to mount Rosinante, when the knight set off in a full trot, forgetting to take leave of the ladies. Sancho put his as in a full gallop, but not being able to overtake his master, called out to him to stop a little; Don Quixote therefore checked his horse, and master and servant jogged on together towards a wood at a little distance.

'Methinks, Sir,' faid Sancho, 'it would not be amiss in us to betake ourselves to some church:

for as you left your foe in a dangerous condition,

perhaps we may have a warrant against us from the holy * brotherhood, and if we once set into

the holy * brotherhood; and if we once get into their clutches, how are we to get out of them?

'Thou talkest like a fool,' replied Don Quixote; where didst thou ever read or hear of a knighterrant being taken before a judge for any homicides

' he committed?'

Sancho faid he knew not what was meant by homicides, but was certain the law punished such folks as quarrelled and fought up and down the country.

* A fociety to suppress robberies, and render the road safe to travellers.

Fear nothing, friend Sancho, replied Don Quixote ' for I would deliver thee from the clutches of the Philistines, and with much less trouble from

the clutches of the holy brotherhood: but tell me

· honeftly, doft thou think the whole world can boaft of an hero equal to thy master? equal to him in his

resolution to engage, his vigour and dexterity in

ftriking, and his fine art in terminating the combat to his advantage? didft thou in any history ever

read of my equal?

No, Sir, never, replied Sancho, for I never could read in my life; however, a bolder mafter I

am fure I could not serve; but I wish your bold-· ness mayn't be the ruin of us, by bringing upon us

the reward I mentioned. Lord! Sir! how your

ear bleeds! I have fome lint and falve in my wallet;

do, pray, Sir, let me spread a little, to stop the " blood."

I regret,' faid Don Quixote, 'that I did not think of bringing with me fome balfam of Fierabrass, a

fmall drop of which would have faved us much

" time and trouble."

What balfam is that, an please your worship?

faid Sancho.

A balfam of balfams, friend Sancho,' answered the knight; 'a balfam that heals all wounds, and defies even death itself: I have a recipe for making

it, and will give thee some; and if thou shouldst ever fee my body cut in two by fome unlucky back-

ftroke, as is often the case with knights-errant, thou

* must carefully take up that half of me which falls on the ground, and before the blood congeals clap it

upon the other half that remains on the faddle;

and then giving me a draught of this balfam of

Fierabrass, thou shalt instantly see me as whole and

as found as an orange."

' Mercy on me!' faid Sancho, ' if this be true, Sir, I had rather have fuch a balfam than the island

I am to be governor of; for there is no part of the

world

world where it would not be worth two rials an

ounce; fo that I should soon get an estate by it;

but. Sir, how much does it cost to prepare this balfam?

'Three quarts of it,' replied Don Quixote, 'may be made for three rials.'

' Body of me!' faid Sancho, 'why don't your

worship teach me how to make it?'

' Have patience, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'I will teach thee fecrets that are of still greater importance, and that will more nobly reward thee: how-

ever, thou mayst apply some salve to my ear, for

' it pains me confoundedly.'

Sancho had no fooner taken fome lint and ointment from his wallet, than Don Quixote perceived that the vizor of his helmet was broken, and instantly lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, 'By every fyllable contained in the four holy evangelists I do now ' fwear to lead a life like the great Marquis of ' Mantua, when he made a vow, to revenge the death of his cousin Valdovinos, neither to eat bread on a · table-cloth, nor lie with his lady, and fome other ' things that have flipped my memory, but which, ' notwithstanding, I include absolutely in my oath, ' and confider as expressed: and all this do I bind ' myself to, till I shall have had full revenge of him

' Good your worship!' faid Sancho, (concerned to hear him thus fwear) ' moderate your passion; for if the knight obeys your worship's commands, and prefents himself at the feet of the lady Dulcinea

del Tobofo, he does as much as your worship has

any reason to expect.'

who hath done me this injury.

'Why thou art quite right, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, ' and therefore as to the point of re-' venge, I revoke my oath; but the rest of it I make s and confirm anew, protesting solemnly to lead the s life I have mentioned, till by the force and terror of my arm, I take as good an helmet from the 6 head head of some other knight: nor think thou, Sancho.

that I make this protestation rashly; I imitate a

' laudable precedent; for the very fame thing hap-' pened about Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacri-

pante fo dear.

'Good Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'make no more oaths · about the matter; we are commanded not to fwear; befides, suppose we should not for some time meet with a knight that has an helmet, what should we do in that case? would your worship keep your · oath in spite of so many hardships, such as lying in · your cloaths in places uninhabited, and a thousand other idle penances which, I have heard, that old · fool the Marquis of Mantua punished himself with? We may ride a long time, Sir, before we · meet with any knight to take an helmet from; there are no armed men on these roads; indeed we may meet with carriers and waggoners in abun-

dance; but they know nothing about helmets, nor ' perhaps ever heard of fuch things.'

'Thou art mistaken, friend Sancho,' replied the knight; ' for in less than a couple of hours we ' shall meet with more armed men than attended at the siege of Albraca to carry off the fair Ane gelica!'

' Be it so,' replied Sancho; 'I wish we may have s good luck on our fide, and foon get the island that

costs me so dear, and I care for nothing farther,

on how foon I die afterwards, fo I do but die a

I have already bid thee not trouble thy head ' about that affair,' faid Don Quixote; ' for if we ' miss of an island, there is either the kingdom of Denmark for thee, or that of Sobrediza; and, what must give thee much pleasure, they are both fituated on terra firma: but we'll talk of this at another opportunity: see if thou hast any victuals in thy wallet, and then we will think of feeking fome caftle to lodge in to-night, and there make

" the

the balfam I was telling thee of; for my ear is

' still very fore, friend Sancho.'

'An please your worship,' replied Sancho, 'here is an onion, a flice of cheefe, and a few stale crusts of bread; but this fort of food is not sufficient for

' fuch a valiant knight as your worship.'

'Thou art mistaken, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; for it was the custom, nay the glory of knights-errant to be whole months without eating; and when they did eat, they fell upon the first thing they " met with, however coarfe or homely it was: this ' thou wouldst have known, if thou hadst had an education, and read as many books as I have done: I ' never found, in the course of my reading, that ' knights-errant used to eat, except by accident, or when they were invited to some sumptuous banquet; at other times they lived chiefly upon thinking; but as the food of thinking could not alone be a proper support of human nature, it is to be sup-' posed that knights-errant, as they spent the greatest part of their lives in forests and defarts, and were always destitute of a cook, refreshed themselves with fuch coarse food as thou hast just now taken from thy wallet. Never, then, Sancho, trouble thy head about what is fittest for my palate, or think

knight-errantry.' 'I crave pardon of your worship,' quoth Sancho; for as I was never bred a scholar, I know nothing about the matter; but henceforward, Sir, I'll take care to stock my wallet with plenty of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myfelf, who am none, I'll provide some poultry, and

to unhinge the constitution and ancient customs of

other nourishing food.'

Knights-errant did not subsist altogether upon fruit,' replied Don Quixote; ' they had fometimes roots and herbs, which they found in the fields, and of which they had as perfect a knowledge as I have myself.

No. 2

Sancho observed that there was great advantage in having a knowledge of those roots and herbs, and that he apprehended they should some day or other have occasion to put in practice such useful knowledge; then taking out the contents of his wallet, both master and man fell to eating: they made, however, but a short meal, being afraid of being benighted; and now mounting their beafts again, on they jogged till day-light quite forfook them. They foon found themselves in a place where some goatherds had erected a few huts; and here the knight resolved to take up his quarters, not a little to Sancho's mortification, who wanted to be in a good town or village; though it was rather the pride and glory of his mafter to fleep in the open field, under the canopy of heaven; for he efteemed fuch a lodging immediately correspondent with the inviolable laws of knighterrantry.

CHAP. III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote while he remained with the goatherds.

the goatherds; and Sancho, after he had taken all possible care of Rosinante and his ass, had the satisfaction to smell some kid's-sless boiling in a kettle upon a small fire; the squire was hungry, and had strong inclination to taste it; when, to his utmost joy, one of the goatherds took the kettle off, and spreading some sheepskins upon the ground, soon prepared their humble mess, and invited the two visitors to participate of it. A tub, with its bottom upwards was placed as a feat for Don Quixote, while the

goatherds, who were fix in number, feated themselves round the skins, Sancho at the same time standing behind his master in order to supply him with drink from a horn-cup; but the knight perceiving his squire standing, said to him, 'That thou mayst understand, 'Sancho, the true benefit of knight-errantry, and how those who practise it are in the road to honour, it is my pleasure that thou sit thee down here by me in the company of these good people, and that thou be on an equal sooting with me thy natural lord and master; that thou eat from the same dish, and drink from the same cup: for what we say of love, we may say of knight-errantry, that it puts all things

" upon a level."

"I humbly thank your worship," replied Sancho, but I had rather eat my victuals standing and by s myself, than to sit down even with an emperor; and fhould be more contented with a piece of coarfe bread and an onion in a corner, without more a-do and ceremony, than diet upon turky-cocks at another man's table, where one is fain to fit mincing and chewing, drinking little, then chewing again, and wiping one's mouth and fingers, afraid to speak, or cough, or even fneeze, and other things which a body may do freely alone; therefore, Sir, I befeech you to change this token of your kindness into fomething more fit for me as your worship's squire; for I renounce such honour, though at the same time thank your worship for your condescending goodness.'

'Talk no more in this strain,' said Don Quixote, but sit thee down; for the humble shall be exalted;' and then pulling him by the arm, forced him

to take his place.

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All this time the goatherds, who understood not a word of this knight-errantry jargon, eat heartily, and aid nothing, but only stared at their guests, who agerly swallowed luncheons near as big as their fists. The first course being over, another was brought,

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confisting of acorns, and the half of a cheese not much fofter than a brick; nor was the horn idle all this time, but went so jovially round that they soon drank out one of the skins of wine which they had And now Don Quixote, having fatisfied his appetite, took fome acorns in his hand, and looking at them very earnestly, said, 'O happy age, to which the ancients gave the name of golden! not that • gold, which in this our iron age is fo much adored, was in those bleft days easily to be attained, but because those two fatal words, mine and thine, which have thrown the world in confusion, were at that ' time unknown; for all things in that facred age were in common; the trees yielded their pleasing fruits; the limpid streams and fountains, in chearful plenty, offered their pure refreshing waters; the ' toiling bees, in clefts of rocks and hollow trees, erected their little commonwealths, that mankind s might reap the harvest of their industry; the superb cork-trees spontaneously stripped themselves of their broad light bark, which ferved to cover those rural cottages which men propped up with rough-hewn ftakes, as a defence against the inclemencies of the weather; all was then concord, friendship, and amity; no rude plough-share presumed to pry with ' violence into the pious bowels of our mother earth; for her parental beneficence yielded from every part of her fruitful bosom whatever was good and necessary: beautiful shepherdesses, with all the charms of modesty and innocence, roved from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, with their hair plaited, and fometimes loofe and flowing, cloathed with no other garment than what decency required: the tyrian dye, and coftly filk martyred into various colours, which are now in fuch esteem, were then unknown; and yet, decorated with nature's f ornaments alone, they outshone the proudest of our modern ladies, however magnificently attired. It was then that the addresses of lovers were made · purely

purely from the heart; deceit and imposture were not disguised as truth and sincerity; justice was un-' influenced by either favour or interest; there were ono judges, for there were no crimes; the modest ' maid walked where she pleased, fearless of insult to her charms: but in these, our times, no chastity is fafe, though it were hidden in fuch another laby-' rinth as that of Crete. Brother goatherds! for the ' fecurity of the primæval virtue I have been speak-' ing of, which at length became endangered when ' evil obtruded itself upon mankind, the facred order of knighthood was instituted to protect damsels, widows, and orphans, and to relieve the distressed ' in general. And now be it known to ye, my worthy friends, that I profess that noble order, and that you have had the diffinguished honour of entertaining a 'knight-errant and his squire; and notwithstanding ' it be the duty of every body to pay homage to a ' person of my consequence, yet since you, without knowing any thing of fuch obligation, have accom-' modated me in fo liberal a manner, it behoves me to return you my best acknowledgements."

The whole of this tedious harangue we are to attribute to the acorns, which reminded our knight of the golden age; therefore he took it in his head to address the goatherds, who liftened with a most silent attention, but without understanding a single syllable. Sancho was likewise all the time silent, eating acorns, and sometimes visiting a second wine-skin that hung

upon a neighbouring cork-tree.

The goatherds supper and the knight's oration being ended, one of the former thus addressed Don Quixote: 'Great Sir knight! that your worship may be sure you have a hearty welcome, you shall presently be entertained with a song; we have a merry fellow coming, that is up to his ears in love, and moreover can read and write, and play on the

* * fiddle.'

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^{*} A fiddle with three strings, used by shepherds, called a rebec.

THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF

No fooner were the words out of the goatherd's mouth than he heard the found of the instrument he spoke of, and there immediately appeared a comely youth of about twenty-two years of age: much fatisfaction was expressed at his arrival; he was asked whether he had fupped, and on answering in the affirmative, 'then, dear Antonio,' said the first fpeaker, ' prithee fing us a fong to entertain this gentleman, and to fhew him we have some among us who understand music, though we live among woods and mountains: we have acquainted him with thy abilities, and therefore to make good our words, give us the madrigal that thy good uncle the parson made upon thy love, and that was fo much liked in our village.' Antonio most readily complied, and feating himself upon the stump of an oak, runed his fiddle, and began as follows:

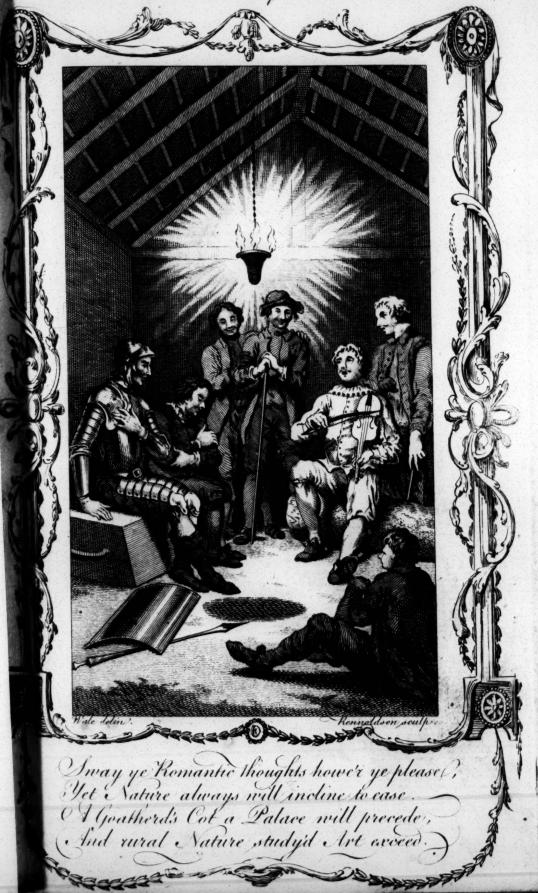
OLALIA! ever charming fair!
Altho' you vow you'll ne'er approve me,
Yet, beauteous maid, I'll not despair,
For sure I am you truly love me.

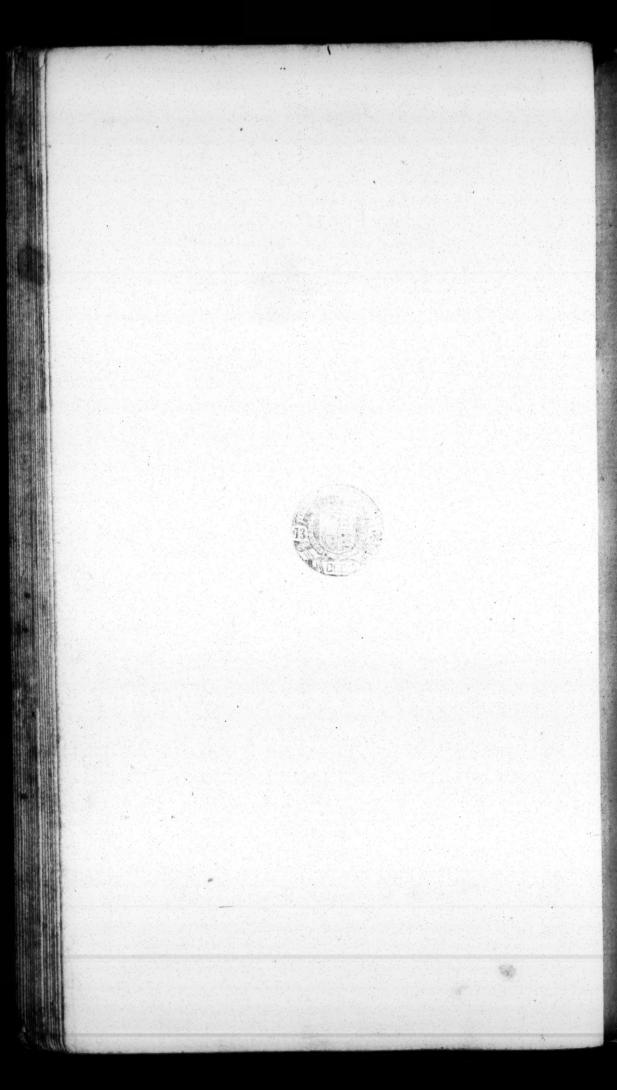
To flight a lad, whose heart's so true, And testifies such pure affection, Is cruelty you'd not pursue If influenc'd by calm resection.

Oft do you threat, the nymphs all know, Your poor Antonio to abandon; Your bosom, whiter than the snow, Is harder than the sloor I stand on.

But would you nature's laws obey, And act, as nature's child, your duty, How bleft were I each chearful day! How happy you in peerless beauty!

Would reason but direct your mind To disregard each faithless rover, 'Twould prove you amiably inclin'd, And bless at once your constant lover. Don Quixote entertained by the Goatberds.





Oft, when the fleeting day hath clos'd,
And with it all my labour ended,
Poesies of vi'lets I've compos'd,
And to your bosom have * commended:

And oft, beside, to please my fair,
The verdant mead and lawn tript over,
With all that tenderness and care
Inherent in a faithful lover.

Then, dear Olalia! beauty's queen!
Sole object of my inclination!
In wedlock let your charms be feen,
And make me happiest of our nation.

Antonio having finished his fong, Don Quixote defired him to begin another; but Sancho, who wished more to sleep than to hear ballads, told his mafter he thought it would be better to go to rest, especially as the goatherds, who had been toiling hard all the day, must be much wearied. 'I understand ' thee, Sancho,' faid the knight; 'I thought thy frequent visits to the wine would make thee more ' defirous of fleep than of music.' 'Good your ' worship,' replied Sancho, 'I hope you don't grudge ' your squire a drop of wine.' 'Not I by mine ' honour,' faid the knight, ' and thou mayst lay thyfelf down to fleep whenever thou hast a mind to it; but as to myfelf, it better becomes my profession to ' keep awake: however, I must have my ear dressed before thou dost sleep, for it gives me much pain.'

While Sancho was preparing to apply the ointment, one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, told Don Quixote he would undertake to cure it, and prefently fetching some rosemary leaves, which he bruised and mixed with salt, put them to the knight's ear, assuring him he needed no other plaster; and in a little time his words proved very true.

* The reader will observe, that I have as much as possible endeavoured to adapt my versification to the natural simplicity of its subject.

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CHAP. IV.

A story related by a goatherd who happened to come into the but.

N acquaintance of the goatherds, who used to 1 fupply them with victuals from the next village, happening to come into the hut, asked them whether they had heard the news? 'What news?' faid one of them; 'That famous scholar, Chrysostom,' replied he, ' died this morning; and his death is reported to have been occasioned by his love for that cruel ' girl Marcella, rich William's daughter, who roams about the country in the habit of a shepherdess.' Died for love of Marcella?' faid the goatherds: 'Yes,' replied their acquaintance, 'and what is more, he has defired in his will to be buried in the fields · like a Moor, at the foot of the rock, close to the · cork-tree fountain, as being the place where he first beheld her beauty. He has also ordained several other things of the fame kind; but the clergy will not fuffer them to be complied with, because they are ' heathenish: Ambrosio, however, the other fine scho-· lar, who used also to attire himself like a shepherd, and was the constant companion of Chrysostom, infifts upon having his will fulfilled in every particular. · The whole village is an uproar, and I believe Am-· brosio will carry his point: to-morrow the corpse is to be buried with great state at the place I have mentioned; it will be a fine fight, and I'll not fail to attend it, though I should not be able to return to the village till next morning.' 'We will do the fame,' replied one of the goatherds, and cast lots who shall stay behind to look after our flocks. · Well faid, Pedro,' cry'd one of them; 'but there ' is no occasion to cast lots; for I will stay behind to * take care of them, not out of any particular kindness you, or that I should not myself like equally to see the sight, but have unluckily stuck a thorn in my foot that will not let me walk so far. 'We are obliged to thee, however,' replied Pedro, 'and I'll run a thorn in my own foot at any time for thy sake.'

Don Quixote, who paid particular attention to this conversation, defired Pedro to give him an account of the deceased, and also of the shepherdess. Pedro anfwered, that all he knew about the matter was, that the deceafed young gentleman, whose father lived not far off, had been some time a student at Salamanca, and had returned home a great scholar; that he was reported to have great knowledge of the stars, and could foretel a clipfe of the fun and moon. ' shouldst call it an eclipse, friend Pedro,' said the knight, 'and not a clipse. Pedro, however, not troubling himself about such trisles, proceeded to inform his worship, that this same great scholar could also foretel when the year would be barren, and when there would be a fpuntanous fricondity. 'O Pedro! · Pedro!' faid the knight, 'thou meanest a sponta-' neous fecundity.' 'Yes, yes, Sir knight,' replied Pedro, 'and he could tell which was the proper ' time to fow wheat and no barley, and when to fow barley and no wheat; and when he would fay, next ' year there will be a good harvest for oil, and the ' year after no oil at all, his words always came true." 'This science,' said Don Quixote, is called aftrology." 'Call it what you please,' replied Pedro, 'his father ' and his friends taking counsel of him, became very 'rich; and he used to compose the carols that we ' fung on christmas eve, and the plays that the lads of our village used to act on a funday evening. Soon after he came from Salamanca he all of a ' fudden appeared in shepherd's attire, and drove his flocks, having laid afide his long gown, and was ' joined by one Ambrosio, his friend, who dressed ' himself in the same manner. About that time Chrysostom's father died, and left him all he was No. 2

worth, lands, money, and sheep, and truly he was worthy of it all, for he was one of the best-natured fouls that ever broke bread, mighty good to poor ' folks, a main friend to all honest men, and a blessing was always on his countenance. It came at last to be known that the reason of his disguising himself was because he might go up and down the country after that same shepherdess, Marcella, whom my brother goatherd mentioned just now, for he was up to his ears in love with her. And now I'll tell you fuch a story as you never heard before, and may e never perhaps hear again, though you were to live ' as long as the world stands.' 'You should fay, as ' long as the globe moves round its axis,' replied Don Quixote. 'Nay, if your worship thus continues to stop me in my story so often, I shan't finish it this 'twelvemonth,' answered Pedro. 'It is my profound ' learning and natural eloquence,' faid the knight, that ' prompt me thus to fet thee right, friend; but now go on with thy story; I will not interrupt thee again.' again.'

Well then,' quoth Pedro, 'you must know, ' good mafter, there lived in our village a farmer ' that was still richer than Chrysostom's father; and God gave him, besides great wealth, a lovely daughter; her mother, poor soul, died in childbed of her; ' she was as good a woman as ever lived. Methinks 'I now see her sweet face, with the sun on one ' fide, and the moon on t'other; she was a main good housewife, and very charitable to poor people for which I hope her foul rests in Paradise. Alas

her death broke old William's heart; he foon fol-· lowed her, leaving his daughter, Marcella, ver ' young and rich, to the care of her uncle, who

' is parson of our parish. Marcella grew so much · like her mother, who was a very handsome woman

that she put us continually in mind of her; and when she came to the age of about fifteen, nobod

could behold her without bleffing God for having

• fent so beautiful a creature into the world; the men ' were all in love with her, for which reason her uncle kept her very close; but the fame of her beauty and wealth spreading every where, all the · young squires round the country came to woo her; there was nothing but continual rap, rap, rap at * the parson's door from morning till night, infomuch " that the old gentleman would have been glad to get * rid of her, but still wished her to make a prudent * choice; nor did he defire to put off her marriage to the gain and advantage he might get in having her fortune in his hands; and truly I have heard * many people speak in praise of him for such behaviour: for let me tell you, Sir knight, in little s towns and villages people will chatter and find fault wherever they can; however, you may be fure our parson is an honest man; for he has the goodwill of all the parish.'

Thy observations are just, friend Pedro,' said Don Quixote; 'but prithee go on with thy pleasant story, which thou dost tell with so good a grace.'

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'May I never want the grace of God,' replied Pedro, and then I shall fare well enough in the world. Well, Sir knight, and so as I was telling you, our parson did not desire to put off his niece's marriage longer than was necessary, but described the good qualities of many that had asked her in marriage, leaving her to make her own choice; but the damfel's constant reply was, that she had no mind to marry, and that the was too young; and on account of this answer, which mayhap had some reason in it, her uncle did not trouble himfelf any further about the matter, but faid, like an honest man, that parents and guardians should never perfuade their children, or those under their care, to marry against their own inclination. thus it happened, Sir knight, that Marcella, at full liberty to dispose of herself as she thought proper, must needs turn shepherdess, and nobody could K 2 · perfuade

persuade her against it; so away to the fields she went, with her flock of sheep, attended by other ' young lasses of the village: and as she now appeared in public, all the young squires and rich farmers fons difguifed themselves in shepherds apparel, and followed her wherever she went. One of them, as ' I have told you, was the poor deceased Chrysoftom, who feemed to adore whatever belonged to her. But do not think, that because Marcella took to this free way of living, she brought the least discredit on her virtue; for she was ever, and is still, fo careful of her honour, that not one of her numerous fuitors can boast that she ever gave him the least hope of accomplishing his purpose; and though she does not shun the company of such fhepherds as behave courteously to her, yet whenever any one of them begins to disclose his passion for her, however just, honourable, and even holy, • the throws him from her like a stone from a sling, and will never have any thing more to fay to

" him." And thus Marcella does as much harm in this country as even a pestilence would do; for no · fooner have her beauty and affability engaged the affections of her fuitors, than her coyness and plaindealing almost break their hearts; and all the re venge they have is to declaim against her cruel and ungrateful behaviour. If your worship was to sta here only one day, you would hear the mountain and valleys refound with the lamentations of he · lovers. We have a place not far off where there a grove of beech-trees, and on every one of the her name is engraved; on some of them there is crown carved over the name, implying that h bears away the crown, and is entitled to the garlan of beauty. Here one shepherd sighs, there another mourns; in one place a fonnet of love, in another a fong of despair. One poor swain lays himself the foot of some rock or oak, and there week

away the whole fad night, till he is found by the ' rising sun; another lies stretched upon the sandy ground, filling the air with his complaints, without regarding the day's fultry heat; and all this ' time the unpitying Marcella triumphs; nor can ' we tell when her cruelty will end, and who will at length be the man that wins her heart. ' that I have told you, Sir knight, I do know to be frictly true, and do therefore the more readily give credit to what our companion faid concerning poor ' Chryfostom's death. I would have your worship go and fee him laid in his grave to-morrow; it will be one of the most mournful fights you ever ' faw in your life; for Chrysostom had a great number of friends, and the burial-place is not half a league distant.

'I do intend to be there,' faid Don Quixote, 'and'
I return thee thanks for thy most obliging and en-

' tertaining story.'

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'Alas! Sir knight!' replied the goatherd, 'I have not told you one half of the misfortunes attending Marcella's lovers; but to-morrow we may perhaps meet with some shepherd that will furnish your worship with more particulars. In the mean while, you had better sleep in one of our huts; and I defire your worship to take great care of your ear; for though the plaster I have put to it will soon make a cure, yet should the night-air get to it,

' your worship would feel much pain.'

Sancho Panza, who was heartily tired of this long story, prevailed on his master to lie down in Pedro's hut; and there the knight of La Mancha, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, spent the night in lamenting the cruelties of his lady Dulcinea. But Sancho, whose heart was at ease, laid himself down between Rosinante and his ass, and slept soundly till daylight.

CHAP. V.

Conclusion of the story of the beautiful Marcella, and other matters.

CARCE had the fair face of day appeared through the balconies of the east, when five of the goatherds got up, and coming to Don Quixote, told him they were ready to attend him to the burial-The knight, who continued place of Chrysoftom. in his defign of accompanying them, immediately arose, and ordered Sancho to saddle Rosinante and get the ass ready; which being done with all possible diligence, they fet forward. They had not gone a quarter of a league before they faw fix shepherds coming towards them from a cross path, cloathed in black sheepskins, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter-bay, with staves of holly in their hands. Two gentlemen on horseback, attended by three footboys, followed them. As the parties drew near, they very civilly faluted each other, and after the usual question, 'which way are ye travelling?' found themselves all in one way to the funeral; so that they joined company; and one of the horsemen said to the other, 'Signor Vivaldo, methinks we shall not mispend our time in attending this ceremony, which certainly will be of an extraordinay kind, by the · accounts we have had of the deceased shepherd, and of the shepherdess who has been the cause of his death.' I am of the fame opinion,' replied Vivaldo, 'and would not miss feeing it on any account * whatever.' Upon this, Don Quixote defired them to inform him what they had heard concerning Chryfoftom and Marcella; when one of them made answer, that having met those shepherds who were then in their company, and asking them the occasion of their funeral habiliment, were informed of the beauty and coyneis coyness of a certain shepherdess named Marcella, who had rendered a number of swains unhappy, and had occasioned the death of that same Chrysostom to whose funeral they were going. In short, they repeated the story which Pedro had related the night preceding.

Afterwards, Vivaldo asked Don Quixote why he travelled thus armed in so peaceable a country? My profession,' replied the knight, 'obliges me to it: costly dresses and repose were invented for effeminate courtiers; but arms and vigilance are for those whom the world call knights-errant; to which

' order I have the honour to belong, though the least and unworthieft of the fraternity. This was a fufficient indication that his brain was turned; wherefore Vivaldo, to discover the particular nature of his infanity, defired him to define what a ' I perceive,' faid Don Quixote, knight-errant was. ' that you have never read the annals and history of · England, in which fuch frequent mention is made of the famous king Arthur, who, according to an ancient tradition believed in that country, never died, but was converted into a raven by enchant-' ment, and is some time or other to appear again in his original shape, to recover his throne and scepter; for which reason, there has never been a raven ' killed in England from that period to the prefent. ' It was in the time of this fame famous king that ' the honourable order of the Knights of the Round ' Table was instituted, and that the amours passed between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen ' Ginebra, by the affistance of the lady Quintaniona; " which produced that excellent ballad so often fung in Spain:

Was ever knight so much cares'd

As Lancelot by each fair dame!

So truly and completely bles'd

Since he from Britain's climate came!

his amours and heroic exploits.

From.

with the rest of that delightful account of both

From this æra the order of knight-errantry extended itself through fundry parts of the globe, ' producing, amongst other celebrated champions, the famous Amadis de Gaul, and his offspring to the ' fifth generation; also the renowned Felixmarte of · Hyrcania, and the never-enough-to-be-applauded 'Tirante the White. Nay, had we been born a little ' fooner, we should have been blessed with the con-· versation of that immortal hero of our modern ' times, Don Belianis of Greece. And now, gen-' tlemen, I have informed you what I mean ' the term knight-errant; and fuch as I have de-' fcribed is the order of chivalry, which, finner as I ' am, I profess, with a due observance of the same ' laws which those famous knights observed. It is ' my choice to wander through these solitary defarts ' in quest of adventures, devoting my person, and the vigour of my arm, to the most formidable dangers that fortune can obtrude upon me, in the ' fervice of the helples and distressed.'

The travellers were now fufficiently convinced of the infane state of Don Quixote's mind, and easily discovered his particular species of folly; wherefore Vivaldo, who was of a gay disposition, resolved to

make the best advantage of it which the shortness of time would admit. ' Methinks, Sir knight-errant,' faid Vivaldo, ' you have engaged in one of the most strict pro-· fessions in the world, nay even stricter than that of ' a Carthufian friar!' 'Perhaps,' replied Don Quixote, the profession of a Carthusian friar may be as strict, but I doubt whether it be fo beneficial to mankind; for, if I must speak what I think, the soldier, who executes the commands of his captain, does as much ' as the captain himself; true it is that these friars offer up their prayers to God in peace and fafety, ' while we knights and foldiers, by the edge of our * fwords, procure those good things for which they · pray, not under shelter, but exposed to the scorching · fummer's

fummer's heat, as well as to the feverities of winter: fo that we may justly stile ourselves the ministers of heaven, directed to execute its justice upon earth; and as the business of war is ever attended with toil ' and fatigue, fo the religious foldier ought of confe-' quence to be preferred to the religious monk, who ' in his eafe and quietude has nothing more to do ' than to pray heartily: not that I mean to infinuate, ' gentlemen, that the profession of a knight-errant is ' Superior or even adequate to that of a recluse monk; ' I only mean to imply that ours is a much more ar-' duous profession, more troublesome and fatiguing, ' more perilous, more subject to maceration, hunger, 'thirst, want, wretchedness and rags; for though ' you find that fome knights-errant were, in course ' of time, and by their prowefs, raifed to empires, you ' may be affured their honours were dearly purchased; ' and if these knights had not been assisted by their fage enchanters, they would have been woefully dif-'appointed in their pursuits and expectations.' 'I 'am of your opinion,' faid Vivaldo; 'but there is one omission in knight-errantry which I cannot for-' give: it is this; when you knights-errant are on 'the point of engaging in the most perilous enter-' prises, you never offer a prayer to God, as every ' christian in such a situation ought to do, but only ' recommend yourselves to your mistresses, imploring · affiltance from them as if they were your deities; ' a circumftance, which, in my opinion, favours much ' of paganism.' 'Sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'it is "a custom which cannot be altered; for if a knighterrant acts otherwise, he violates the established rules of his order. Agreeable to the laws of chivalry, every knight, when on the point of some great atchievement, is obliged to address his lady, and, in idea, turning his eyes towards her with all the tenderness of love, implore her protection and favour; nay, though he should not be heard by any body, he is obliged to mutter an ejaculation, No. 3

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recommending himself with all imaginable fervency

to the mistress of his heart. Of this we have nume-

' rous instances in history. But do not think that 'knights-errant never recommend themselves to

' heaven; they have time enough, during the combat,

' to perform that duty.' 'Sir,' answered Vivaldo, 'I am not yet satisfied in this point; for in the course of my reading, I have often observed, that when two knights-errant have ' met, and conversed a short time together, they have fuddenly quarrelled, and been fo much enraged, ' that having turned their horses heads to gain room for a career, they have attacked each other with the ' most dreadful fury, and in the dangerous moment ' recommended themselves to their mistresses; then one of them perhaps was thrown from the crupper of ' his horse to the ground, with his body pierced by ' the lance of his antagonist, and the other obliged to ' lay fast hold on his horse's mane to keep himself ' from falling. Now I cannot comprehend how the ' flain person could in this short time properly re-' commend himself to God; instead of invoking his ' mistress, he should have performed the duty of ' a rational christian, and implored affistance from the ' Almighty. Besides, it is not to be supposed that every knight-errant had a mistress to invoke: all of

them could not be in love.'

'You are mistaken,' said Don Quixote; 'it is impossible for a knight-errant to exist without a mistres; the heavens might as well be without either sun, moon, or stars, as a knight-errant not to be in love; no history has ever yet produced one who was not a lover; love is the very essence of chivalry; a knight who is insusceptible of that passion would not be deemed a lawful member, but a counterfeit who stole through a private window, and not through the folding-door of knight-errantry.'

'Notwithstanding all this,' said the traveller,
'I have read that Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis,
'had never any certain mistress to recommend himself
'to, and yet he was not the less esteemed on that ac'count.' 'One swallow never makes a summer,'
replied Don Quixote; 'however, I know that Don
'Galaor was privately much enamoured; he made
'love to every pretty girl he met with; it was the
'nature of his disposition; and it is an irrefutable
'fact, that he had one favourite lady whom he en'throned sovereigness of his heart; and to this same
'fair one he often recommended himself secretly, for
'he plumed himself much on his privacy and discre'tion in love.'

'I am to prefume then,' faid Vivaldo, 'that fince love is so virtually necessary to knights-errant, your worship is not without a mistress; and if you are not as secret a knight as Don Galaor, I intreat you in behalf of myself and the rest of the company, to oblige us with the name of your mistress, the place of her nativity, her present station, and her qualities; for she must undoubtedly esteem herself supremely fortunate in being the mistress of so respectable a knight, and that the world are ac-

' quainted with her high and mighty union.'

Don Quixote now breathing a deep figh, made enswer, 'I am not certain whether that lovely enemy 'of my repose takes the least pleasure in knowing that the world is sensible of her power over my heart; her name, however, is Dulcinea; the place of her birth, Toboso in La Mancha; her present station is that of a princess, as being the lady of my heart; the beauty of her person is superior to all the beauty in the universe besides, superior even to those ideal persections which the poets bestow on their nymphs; her slowing hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her eyebrows two celestial arches, her eyes a pair of glorious suns, her cheeks two beds of roses, her lips two coral portals that

' guard her teeth of oriental pearl, her neck alabafter,

' her hands polifhed ivory, and her bosom whiter than the new-fallen snow; as to the other parts of

her which affift in conftituting fo much perfection,

vou are to judge of them according to those re-

cited wonders already displayed to your admira-

' tion.'

armour.

In order to have the description of so transcendent a lady completed, Vivaldo defired to be favoured with an account of her lineage, race, and family. replied Don Quixote, ' she is not a descendant of the ' ancient Caii, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of ' the modern Colonas and Orfini, nor of the Mon-' cadas and Requesenes of Catalonia, nor of the Rebillas and Villanovas of Valencia; neither is she a descendant of the Palafoxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, ' Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Ureas, Fozes and Gurreas of Arragon; neither does the lady Dulcinea ' descend from the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and Gusmans of Castile; nor from the Alencastros, ' Pallas and Menezes of Portugal; but she derives ' her origin from the family of Toboso de la Mancha, a race, which, although it be modern, is fufficient to give a noble beginning to the most illustrious ' progenies of fucceeding ages; and let no man prefume to contradict me, unless it be on such condi-

> Orlando's arms let none displace, But such who'll meet him sace to sace.

Vivaldo observed that he himself was a descendant of the Cachopines of Loredo, but would not presume to compare his ancestry with the family of Toboso, though he confessed he had never till that moment heard of such a family. 'Tis sufficient that you have heard of it now,' replied Don Quixote.

' tions as Cerbino placed at the foot of Orlando's

The rest of the company paid great attention to the above conversation, and all of them, even the goatherds who had entertained the knight, concluded he was no better than a madman. Sancho Panza indeed, who had known him from his childhood, believed every fyllable he faid except the story about Dulcinea; but of the truth of that circumstance he had much doubt, as he had never heard of such a princess, though he lived but a very small distance from Toboso.

As they went on thus converfing, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains, covered with black skins, and garlands on their heads, which they afterwards found to be of yew or cypres: fix of the foremost supported a bier covered with several forts of flowers and branches. As they drew nearer, one of the goatherds faid, 'Those people are carrying Chrysostom to his grave; it is at the foot of this mountain that ' he ordered his body to be interred.' This information causing them to put on a little faster, they arrived at the burial-place just when the bearers were fetting the corpfe upon the ground, and others were digging a grave at the fide of the rock. After they had faluted each other in condolance for the lofs of their much-respected acquaintance and friend, Don Quixote and others went towards the bier to view the body, which was clad in shepherds weeds, and strewed with flowers. The deceased seemed to have been about thirty years old, and lifeless as he was, had still an engaging countenance. Within the bier were feveral papers, fome open, and others folded.

This mournful spectacle created a general melancholy; all were profoundly filent; all were sensibly affected. At length one of the shepherds, addressing himself to another, said, 'Look, Ambrosio, whether 'this be the place which Chrysostom desired to be 'buried in, since thou hast undertaken to have his 'will so punctually sulfilled.' 'This is the very 'place,' replied Ambrosio; ''tis here where my poor friend so often related to me the story of his ill

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fortune, where he first beheld the public enemy of ' mankind, where he made the first discovery of his ' passion for her, and where the marble-hearted shepherdess concluded the tragedy of his life: 'tis here, ' where, in token of his hard fate, he defired to be ' interred.' Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the rest of the company, 'This body,' said he, which you now behold, was once enlivened with a foul that heaven had adorned with its choicest gifts. ' This is the body of the much-lamented Chrysoftom, " who was unrivalled in wit and learning, who was ' fincere of disposition, generous and magnificent without oftentation, prudent and fedate without ' affectedness, modest and complaisant without meanness; in a word, one of the first in goodness of heart, and fecond to none in misfortunes: he loved, ' and was hated; he adored, and was difdained; he ' implored pity from a favage, wept to the winds, and fighed to the defarts; he was constant to ingratitude, and for his fidelity became a prey to death ' in his prime of life, through the cruelty of a shepherdess whom he would have immortalized, as these * papers which you now look at would testify, had he onot commanded me to commit them to the flames as 'foon as his body should be deposited in the ground.

'In fo doing,' replied Vivaldo, 'you will appear more cruel than even Marcella herself; it is wrong to fulfil any person's will that is repugnant to natural reason. Augustus Cæsar would have been much to blame, had he complied with the will of the divine Virgil; wherefore though you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not to destroy his writings, but preserve them as monuments of his virtue and Marcella's ingratitude; in this you may be of service to others, by exhibiting an essential and cautionary example: beside, all this company are persectly acquainted with the history of your unfortunate friend, as well as with

the particular friendship that subsisted between you, and every circumstance attending his last moe ments; whence it is easy to conceive how cruelly 'Marcella treated him, and how ardently he loved ' Marcella. Being last night informed that he was to be buried in this place, and moved more by com-" miseration than curiosity, we have come to pay a tribute of respect to the relic of a person so truly ' amiable: therefore, in the name of the whole com-' pany prefent, who are equally afflicted with myself for the loss of him, I beg you to give me some of those papers at least, whatever you do with the remainder.' So faying, he put forth his hand, without waiting for an answer, and took some of the papers that were nearest to him; which Ambrosio perceiving, faid, 'Well, Signor, I shall agree to your keeping those which you have taken, but the ' rest shall most certainly be burnt.' Vivaldo immediately opened one of the papers, which was entitled The Despairing Lover. 'That poem,' faid Ambrosio, 'was written by my poor friend when he found it a matter of impossibility to attain the ' prize in which all his hopes had centered; it is the ' last he ever wrote: please to read it aloud, while ' the grave is digging, that the company may know ' to what a fad condition he was reduced.' Vivaldo complied, and read as follows:

W AS e'er poor shepherd so distrest,
Since young Marcella's snow-white breast
No pity doth impart!
Her jealousy and cold distain
Consuse, distract, torment my brain,
And pierce my captive heart.

And now convinc'd no mild relief
Is destin'd for my frantic grief,
I'll seek some dreary cell,
Where Melancholy holds her seat,
And all her train of ills complete
Inseparably dwell.

And there, in midnight's folemn hour,
Aided by fome infernal pow'r,
All nature I'll alarm:
The heav'ns above, the earth below,
The stars that shine, the streams that flow,
Shall feel my potent charm.

Brutes from their flumbers shall arise,
And fill the air with doleful cries,
The folds no longer dream:
The raven and the dread screech owl,
Shall meet the angry tiger's howl,
And monsters loudly scream.

My voice shall join the hideous plaint;
My spell shall suffer no restraint,
No infamy conceal:
The moon and stars shall each withdraw,
And tempests strike that soul with awe
Which ne'er for me could feel.

And when I quit my dreary cave,
I'll on fome filent mould'ring grave
A ftream of tears beftow;
Clasp the cold furface while I kneel
In plaintive accents to reveal
My plenitude of woe.

Then down some dreadful steep I'll roll,
To rack asresh my tortur'd soul,
New miseries pursue;
And there at dire affliction's shrine
This wretched life of mine resign,
And bid the world adieu.

The above ditty was approved of by all the company except Vivaldo, who observed that its complaints of jealously did not agree with the reports he had heard of Marcella's virtue and her inattention to love-addresses. Ambrosio, however, who had always been privy to the most secret sentiments of his friend, removed this objection, by assuring Vivaldo, that the verses were written by the deceased after he had absented himself from his adored mistress in order to

try if he could attain the usual advantages of absence, and forget the object of his passion. 'And as every

' lover so situated,' added Ambrosio, 'is apt to tor-

ture himself with innumerable chimeras, it was the fate of my poor unhappy friend to distract himself

with ill-grounded apprehensions of jealousy; and

therefore whatever he faid in fuch excess of tribu-

· lation could not in the least prejudice the impeach-· less character of Marcella; on whom even envy it-

felf, setting aside her disdainful behaviour, could

' not fix the smallest reproach!'

Vivaldo was fully fatisfied; but just as he was about to open a second paper, he was alarmed with the appearance of an extraordinary vision. This was no other than Marcella herself, who shewed herself from the top of the rock, just above the grave that was digging; and so divinely beautiful did she appear, as to exceed every description that had been given of her: those who had never seen her before, beheld her with a filent astonishment; and even those who had seen her often, seemed to gaze at her with equal admiration. But no sooner had Ambrosio fixed his eyes upon the shepherdess, than with the utmost indignation he called out to her,

Why comest thou hither, thou destructive basilisk of these mountains? comest thou to see

whether the wounds of this unhappy swain will

bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to

exult in the effects of thy cruelty, and behold, like

another Nero, the flames which thou hast kindled? or to trample on his lifeless body, as the unnatural

daughter of Tarquin trampled on that of her dead

father? tell me the cause of thy appearance, and

what it is thou desirest! for as the unfortunate

Chrysostom so devoutly obeyed thee while living, I

wish the same obedience to be paid to thee by all

his furviving friends.'

'I come not,' answered the beautiful shepherdess,
for any purposes so base; I come only to acquit
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' myself of those unreasonable accusations against me on the account of Chrysostom's death: I therefore intreat you, Ambrosio, and all who surround the corpfe, to give me attention only a few moments; for I need not make use of many words to convey truth to the ears of the unprejudiced. Heaven, you ' fay, hath made me beautiful, infomuch that men find it impossible not to love me; and you infer ' from thence, that it is my duty to return the passion. Now though I am aware that whatever is beautiful is lovely, yet I can by no means be perfuaded that the object esteemed merely for its beauty is under ' any obligation of returning a reciprocal attachment to its admirer. Suppose the person, who admires ' me because I am beautiful, should himself be ugly and disagreeable; would it not be the height of ab-' furdity in fuch person to say, "I love you because " you are handsome, and you are therefore to love " me, ugly and deformed as I am?" But even al-' lowing the beauty of the parties to be equal, are their inclinations for this reason to be mutual? · beauty is not always creative of affection; it often only pleafes the eye, without making any impression on the heart: if it were always to inspire love, the defires of men would be in a continual state of per-' plexity; from the great variety of objects, they ' would be incapable of determining a choice, and would therefore be ever inconstant: whereas true ' love, I am told, must be centered immutably in one and the same object: this granted, why would vou wish to force me to a love of that which my 'inclinations do not approve? my beauty is the im-* mediate gift of heaven; whatever injury it does I ' stand honourably acquitted of by the rational and candid: I am now admired because I am beautiful: but had heaven formed me otherwise, could I with 'any reason have been angry with you for not ad-'miring me because I was ugly? therefore as the qualifications of my perfon are not of my own for-

Marcella vindicating herself Herself the fair Marcella vindicates,

And throws the fault of Love upon the Fates,

Unhappy Passion which our Youth employs;

At once it Pleases, and at once Destroys.



* mation, but of God's alone, and as the viper is not censurable for the poison with which she kills, it being the effect of nature, fo am I undeferving of reproach for being beautiful. Beauty in a virtuous woman may be compared to a fierce flame and fharp fword at a distance, which do mischief only • to fuch as imprudently go too near them. Honour and chaftity are the ornaments of the foul; without these, the body, however handsome, ought to be confidered as deformed: if then chaftity be a virtue which adorns both mind and body, why should I part with this inestimable possession merely to gratify the passion of one who loves me only for his own felfish enjoyment? I was born free; and because I will not lofe that freedom, I have chosen the folitude of these hills and plains, where the trees are my companions, and the pure streams my mirrour; to these I communicate my sentiments, and with these · alone familiarize my beauty. I am the fierce flame and fharp fword; those whom my charms have at-' tracted, my words have undeceived: and if hope be the food of love, the misfortunes and death of Chrysoftom must be ascribed to his own obstinate conduct; for I never gave him, or others, the least encouragement. However honourable you may fay his intentions were, give me leave to tell you, that on the very spot where his grave is now digging, and where he first revealed his passion, I assured him of my resolution ever to live in a state of celibacy, and to fuffer the earth alone to reap the fruits of my retirement, or enjoy the spoils of my beauty: if therefore he persisted in his groundless hope, and abfurdly attempted to fail against the wind, can it • be a matter of surprise that he perished in the waves of his indifcretion? Had I given encouragement to his addresses without any intention of being his wife, then had I been base; and had I gratified his wishes, I should have violated my resolution: he persisted, notwithstanding my determination, and despaired M 2

without being abhorred by me: I therefore now · leave it to your own judgement whether I deserve blame for the fufferings of Chrysostom. If I have deceived any one, let him complain; if I have broken any promise, let my accuser face me: if I admit the addresses of any man, he may depend on 'my honour; therefore check your reproaches till ' you find me deferving of them. It has not yet pleased heaven that I should love by destiny, and I never shall do it by choice. Let this general declaration, then, serve all those who make their addresses to me; and be affured that whoever dies for Marcella, dies not by jealoufy and difdain; for the that gives one encouragement for love, can give no cause for • jealoufy; a generous explanation of fentiment should ' never be called disdain. Let him who stiles me a bafilisk, prudently shun me as a dangerous evil; and let him who thinks me ungrateful, omit to confer favours. Only fuffer me to enjoy my own innocent pursuits, and I'll be an injury to nobody: I will neither seek, own, disown, or in the least con-' cern myself about any of you: I enjoy a secret and peculiar happiness: why do you wish to rob me of it? I neither love nor hate you: I attach myself f only to my companions the shepherdesses, and my flocks, without the smallest wish of connexion with any of you. My defires are limited by these mountains; and if my meditation exceeds its boundary, 'tis only to admire the beauty of heaven, and elevate my foul towards its original dwelling.

Thus having spoke, the lovely Marcella disappeared, without waiting for any answer, and hastened to an adjoining wood, leaving every body equally charmed with her sensibility and beauty; and so powerful were the charms of the latter, that some of the company discovered an inclination to follow her, regardless of the declarations she had just before made; and this being observed by Don Quixote, who thought he had now a fair opportunity of exercising his profession.

fession, 'Let no man, of whatever condition or qua-'lity,' faid the knight, 'presume to follow the lovely

'Marcella, on pain of incurring my furious difpleasure. She has demonstrated how undeserving

fhe is of blame for Chrysostom's afflictions and

death; and the resolution she has made of never holding a connexion with any of her admirers, is

fufficient to fatisfy every rational breast, Instead

of being purfued and perfecuted, she ought to be

sefteemed and honoured, as the only person in the world who lives with so peculiar a reservedness.

Whether the shepherds were terrified with Don Quixote's threats, or the persuasions of Ambrosio prevailed on them to stay, not one of them offered to stir from the place. And now the body being put in the earth, a flood of tears shed on the occasion, and the other papers destroyed, the grave was secured by a large stone which they rolled upon it till Ambrosio erected a monument with the following inscription;

Here lies the body of
An unhappy youth,
Killed by the disdain of
An ungrateful shepherdess.
Here it was that he first beheld her beauty,
and became a victim to the power of love,
Here he first express'd

his passion,
And here his passion was first slighted.
Truth, honour, sensibility,
Genius and penetration,
Humanity, tenderness, and affability,

actuated and adorned his foul.

Reader! whoever thou art!

If this faint sketch of
his virtues

Can implant in thee an effect for his memory,

Learn to abhor that common enemy to mankind, MARCELLA!

Whose beauty and cruelty are equally in the extreme,
And do equal injury to the world.

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The shepherds strewed the place with flowers, and, after having condoled with Ambrosio, took their leave of him and departed, as did Vivaldo and his friend: Don Quixote likewife took an affectionate leave of his kind friends the goatherds, and was then invited by the two travellers to accompany them to Seville, affuring him there was no place in the universe more likely to furnish him with adventures, every street and corner producing fome. The knight returned them many thanks, but faid he could by no means think of going to Seville till he had cleared these defarts and mountains of the numerous banditti which he had been told infested them. The travellers therefore, unwilling to take him from fo laudable a defign, purfued their journey, conversing together on the conduct of Marcella, the fate of Chrysostom, and the absurdities of Don Quixote, who was now determined to go himself in quest of the shepherdess, to make her a tender of his protection. But the designs of our hero were frustrated, as will be related in the third book.

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ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Giving an account of the unfortunate adventure which happened to Don Quixote in meeting with certain wicked and cruel Yanguesian carriers.

HE fage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that as foon as Don Quixote had left the goatherds, and the others who attended the burial of Chrysostom, he repaired, with his man Sancho, to the wood into which Marcella was observed to run; where, when they had wandered about, upwards of two hours, they found themselves in a deligh ful spot, covered with verdant grass, watered by a cool and refreshing rivulet: the stream's murmuring noise, and the peculiar beauty of the fituation, induced them to alight, when they sheltered themselves from the heat of the fun, which began to have great power: and Sancho now opened his wallet, leaving his afs and Rosinante to graze at large. Both master and man having a keen appetite, they fed heartily on what the wallet produced; and the squire knowing Rosinante to be a horse of such chastity, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not tempt him, took no care to tether him: but either fortune or the devil so ordered it, that a number of Galician mares, belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, were feeding in the same valley; for it being the custom of these people to halt in places where there was a plenty of grass and water, a want of those necessaries induced them to stop here. It was then that Rosinante, contrary to his natural modesty and refervedness, happened to be feized with an amorous fit, and trotted towards the objects of his inclination to manifest the ardency of his passion; but they, it seems, paying more attention to their pasture than to his addresses, received him fo rudely with their heels and teeth, that they foon broke his girth and kicked off his faddle; and the carriers having observed the violence that was offered to their mares, ran to their affiftance with staves, and so belaboured the knight's horse, that he funk to the ground under the weight of their mercilefs blows.

Don Quixote and Sancho, the moment they faw the carriers thus exercifing their cruelty, ran to the affiftance of poor Rofinante; and as they approached near the carriers, panting, and almost out of breath, Friend Sancho,' faid Don Quixote, 'I perceive these are no knights, but only a fet of fellows of the · lowest rank; therefore it is lawful for thee to affist " me in revenging the injury they have done me in ' abufing my horse.' 'What revenge can we have?' faid Sancho; 'they are above twenty in number, and " we are only two, nay but one and a half perhaps." The knight then faid that he himself was as good as an hundred, and immediately drawing fword, flew with the utmost fury upon the carriers; when Sancho, fired with the great example of his mafter, drew also his fword, and joined in the attack.

Don Quixote's first stroke cut through the leathern jacket of one of the carriers, even to his shoulder bone, when the rest getting together, properly armed

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with their staves, surrounded the brave knight and his trusty squire, and chastised them most unmercifully. Sancho soon fell upon the ground, and Don Quixote in a few moments afterwards found himself sprawling at the feet of Rosinante, who had not yet recovered his legs. The carriers having thus obtained a complete victory, made off with all expedition, being uncertain whether they had not done more than they could answer.

After lying on the ground some short time, Sancho rolled himself close to the side of Don Quixote, pronouncing in a lamentable tone, 'Master! master!' 'What says my Sancho?' quoth the knight, with an equally weak and faint voice. 'Has ' your worship any of that same balsam of Fierabras ' you was speaking of? methinks a few gulps of it ' would be of vast service to both of us at this pres fent time, if it be as good for broken bones as for wounds in common.' Dear Sancho,' replied the knight, 'not a fingle drop have I; but I swear on the faith of a knight-errant that within two days 'I will make a quantity fufficient to fave an army, if one new difaster prevent me.' Two days!' faid Sancho; 'I fear it will be two months before we ' shall be able to stand on our feet again.' 'I know ' not what to think of it,' answered the knight; ' but this I know, that I alone am to blame for the misfortune that hath happened to us; for I ought not to have drawn my fword against a number of people " who were never knighted; I believe therefore that the divine vengeance of heaven hath ordained this difaster as a judgment on me for transgressing the · laws of chivalry: wherefore, friend Sancho, give a particular attention to what I am going to fay to ' thee, it being a matter of the utmost importance to ' the future welfare of us both. Whenever we again * meet with fuch rabble, thou art not to expect that I fhould draw my fword upon them; no, do thou f draw thy own fword, and chastise them till thou art No. 3 weary:

weary: but if any knights come to their relief, then will I step in between thee and danger, and exercise

the terror of my arm: thou hast already had innu-' merable testimonies of my valour.' So arrogant was the knight become fince his victory over the

Biscayan.

Sancho Panza, not pleased with such instructions, faid, 'Sir Don Quixote! my great and valiant mafter! your worship knows I am of a peaceable mind; I can put up with injuries, however hard, on account of my wife and children; and therefore I must be bold to tell your worship that I will not draw my ' fword against either knight or peasant. I forgive e all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, gentle and simple, every injury they have at any time

offered me, without the least exception.' ' O Sancho, Sancho!' answered Don Quixote, foolish Sancho! I wish I had breath enough to answer thee effectually; if the pain which I feel in one of my short ribs would abate a little, I would convince thee of thy error. Suppose now, thou filly wretch, that the gale of fortune should at length turn in our favour, swell the fails of our desires, and wast us to one of those islands which I have for promised thee; what would become of thee, if after I had conquered one of them, and appointed thee governor of it, thou shouldst frustrate my great ' intentions by having abjured all honour, and by thy wanting courage, knighthood, and ambition to govern and defend thy dominion? for thou art to understand, that in countries won by the power of the fword, the hearts and minds of the natives are never fo thoroughly attached to their new fovereign, but that there may be reason to apprehend they will raise commotions to alter government again, and, as the faying is, once more try their fortune: it is therefore necessary that the new posfeffor should have not only understanding to govern, but resolution to punish, and valour to defend him-

felf on every occasion.'

'I wish I had this understanding, and resolution, and valour,' replied Sancho; 'but must confess to your worship, that nothing would at present suit me better than a good plaster for my bruises. See ' if your worship can get up from the ground, and we'll endeavour to raife Rosinante upon his legs, though he does not deferve it, as being the cause of all that has happened; and I confess I am surprised at Rosinante's behaviour, for I always thought him as chaste and well-disposed as myself; but it makes good the old faying, that we must keep company with folks a long while before we can pretend to. 'know them; there is nothing certain in this world. 'Who could ever have thought, after the dreadful ftrokes your worship gave the Biscayan traveller, that fuch a tempest of rib-roasting would have fallen ' upon yourself and your unfortunate squire!'

' As to thyfelf,' observed the knight, ' thou wert ' made to endure fuch kind of tempests; but thy master was nursed in soft linen, and will certainly be the longer fensible of his misfortune: and were it not that I believe, - believe did I say? - were I not certain that such misfortunes were consistent with the order of knight-errantry, I would abandon myself to despair, and expire on this very spot.'

' Pray, your worship,' said Sancho, 'do these crops of knight-errantry come often, or only at particular ' feafons? because methinks if we have two more fuch harvests, we shall never reap a third, unless

heaven assist us.'

'The life of knights-errant,' replied Don Quixote, is subject to a thousand hazards and misfortunes; but fometimes they become kings and emperors, as experience hath shewn in the histories of illustri-· ' ous champions; and I could now instance to thee, if my pain would permit me, some of them who by their valour alone were enthroned in the mightiest

empires: and those felf-same knights, both before and after their elevation, were embarraffed with various calamities. The great Amadis de Gaul found ' himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the enchanter, of whom it is credibly reported, that he bound him to a pillar in his court-yard, and gave him two hundred stripes with his horse's bridle. 'I have read also, in an author of no small credit, ' that the Knight of the Sun being taken in a trap in a certain castle, was stripped naked, and thrown into a dungeon, where he was tied hand and foot, and a clyfter of fand and water administered to him. which must inevitably have killed him had he not been relieved by a magician, who was his particular friend. Thus, Sancho, thou feeft that some of my great predecesfors have met with infults and misfortunes surpassing those of mine. I would have thee know that fuch wounds as are given by the instruments which a man by chance hath in his hand, do not difgrace the person wounded; for we have it expressly in the laws of duelling, that if a · shoemaker strikes a man with the last that he holds in his hand, though it be of wood, as a cudgel is, ' yet the party struck must not be said to be cud-' gelled. I mention this to thee, that thou mayst not imagine that our late unlucky rencounter dishonours ' us; for the weapons which these men made use of were only the instruments of their profession; they ' had neither a tuck, poignard, or fword.'

'I had no time given me to examine their weapons,'
replied Sancho; 'for I had no fooner unsheathed
my sword than they bestowed upon me such a
wooden benediction, that I lost my senses, my eyes,
and my feet, all at the same moment. Whether it
be a dishonour or not to have been thus so foundly
drubbed, I neither know nor care; I only regret that
the uncivil strokes have made such an impression on
both my carcase and my mind.' Make thyself
easy, friend Sancho,' said the knight; 'there is no

remembrance which time will not remove, nor any

pain that death will not put an end to.

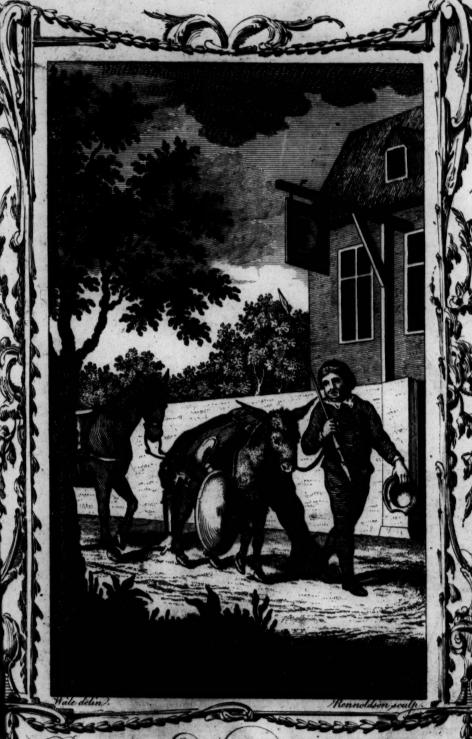
'I thank you for nothing,' replied Sancho; 'pray what worse can attend us than that which nothing but time will remove, or death put an end to? could · we be cured by two or three plasters, a man might have a little patience; but for aught I fee, all the ' plasters of an hospital would not heal the bruises ' we have received.' 'No more of this,' faid Don Quixote; 'take courage, and make a virtue of neceffity; 'tis what I am resolved to do. Let us rise ' and examine Rolinante; for the poor beaft hath ' been treated with equal feverity.' 'No doubt of 'it,' answered Sancho, 'fince Rosinante is also a knight-errant: I wonder that my little dapple grey ' fared so well, while we fared so ill.' 'In our ' greatest calamities,' said the knight, ' fortune, when ' fhe shuts one door against us, always leaves another open in our favour. I make this remark, Sancho, ' because thy ass, in the stead of Rosinante, will carry " me to fome castle where I may get my wounds ' cured; nor shall I be ashamed of such carriage; for ' I remember that the good old Silenas, tutor to the ' jolly god of wine, rode upon an afs when he en-' tered the city that had an hundred gates.' ' Aye,' quoth Sancho, ' 'twould do well enough could your worship fit as upright as he did; but there is a deal of difference between fitting properly, and being ' laid across the pannel like a bag of rubbish.' 'The wounds which are received in combat are no dif-'honour,' replied the knight; 'therefore, good Sancho, endeavour to get up, and affift me to ' mount thy dapple, that we may leave this place before the approach of night.' But, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I have heard you fay, ' that it is usual for knights-errant to lie in fields

and defarts the greatest part of the year, and that ' they like fuch kind of lodging.' 'Yes, yes,' replied Don Quixote, 'when they can get no better,

or are in love. So true is this, that there have been knights who have lain upon rocks, exposed to the fun's intense heat, with all the inclemencies of weather, for whole years, before their mistresses had the least knowledge of the matter. The great Amadis, when he affumed the name of the Lovely Obscure, dwelt either eight years, or eight months, I forget which, upon a naked rock, doing penance for some unkindness shewn him by the lady Oriana. But, to the main point, Sancho: prithee let us haften from this place, left ill-fortune overtake thy ' dapple as it has done Rosinante.' 'That would be dreadful truly,' quoth Sancho, uttering an hundred ah's! and as many oh's! with plenty of curses upon those who had occasioned their disaster. At length, however, he got upon his legs, but could not stand upright; for his body was bent like a Turkish bow. In this crooked condition he crept along to catch his ass, that was foliacing on the luxuriant pasture at some distance; when soon catching and harnessing him, he next lifted up Rosinante, who, poor thing, could his tongue have expressed his affliction, would have complained equally with his master and Sancho.

With the greatest difficulty imaginable, Sancho lifted his master on the ass, to the tail of which he tied Rosinante, and then laying hold of the halter of his dapple grey, made towards a place where he imagined the high road to lie; and by the time they had travelled a short league, they had the satisfaction to find themselves in the said road, and discovered an inn, which Don Quixote insisted was a castle, not-withstanding Sancho's repeated declaration to the contrary; nor did their dispute end till they arrived at the inn-gate, which Sancho entered, preceding his ass, his master, and Rosinante.

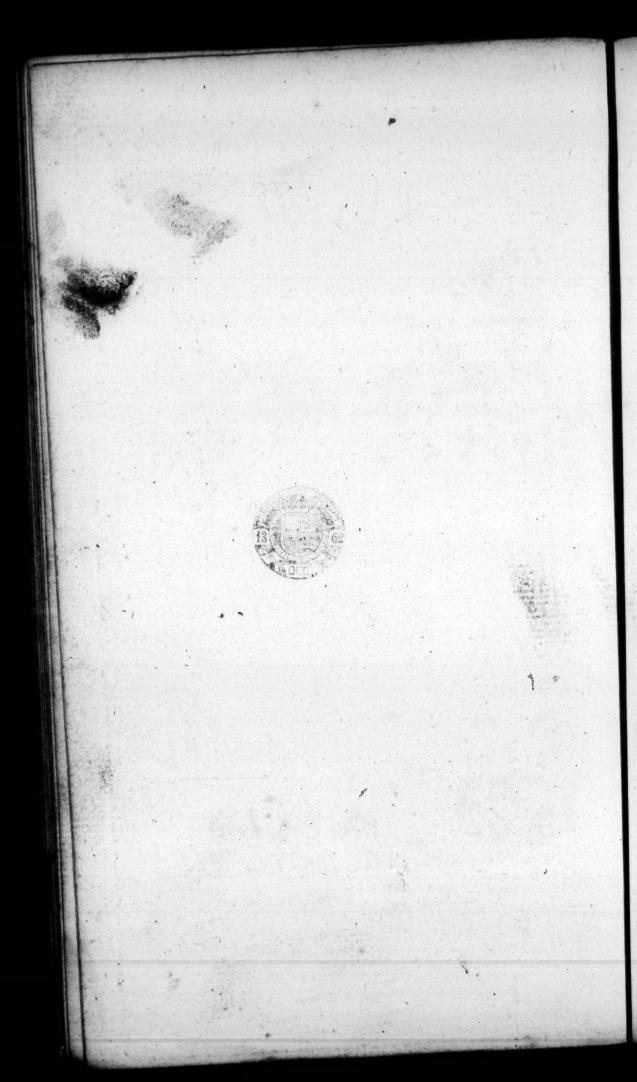
Don Quixote beat, Elaid acrofs the Afs.



Bruis'd, ¿zo'er Dapple làid, poor Sancho leads The batter'd Knight, who much afsistance needs; While Rozinante walks in pain behind O, But for his Master feels no pangs of Mind.

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CHAP. II.

What befel Don Quixote at the inn, which he mistook for a castle.

THE innkeeper perceiving Don Quixote lying athwart the ass, asked Sancho the cause of it: the squire replied that his master had had the misfortune to fall from the top of a rock and bruised his ribs a little. The landlord's wife, being a good kind of woman, was much concerned for Don Quixote, and immediately called her daughter, an handsome girl, to affift in taking care of him. There lived in this same inn an Asturian female servant, broadfaced, flat-nofed, blind of one eye, and who had a most delightful squint with the other: the peculiar gentility of her shape, however, compensated for every defect, the being about three feet in height, and remarkably hunch-backed.

The above comely lass performed the office of chambermaid, and prepared in a filthy garret a bed for the knight, composed of a mattress full of hard knots, placed on four rough boards of unequal height; the sheets were of bull's hide; and so thin was the coverlet, that every thread might have been numbered. In this fame garret lodged a carrier, whose bed consisted of only the pannels and coverings of two of his best mules; it was, however, a better one than Don Quixote's.

The kind hostess and her daughter anointed the knight from head to foot, and then put him to bed, whilst the beautiful chambermaid, whose name was Maritornes, held the candle. The landlady observed to Sancho, that the bruifes of his mafter feemed rather to be the effect of a found drubbing, than of a fall from a rock.

'No, no, no, good hostes,' replied Sancho, 'you are much mistaken; they were occasioned by the several cursed knobs in the rock. I wish, good mother, you would save a little of that ointment for myself.' 'What! did you also fall from the rock?' said the hostes. 'No, not I,' answered Sancho; but I was so much frighted to see my master tumble, that in the instant all my bones became as fore as if I had tumbled myself.' 'That is not at all to be wondered at,' said the landlady's daughter, 'for I have dreamt many and many a time of falling from a steep rock, and when I awaked my bones were as fore as if I had in reality fallen.' Aye, 'young mistress,' replied Sancho, 'I have no

' doubt of it; but I happened to be broad awake when my bones became fo fore. 'What is your master's name?' said the lovely Maritornes. 'Don Quixote de la Mancha,' replied Sancho, 'by profession a knight-errant, and one of ' the bravest that the sun ever shone on.' 'What " do you mean by knight-errant?" faid Maritornes. " Art thou so ignorant,' quoth Sancho, 'as not to know what a knight-errant is? why a knight-errant is a ' thing that may one day be well cudgelled, and the day after be made an emperor of; to-day the ' miserablest creature upon earth, but to-morrow the ' master of three or four kingdoms to bestow upon ' his squire.' ' Methinks then,' said the landlady, as you belong to fo great a person, you ought to be ' an earl at least.' 'Fair and softly,' faid Sancho; ' all in good time; we have not been out a month ' yet in quest of adventures: besides, folks often ' look for one thing and find another. But if my ' lord Don Quixote gets cured of his bruises, and I ' get rid of my foreness, I would not accept of the ' first title in Spain in exchange for what I expect ' from my master's hands.'

Don Quixote having very attentively listened all the time to this conversation, raised himself with great difficulty difficulty upright in his bed, and graciously taking the landlady by her hand, 'Believe me, fair lady!' faid the knight, 'you may esteem it an honour that you thus accommodate me in your castle; but it ill becomes me to speak in my own praise; my squire will acquaint you with particulars: only thus much let me say, that I shall ever retain your spontaneous beneficence in the great repository of my remembrance, and exercise the most liberal manifestation of the grateful emotions of my heart; and,' added the knight, casting a tender glance at the landlady's daughter, 'had not the god of love already enslaved my soul, I would be the faithful devotee of that most beautiful and illustrious damsel!'

The hostes, the daughter, and Maritornes, stared at each other, quite at a loss for the meaning of such rhetorical language, which was as unintelligible to them as Arabic; however, they concluded that the knight had paid them some great compliments, and therefore dropt a few aukward curtseys, and wished him a good night's rest. The mother and daughter now retired; but Maritornes staid behind to administer a little comfort to Sancho, who stood as much in need of it as his master.

Now it happened that Maritornes had made an affignation with the carrier to bless him that evening with the enjoyment of her charming person: for which purpose, as soon as the family were asseep she was to steal to his bed: and it is reported of this generous girl, that she never violated a promise on such occasions, althor such promise were made even in the midst of a desart, far out of the hearing of any evidence. She plumed herself much upon her gentility, and esteemed it no discredit to be servant at an inn, as missortunes, which are natural to all, occasioned her to take up with such servitude.

The miserable bed of Don Quixote, which was the foremost, stood in the centre of the garret; next to it stood Sancho's, consisting of a mat of rushes, covered

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with an hempen rug; and at a small distance was the carrier's, made, as has been faid, of the furniture of two of his best mules; for he kept no less than twelve, all of them goodly beafts, he being one of the wealthiest carriers in Arevalo, as the author of this history informs us, and who makes particular mention of the faid carrier as being his acquaintance; nay fome fay he was related to him. Be this as it may, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most punctual historian, and would not omit the most trivial matters; an example for fuch historians as are too fuccinct in their narratives, and who often pass over the most interesting passages, through carelessness, prejudice, or malice. Blessed and trebly bleffed then be the authors of Tablante and Ricamonte, and the compiler of the atchievements of Count Tomillas; for they have included, with much precision, the minutest circumstances. But to quit this digreffion from our story.

You must know that as soon as the carrier had given his mules their usual night's allowance, he repaired to his elegant bed of ease, impatiently expecting the angelic Maritornes; while Sancho, plastered all over, lay on his rush-mat, endeavouring to sleep, but to no effect; for the aching of his ribs would admit of no repose. As to the knight, who was equally afflicted with pain, he lay with his eyes wide open like

a hare.

And now there being a most profound silence throughout the whole house, and not a glimmering of light except a lamp that hung in the passage, the general stillness (added to those reflections which so frequently occurred to the knight from such circumstances as were recorded in his books of chivalry) insufed into his brain one of the strangest absurdities that ever entered a man's imagination. He conceived that the daughter of the landlord (or governor of the castle as he supposed him) was captivated with his person, and had promised to come privately to his bed. This chimera disturbed him as much as if such promise

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promise had been actually made by the young woman; so that he grew very uneasy, from the apprehension that his honour would be exposed: he, however, most virtuously resolved not to be guilty of incontinence; he adored his Dulcinea, and would not commit treason against her though even Queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona, were to invite him to their embraces.

While he was thus perplexed, the faithful Maritornes, with foft and cautious steps, bare-footed, and in her smock, with her hair gathered up in a fustian night-cap, entered the garret, and felt about for the bed of her beloved carrier; but she had been here scarce a moment before Don Quixote raised himself up, wrapt in plasters as he was, and stretching out his arms to receive his fancied beautiful damfel, catched Maritornes by her wrift, and pulling her towards him, (the at the fame time not daring to speak) made her fit down by him on the bed. Now as he imagined Maritornes to be the governor of the caftle's daughter, her smock, which was of coarse canvas, he supposed to be of the finest and softest lawn; the beads of glass upon her wrist, were inestimable oriental pearls; her hair, which refembled a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of bright Arabian gold; and her breath, which stunk worse than a putrid lobster, was a compound of perfumes. In short, his fancy represented her in the same form with a certain lovely princes he had read of in some of his books of chivalry, who vifited a famous wounded knight of whom she was enamoured; and indeed so infatuated was he, that neither his feeling nor his fmell could undeceive him; but pressing Miss Maritornes to his bosom, he thus amorously whispered in her ear: 'O Lovely creature! an empire would I give to be for ' circumstanced that I could make a proper acknow-' ledgement of your transcendent kindness; but that tyrant, fortune, hath maliciously bound me to this bed, so bruised and macerated, that even if I were

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inclined to gratify your defires, sweet lady, I should at the present moment find myself totally incapable;

besides, I have plighted my faith to the charming

Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my wishes,

and absolute sovereigness of my heart.'

Maritornes, without making the least reply, endeavoured to disengage herself from the knight, whose florid expressions she neither regarded or understood; whilft the carrier, whose amorous expectations had kept him awake, and who heard every word that Don Quixote spoke, began to be jealous, and therefore very fortly crept towards the knight's bed, where he awhile liftened for more of those fine expressions which for the foul of him he could not comprehend; but finding at length, by the struggles of his pinioned fair one, that the fault was not on her fide, and that Don Quixote was detaining her against her inclination, he could not brook this unwarranted familiarity; wherefore he crept nearer to the bed, and lifting up his arm, discharged such a blow at the knight's jaws as immediately covered his face with blood; and not fatisfied with this, he then trampled on his plastered carcafe, till the bed, which was none of the strongest, funk under its additional load, and in falling made fuch noise as to awake the innkeeper, who immediately fuspected his fervant Maritornes to be practifing one of those adventures to which she had a great propenfity; and his opinion was strengthened by her making no answer when he repeatedly called to her. Up got the landlord, therefore, and lighting a candle, made directly to the place from whence the noise proceeded: in the interim poor Maritornes, terrified to hear her master coming, who was a complete brute in dispofition, fled for refuge to Sancho Panza, who had dropt into so sound a sleep as not to hear any thing that paffed, and was most musically snoring. Hiding herself under the squire's coverlet, she lay there very fnug till her master entered the apartment, who cried out.

out, 'Where is this impudent jade? what! you are

got upon your old tricks, huffey'

Sancho Panza now started from his sleep, and feeling a great weight upon him, (for Maritornes was obliged to lie upon the squire on account of the smallness of his bed) conceived himself visited by the night-mare, and therefore exercised his fists with such violence on the poor wench, that Maritornes, forgetting the care of her reputation, returned him his thumps as heartily as her fists could bestow them, and soon convinced him he had something worse than a night-mare to deal with. Sancho, without knowing who it was that was thus bastinations him, raised himself upright, and re-attacking Maritornes, a furious and dreadful battle ensued.

The carrier perceiving the fittation of his dear girl, and fearing Sancho would be too powerful for her, left Don Quixote, whom he had fufficiently chaftifed, and flew to her affiftance. The landlord, concluding Maritornes to be the fole cause of this disturbance, began to beat her himself; so that in short the engagement was general; the carrier drubbed the squire, the squire drubbed the maid, the maid pummelled him, and the landlord pummelled her; all of them laying on with such diligence as not to admit of a moment's intermission: and, to crown the whole, the candle went out; so that the blows of the respective combatants were now indistinguishably given.

There happened to lodge in the inn that night one of those persons belonging to the holy brotherhood of Toledo, whose principal employment is to suppress tumults and apprehend robbers. This man being disturbed by the noise, jumped out of bed, and seizing his tipstaff, together with a tin-box that contained his authority, proceeded in the dark up to the place of action, crying out, 'As an officer of the holy brotherhood I charge ye all to keep the peace.' The first that he happened to put his hand upon was the unfortunate Don Quixote, who lay upon his

back

back at full length, on the ruins of his bed, speechless and senseless. The officer having catched hold of his beard, faid, 'I charge you to aid and affift ' me;' but as the battered knight neither spoke nor ftirred, and the officer feeling much blood on his face, concluded he was dead, and that the other people had murdered him; he therefore called out, Let the gates of the inn be kept fastened, that nobody may escape, for here hath been a man mur-' dered.' These words were no sooner heard by the fighting gentry, than they relinquished the engagement undecided: the innkeeper stole away to his own room, the carrier to his pannels, and Maritornes to her straw: only the unhappy knight and his squire remained, who were not able to ftir. The officer now quitting Don Quixote, went to get a light, in order to apprehend the offenders; but the innkeeper having purposely extinguished the lamp that hung in the passage, the man was obliged to go down to the kitchen, where raking together a few embers that remained in the fire-place, and blowing them with his breath, at length got a light.

CHAP. III.

Being the conclusion of those dreadful calamities which Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza underwent at the inn, which the knight mistook for a castle.

By this time Don Quixote having recovered his fpeech, called, in a weak and difmal tone, 'Sancho! — Sancho! — art thou asleep, Sancho?' — 'Sleep!' replied the squire, much out of humour, 'how should I sleep while the devil rocks 'the cradle so hard? I have been tormented with a 'thousand

thousand of his imps.' 'Thou hast reason to say ' fo,' answered Don Quixote; ' for I either know nothing or this castle is enchanted. Give attention to what I am going to fay to thee; but first swear ' that thou wilt never utter a fyllable of it till after ' my death.' ' I do swear,' faid Sancho. ' I am thus ' cautious,' faid the knight, ' because I would not ' injure any one's reputation.' 'Well, I do fwear,' replied Sancho Panza again; 'I do fwear never to fpeak a word about what you are going to tell me ' as long as you live, and God grant I may be at ' liberty to speak of it to-morrow.' 'What! have I then done thee fuch injury, Sancho, that thou dost wish my death so soon?' faid the knight. 'No,' replied Sancho, ''tis not for that; but I hate to keep ' fecrets for fear they should grow mouldy.' 'Say ' whatever thou wilt,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I have ' too long experienced thy fidelity to be afraid to trust ' thee with any fecret, however important: know, therefore, that this very night I have been engaged ' in a most rare and wonderful adventure: about an hour ago I was vifited by the governor's daughter, one of the most lovely creatures that ever charmed the heart of man; no language can express her · personal and mental qualifications, nor can any con- ception be formed of fuch hidden beauties as I must ' pass over in silence on account of my inviolable allegiance to the amiable Dulcinea: I will only tell " thee, that heaven itself being envious of the happi-" ness which fortune had thrown into my hands, or * rather, because this castle is enchanted, it happened * that in the midst of the most tender and passionate conversation, the prophane hand of some monstrous giant, which came from I know not where, ftruck " me a most dreadful blow on my jaws, leaving my ' whole face bathed in gore; after which the discour-' teous wretch, prefuming on the weak state of my body, bruifed me with fuch violence and barbarity, that I now feel myself in a far worse condition s than

than I did after the carriers had fo cruelly used me on account of Rolinante's misconduct: from whence I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not re-' served for me.' 'Nor for me neither,' cried Sancho; for I have been rib-roafted fo unmercifully by an army of Moors, that the blows I received from the carriers were tarts and cheefecakes to it: this is a · most rare adventure truly! indeed your worship has on fuffered so much as I have, because you had that same levely damsel in your arms: but, alas; ' what had poor Sancho except the hardest knocks he ever felt in his life? woe is on me, and the mother that bore me; for though I neither am, nor now ever will be a knight-errant, yet the greatest part of every misfortune is fure to fall to my share.'

'What! hast thou been beaten also, friend 'Sancho?' faid Don Quixote. 'Why have not I been telling you so?' replied Sancho. 'Well;

· never let it trouble thee,' faid the knight; 'I will

" make some of the precious balsam that shall cure

both of us in the twinkling of an eye.'

By this time the officer had lighted a candle, and come up again into the garret to look after the person that he supposed was murdered; and Sancho seeing him approach in his shirt and night-cap with an ill-looking countenance, faid to Don Quixote, 'Is this the enchanted Moor now come to spend the last drop of his malice on us?' 'No,' replied the knight, that cannot be him, because enchanters seldom " fuffer themselves to be seen." 'If they don't suffer " themselves to be seen,' said Sancho, 'they at ' least suffer themselves to be felt; my poor carcase 'can witness it;' 'so can mine,' replied Don Quixote; 'however, these are no proofs that what we now fee is the enchanted Moor.'

While they were thus conversing, the officer add vanced, wondering to hear two men thus fo calmly talking where he supposed a murder had been com-

mitted;

mitted; yet, finding that the unfortunate knight continued on his back, stretched out like a corpse, bloody, battered, and plastered, and not able to move, he said to him, 'How dost do, honest friend?'—
'Honest friend!' replied Don Quixote; 'is that an 'appellation for a knight-errant, you blockhead?'—
The officer, not brooking so strange and unexpected a reprimand, threw both candle and candlessick against the knight's head, by which the light was extinguished, and he stole softly away.

Well, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'does not your worhip now think that this was the enchanted Moor?

For my part, I think he keeps the treasure you talked of for others, and hard blows for us.' 'Al-

lowing thy observation to be just,' faid the knight,
yet considering that enchanters can render themselves

invisible whenever they please, it is needless to seek revenge: therefore rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and

defire the governor of this castle to send me a bunch of rosemary, with some oil, salt, and wine,

in order that I may make the balfam, which in

' truth I very much want, so fast does the blood

iffue from the wound which the phantom hath given me.'

Sancho therefore getting up, and with the greatest. difficulty crawling out of the room to deliver his mafter's request to the innkeeper, stumbled against the officer, who had stood listening to the conversation that passed between the knight and his squire; Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'do for heaven's fake help me to fome rofemary, and a little oil, falt, and wine, to make a balfam to cure the most brave knighterrant that ever wielded a fword, and who has been ' dangerously wounded by an enchanted Moor.' The officer thinking Sancho was mad, and it now being day-break, called to the innkeeper, and told him what the squire wanted. The landlord foon provided the defired ingredients, and Sancho Panza crept back with them to his mafter, who lay holding his No. 3

couple of large tumours.

Don Quixote now prepared the composition by mixing the materials; and it being then boiled over a fire, the whole was soon brought to a proper confistence. He now asked for a bottle to put this precious liquor in; but none being to be got, the landlord presented him with an earthen jug, with which he was well satisfied. He now mumbled over his balsam about fourscore pater-nosters, and as many ave-maria's, salve's, and credo's, at the same time making the sign of the cross at every word by way of benediction. This ceremony was performed in the presence of Sancho Panza, the innkeeper, and officer: the carrier had gone to look after his mules.

As foon as this bleffed medicine was cool, Don Quixote resolved to make an experiment of its virtue. and for that purpose swallowed about a pint and an half of what remained in the pot which it was boiled in, after the jug had been filled; but he had fcarce gulped it down when he began to vomit in fuch a manner as brought every thing from his ftomach; and this throwing him into a copious perspiration, he defired to be covered up very warm, and left to his repose. His request being complied with, he fell into a fleep of three hours, and afterwards found himfelf fo much easier, that he made not the least doubt he had prepared the genuine balfam of Fierabrass; and he now therefore imagined himself capable of undertaking any adventure whatever, however dangerous or desperate.

Sancho observing the salutary effects of this balsam of Fierabrass, desired he might have the sediment that remained in the pot; to which the knight having consented, Sancho listed up the pot with both his hands, and with strong faith and avidity poured every drop down his throat. But it seems Sancho's stomach

was not fo delicate as his master's; for before he could womit he was afflicted with such pangs, swoonings, and cold sweats, that he thought his last hour was come, and in the midst of his qualms and wamblings cursed both the balsam and the inventor of it.

'Friend Sancho,' faid the knight, 'I begin to think that all this affliction attends thee because thou hast never been knighted, and that this excellent balsam should be administered to no person who is not a knight.' 'The devil confound the balsam,' quoth Sancho; 'why did not you let me know so much before I meddled with it?' At length the potion began to operate briskly, and forced its way at both ends so copiously, that the mat he lay upon, and the coverlet, were soon in a woeful condition; and so excessive were his motions, that every by-stander thought he was on the point of making his exit.

This hurly-burly of the animal fluids continued about two hours; after which, instead of finding himfelf easy, as his mafter had done, he was so feeble and far spent as to be scarce able to breathe. But Don Quixote, who, as hath been observed, was a good deal recovered, and being now in high spirits, was impatient to go in fearch of some new adventures, placing an entire confidence in the efficacy of his balfam. In short, he told Sancho, that he absolutely must be gone; 'for,' faid he, 'I am now loft to the world; my staying in this castle is an injury to such as are ' in want of my affistance.' He therefore faddled Rosinante himself, put the pannel upon Sancho's ass, and then Sancho upon the pannel, after he had helped him to get his cloaths on. This done, he mounted his steed, and seized a pitchfork that stood in the yard, to ferve him as a lance. A great number of people in the inn-yard were spectators of these transactions, and among the rest the innkeeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to draw his eyes, but at every glance breathed a deep figh from

the very bottom of his heart, which those who had feen him the preceding night ascribed to the pain of his wounds. But now being ready to fet off, he called to the innkeeper, and with a grave delivery faid to him, 'My lord governor, the favours that I have received in your castle bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgement; in order therefore that I may discharge some part of the obligation, if there be any discourteous mortal living on whom you have a wish to be revenged in consequence of any infult or injury you may have received from him, direct me to the caitiff, and by the facred order I profess this my arm of terror shall punish him to the utmost of your defire.' The innkeeper replied, with equal gravity, 'Sir knight, I have no need of your affiftance to revenge any injury I may have fustained; for when any body does me an injury, I am able to revenge it myself: all, therefore, that I defire of · your knightship is, that you will discharge the " reckoning for fuch accommodation as you have had ' in my inn.' 'How!' faid the knight, ' is this an inn?' 'Yes,' answered the host, 'and one of the most noted in the road.' What a mistake I have been in then all this time,' added the knight; 'I took it for a castle, and a superb one too: however, all that I can fay is, that if it be really an inn, you must excuse me from paying any thing, as being repugnant to the inviolable laws of chivalry; knights-errant never pay for what they are supplied with at an inn, this being the smallest recompence allowed them for the fatigues they endure night and day, in winter as well as fummer, on horseback and on foot, exposed to heat, cold, hunger and thirst, from the most disinterested and * laudable motives.*

All this is nothing to me,' faid the innkeeper; don't plague me with your nonfense, but pay your reckoning.'

. Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-

'keeper,' faid Don Quixote; and then couching the pitchfork and spurring Rosinante, he rode away without any body being able to stop him, never heeding whether his fquire followed him or not.

The publican having thus loft the knight, demanded the reckoning of his fquire; but Sancho pleaded the privilege of his master, alledging, that the same custom which exempted a knight-errant exempted also his squire. This enraging the innkeeper, he threatened to punish Sancho severely if he did not immediately discharge the reckoning. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry that he would fooner part with his life than his money on fuch an account; protesting that in fuch case, the squires of succeeding ages would reflect on his memory for having infringed their ancient and natural rights. But as ill-fortune would have it, there happened to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordovia pinmakers, and a couple of shopkeepers belonging to Seville, all of them waggish fellows, who got round Sancho, and pulling him from his ass, one of them fetched a blanket from out of the inn, into which the poor fquire was foon put, when they toffed him about, and diverted themselves with his capers, as the mob serve dogs at shrove-tide. The cries of poor Sancho Panza were fo loud as to reach the ears of his mafter, who imagined fome new adventure was at hand; but at length diffinguishing the voice, he rode back to the inn, and finding the gates shut, went round to the yard-wall, which was none of the highest, and there beheld his poor fquire afcending and descending, frisking and capering in the blanket, with such celerity, that the knight himself must unavoidably have laughed if his indignation would have fuffered it; but fuch was his spirit of resentment, that he several times attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but being too much bruifed, discharged a volley of oaths, the most strange ever heard, and so various, that it is equally improper and impossible to repeat

Sancho having drank his wine, clapped heels to his afs, and rode away, well fatisfied that he was thus fuffered to depart without paying any thing, though at the expence of his shoulders, which were his usual furcties. It is true the innkeeper kept his wallet for the reckoning, Sancho having forgot it in his eager-

ness to get away.

The landlord now expressed a desire to have the

gates of the inn shut, lest some bad consequence might ensue, but was opposed by the blanket-tossers, who would not in the least have regarded Don Quixote, had he in reality been even a Knight of the Round-Table.

CHAP. IV.

Of the discourse that passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and other matters worthy the historian's pen.

CANCHO foon overtook his mafter, but was fo weak and feeble as to be scarce able to sit on his little dapper grey. 'My dear Sancho,' faid the knight, I am convinced that the castle or inn that we have i just left is enchanted; those who tossed thee in the ' air were spirits and phantoms of the other world; for when I attempted to difmount from Rosinante, in ' order to rescue thee from them, I was fixed irre-' moveably to my faddle: but could I have alighted ' from my horse, and got over the wall to thy relief, I would have fo fcourged the discourteous wretches, ' as to have implanted in their minds a perpetual re-' membrance of my chastisement, notwithstanding such ' proceeding would have been violative of the rules of chivalry, which forbid a knight-errant lifting his ' arm against people of an inferior degree, except in ' his own personal defence, or on occasions of the ut-' most emergency.' 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'I should ' have revenged the bad usage I met with, knighted or not knighted, had I been but able; though I am well perfuaded that those who diverted themfelves fo much at my expence were not spirits and ' phantoms, but of flesh and blood like ourselves, and had equally the use of speech; for while they

tossed me up and down, they called each other by their christian and sir names: one was called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez, and the scoundrel of an innkeeper was called Juan Palameque the left-handed: therefore no longer imagine that you was fixed to your saddle by the power of enchantment. In short, Sir Don Quixote, it is as plain as the nose in my face, that if we pursue these adventures of ours, we shall at last entangle ourselves in such mischief and confusion as will make us repent to the last minute of our lives; therefore let us return home, nor longer ramble from Ceca * to Mecca, or, as the saying is, jump

out of the frying-pan into the fire.' ' Poor Sancho!' faid the knight; ' poor mistaken · Sancho! what a novice thou art in the great bufiness of chivalry! be more prudent and patient; a day ' will arrive that shall convince thee of thy error, and exhibit to thee the splendid honours of this profession: prithee what can be more glorious than to vanquish an enemy, and triumph in the conquest? ' undoubtedly there is nothing which will admit of " comparison." 'It may be so for aught I know," quoth Sancho; 'for I know nothing about it; however, it is plain that ever fince we have been 'knights-errant, (I mean your worship, for I am only the squire of a knight-errant,) you have gained only one battle, which was that with the Bifcayan, ' and then you lost half of your ear and part of your helmet: from that time to this we have had nothing but forrow upon forrow, thump upon thump, and bruife upon bruife; and the blanket-toffing, ' to be fure, fell all to my own share; of which I cannot be revenged, because you say they were en-' chanted spirits who used me so scurvily; but I

^{* &}quot;From Ceca to Mecca," a Spanish adage, signifying an idle sauntering about; alluding to the visits which pilgrims made to those places.

wish I could make them repent of their pastime, in order to taste of that glory which you say there is in triumphing over one's enemies.' 'Honest ' Sancho,' faid the knight, ' we both labour under ' the fame grievance; however, in a short time I will ' furnish myself with a sword that shall be superior to ' all enchantment; and perhaps fortune may put ' into my hand fuch an one as Amadis de Gaul wore when he stiled himself the knight of the invincible fword, which was one of the best blades ' ever used by a knight-errant; for it not only opoposed the whole power of enchantment with success, but cut like a razor, infomuch that the strongest ar-' mour could not withstand it.' ' But I am so un-' lucky,' replied Sancho, ' that if your worship should e get fuch a fword, it would be of no more fervice to " me than the balfam of Fierabrass, as I am only an ' humble fquire; fo that your poor Sancho will be as badly off as ever.' Be not afraid,' faid the knight, ' heaven will shew thee favour.'

Thus did our adventurers discourse till Don Quixote perceived, on the road they were travelling, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them: 'Now ' friend Sancho,' faid he, ' the day is come; the day ' is at last come, my friend, that shall compensate for ' all our past sufferings, and crown thy master with eternal honour: this day shall the strength of my ' arm be fignalized by fuch exploits as shall be trans-' mitted to the latest posterity. Dost thou see that · · cloud of dust? It is raised by a prodigious army, of various nations, who are marching this way.' 'Then there must be two armies,' said Sancho Panza, for overagainst it there is another large cloud of ' dust.' Upon this Don Quixote, turning his eyes, and finding his fquire's information to be true, was delighted beyond expression, assuring himself that two powerful armies were now on the point of attacking each other in the middle of the plain; for his imagination was so infested with these romantic battles, No. 4 adventures, adventures, and terrible events recorded in his books of ch valry, that he converted every thing he faw into whatever he defired to fee. This large cloud of dust, however, was raifed by two innocent flocks of sheep driven from different parts into the road, who were fo obscured in it as to be totally imperceptible till they approached very near. The knight fo frequently and so positively affirmed they were two armies, that Sancho, actually believing him, faid, 'An please your "worship what are we to do?" 'Do?" faid Don Quixote, why what fhould we do but affift the weakest of these great bodies? Know, friend · Sancho, that yonder army before us is commanded by the emperor Alifanfaron, fovereign of the island of Trapoban; and the other is commanded by his enemy the king of the Garamanteans, known by the name of Pentapolin with the naked arm, be-. cause he always engages in battle with his right arm bare.' And what is the occasion of the quarrel between those two great men?' faid Sancho. 'The ' occasion of their quarrel is this,' replied the knight; Alifanfaron, who is a pagan, is in love with Pentabolin's daughter, a very beautiful young lady and a ' christian; and her father refuses to give her in marriage to Alifanfaron, unless he will abjure the tenets of his false prophet Mahomet, and embrace the true 'faith.' 'Burn my whiskers,' said Sancho, 'but I look upon king Pentapolin to be in the right, and 'I'll affift him as much as I can.' 'I commend thy · noble refolution,' faid the knight, ' for thou mayst do it lawfully, the rules of chivalry not requiring ' thee to be dubbed on fuch an occasion as this.' 'So I thought,' replied Sancho; 'but where shall I ' feeure my dapple, that I may know where to find him ' when the battle is over? for I never heard of any · ' man's fighting on fuch a beaft.' ' Turn him loofe,' faid Don Quixote ' and let him go where his inclination directs him; for when the battle is decided we shall have such a choice of fine horses, that ' even Rosinante will be in danger of being ex-

'changed'

Our adventurers then placing themselves on a hillock to observe the line of battle in both armies, ' I will now point out to thee,' faid Don Quixote, the respective knights who bear a command in these ' two powerful armies; now observe me, Sancho; ' him whom thou feeft with the yellow armour, bear-' ing in his shield a lion crowned and crouching at ' the feet of a lady, is the intrepid Laucalco, lord of the filver bridge; the knight on the fide of him whole armour is powdered with flowers of gold, bearing three crowns argent in a field azure, is the ' amorous Micocolembo, great duke of Quiracia; and he who marches on the right fide of him, with ' fuch gigantic limbs, is the formidable Brandabarbaran de Boliche, fovereign of the three Arabias, who is armed with a ferpent's skin, and brandishes a huge gate instead of a shield, which gate ' is faid to have belonged to the temple which Samfon * pulled down when he avenged himself of his enemies at the expence of his own life. But now turn thy ' eyes, and behold in the front of the other army the ' unconquerable Timonel of Carcaiona, prince of ' New Bifcay, whose arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or, and who bears in his shield a cat or, ' in a field gules, with the letters MIAU as a motto, ' which are the four first letters of his lady's name, ' the beautiful Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen duke of Algarve: that enormous figure with fnow-' white armour, aftride on a fierce Arabian horse, and who hath no device on his shield, is a new-created ' French knight, called Pierre Papin, baron of ' Utrique; and the other whom you fee pricking the flanks of his courser, is the great duke of Nerbia, esparta-filardo of the wood, bearing in his " shield a bunch of asparagus, with this inscription, "Thus trails my destiny."

In this manner he went on, naming a number of other knights, to whom he gave arms, colours, mottos and devices, with as much facility as if they had actually been before his eyes; 'and,' added he, 'that ' fquadron in front of us is composed of various nations; among them are some who drink of the de-· licious stream of the well-known Xanthus, with the ' mountaineers who cultivate the Massilican fields, and the gold-fifters of Arabia Felix: you may also · fee those who inhabit the delectable banks of Thermodonte, as well as those who take precious fand from out of the golden Pactolus; the faithless Numidians; ' those excellent archers, the Persians; the Medes and ' Parthians, who always fight flying; the unfettled · Arabians; the fair-featured yet cruel-hearted Scy-' thians; the coarse and thick-lipp'd Ethiopians; ' and a variety of other nations, whose countenances ' I well know, though I have forgot their names. In ' that opposite squadron are those whose country is ' watered with the pure stream of Betis; those who ' swim in the rich flood of the golden Tagus; those ' who enjoy the current of the divine Genil; those who traverse the Tartesian meadows; those who revel in the ' luxurious pastures of Xerez; the opulent Manche-' gans, crowned with golden ears of corn; the offfpring of the ancient Goths, cased in iron; those ' who bathe in the gentle stream of Pifuerga; those who tend their flocks in the delightful plains of Guadiana; those who shiver with extreme cold on the Pyrenean hills; those who feel the bleak winds ' and snowy fleaks of the lofty Appenine; those who, - in short, friend Sancho, whatever na-' tions Europe contains within its fpacious bounds.' Sancho Panza was all this time in a profound filence, turning his eyes about for those fine objects

which his master described; but not seeing any thing, said, 'The devil of any knights do I see, or even a a single man; I suppose they are all enchanted spirits.'

' How! Dost thou not hear the shrill trumpet?' faid Don Quixote.

'Trumpet!' replied Sancho; 'no, not I; I hear

' no trumpet.

' Dost thou not hear the drums beat, and the neigh-' ing of horses?'

'No,' replied Sancho, 'I hear nothing but the

bleating of fheep.

And in truth this was the case, for the flocks were

now approached pretty near.

'Thy fear diffurbs thy fenses,' said Don Quixote; ' thou hast lost both thy fight and hearing; but 'tis of ' no consequence; get thee to some place of safety, ' fince thou art fo arrant a coward, while I determine

' the victory in favour of one fide or the other.'

And now couching his lance, and spurring Rosinante, he darted from the hillock like lightning, Sancho at the same time calling after him, and affuring him there was nothing for him to engage with but innocent sheep. ' Come back, Signor Don ' Quixote,' faid Sancho; 'I befeech you come back; woe be to the father that begat me, that I should be ' fo unfortunate to ferve fuch a madman; why will ' you not come back? there are no knights, nor giants, nor cats, nor Goths, nor Scythians, nor ' arms, nor shields.'

Don Quixote, however, kept on in full speed, crying out, 'So ho! fo ho! ye valiant knights! ' Such who fight under the banners of king Pentapo-· lin, follow me, and we'll foon gain a complete victory

over Alifanfaron of Trapoban.'

Thus faying, he rushed furiously amongst the poor sheep, breaking the enemy's ranks with the utmost gallantry, and making a most dreadful havock.

The shepherds called out to him, to know what he meant by fuch behaviour, and what offence their flocks had given him; but not receiving any answer, they ungirded their flings, and faluted him with stones as big as their fifts: our great champion, however,

heedless of this attack, continued his slaughter, trampling upon the killed and wounded, and calling out, Where is the imperious Alifanfaron? Let him come

within the reach of my arm of terror! A fingle

* knight now feeks him every where to put his prowefs to the test, and deprive him of his life for having

fo unjustly commenced a war against king Penta-

oolin.

Scarce had he finished this rant when an uncivil pebble visited two of his ribs with such severity, that he fancied himself desperately wounded and on the point of death; upon which he took a dose of Fierabrass, but had scarce drank it when a second stone not only broke the jug in which it was contained, but disabled his right arm, and struck out four of his teeth. He now fell from the back of Rosinante, and lay on the ground as if actually dead; so that the shepherds fearing he was killed, got their slocks together again as speedily as possible, and made the best of their way, carrying with them seven dead sheep, which the intrepid knight of La Mancha had heroically slain.

Sancho Panza had stood upon the hillock all this time, astonished at the conduct of his master, tearing his beard, and lamenting that he had ever entered into the service of such a madman; and now seeing that he had fallen from Rosinante, and the shepherds were gone, he went to his assistance, uttering these words: I told your worship there was nothing for you to engage with but a flock or two of sheep;

'I begged you to return, but you paid no attention to me.'

O Sancho! Sancho!' faid the knight, 'how wonderfully does that wicked enchanter who is my

enemy transform appearances, to disappoint, mortify,
and confound me! In the space of one moment

6 did he metamorphize the two grand armies into two

flocks of sheep! Do but just mount thy ass, friend Sancho, and follow those sheep, and thou wilt soon

· find

find them re-converted into formidable bodies of troops, attended with kettle-drums, and other mar-

tial music: but stop one moment, Sancho; methinks

' I have loft all my teeth.' And now opening his mouth pretty wide, and Sancho putting his face close to it to examine his bleeding gums, the Fierabrafs began to operate in the knight's stomach, which with great rapidity discharged its contents full upon Sancho's beard.

' By the bowels of St. Francis,' faid Sancho, 'my ' master is a dead man, for he vomits blood:' but foon discovering his mistake, Sancho's stomach turned, and he emptied his own bowels upon his mafter; fo that they were both mutually happy in a most sweet fituation.

Sancho now repaired to his ass, to get a towel to wipe himself and his master, but missing his wallet, was almost distracted; he cursed his fate again and again, and had almost resolved to quit the service of the knight, though he should consequently lose by it all his golden hopes of governing an island.

At this crisis Don Quixote arose, and putting his left hand to his cheek, to prevent the loss of three more teeth, which were very loofe, with his other hand laid hold of the bridle of Rosinante, (the goodnatured and faithful Rosinante, who had not moved an inch from his unfortunate master,) and crawled towards Sancho Panza, whom he found lolling upon his ass, with both hands before his face, in an attitude expressive of much heart-felt forrow.

'Sancho,' faid the knight, 'be affured that one man

' is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does; all the hurricanes in which we

' have been involved, prognosticate that we shall soon

have some fair weather, and that in the end we ' shall have all we can desire or wish; 'tis a maxim,

that nothing violent can last long: be not grieved at

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n b the misfortunes which attend me, fince none of them

fall to thy share.' 'None of them fall to my share?'

aid Sancho; 'was not he whom they toffed in a blanket the fon of my father? and did not the wallet, and all that it contained, belong to the fon

of my mother?

What! hast thou lost the wallet, Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'yes,' replied the squire, 'and all' that was in it.' 'Then we have no victuals to 'eat,' said the knight; 'No, not a morsel,' replied Sancho, 'unless your worship can get some of those roots and herbs which I have heard you say former knights-errant used to subsist on in cases of difters.'

Notwithstanding those same roots and herbs,' said Don Quixote, 'are a very salutary edible, yet, friend Sancho, I would prefer a luncheon of brown bread and an herring to all the roots and herbs described either by Dioscorides or doctor Laguna; I pray thee therefore get upon thy ass, and once more follow me; for Providence, who relieves all, will not forsake us who are so essentially engaged in his service; he fails not to provide even for the little slying insects in the air, the worms in the earth, and the spawn of the water, and in his infinite beneficence causes the sun to throw its beams equally on the good and bad, and sendeth rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.'

'Methinks your worship would make a good parfon,' said Sancho, 'and that preaching is better

fuited for you than knight-errantry.'

'Knights-errant,' replied Don Quixote, 'ought to have a general knowledge of things; and indeed there were formerly some, who would occasionally deliver as learned and eloquent an oration as if they

had taken their degrees at the university of Paris; from whence we may infer, that the lance never

blunted the pen, nor the pen injured the lance.

'What your worship fays may be very true,' anfwered Sancho; 'however, let us quit this place, and 'feek out for a lodging, where heaven grant there 'may may be no blankets or blanket-toffers, or enchanted spirits; for rather than suffer again what I

* have done, I would throw up my employment, and

' the devil himself might be your squire.'

'Implore the affistance of Providence,' said Don Quixote, 'and lead the way thyself; I leave it entirely to thy own discretion to provide a lodging;

but first of all, Sancho, just put thy finger into my

' mouth, and feel how many teeth are left on the ' right fide of my upper jaw; for I suffer much pain ' there'

Sancho Panza, after he had examined his master's mouth, said, 'How many teeth had your worship here before your misfortune?'

' Four,' answered Don Quixote, ' besides the eye-

* tooth, and all of them found.'

' Is your worthip, fure of it?'

Yes, I am fure of it, replied the knight;

' there were four, if not five.'

'Well then,' faid Sancho, 'at present your wor'ship has only two grinders and a half in the lower

' jaw, and in the upper one none at all.'

'O unfortunate Don Quixote!' exclaimed the knight; 'rather would I have loft an arm, fo it were not my fword arm; for a mouth without

teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone; every tooth in a man's head is worth a diamond: however, the

professors of chivalry are subject to such calamities;

'I must therefore make myself contented. Go on,

f friend Sancho, and I will follow thee.'

Sancho Panza accordingly put his dapple into a gentle trot, and kept the high-road, followed by his unfortunate master, who was full of pain from the soreness of his ribs and gums; wherefore Sancho, to amuse him as much as possible, commenced a dialogue which the next chapter will treat of.

Transport of a model C H A P. at V. has not now that

seavour nover the there while had the company

Containing a dialogue which passed between Sancho Panze and his master; also the adventure of a corpse; with other memorable incidents.

I Cannot forbear thinking,' faid Sancho, 'that all our misfortunes are owing to the fin that your worship has committed in neglecting to fulfil the oath you made, not to eat off a table-cloth, and the lord knows what beside, till you should

' carry off the Moor's helmet.'

'Truly, thou art quite in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'I had forgot it; and affuredly thou wert toffed in the blanket because thou didst not remind me of it; however, I will take care to atone for the omission, since there is a means in knighterrantry to conciliate the most unlucky and obdurate circumstances' I never swore to remind you of ' your oath,' faid Sancho. 'Whether you fwore or ' not is of no consequence,' replied the knight; ' it is enough that you were an accessary; and therefore to prevent the worst, it is necessary that we provide ' a remedy.' 'Then please to take notice,' quoth Sancho, ' that I now forewarn your worship not to forget your atonement as you did your oath, left fome other blanket-toffing spirits should make free with me, and perhaps with your worship at the fame time.'

During this and other such conversation they found themselves quite benighted, and could discover no place of accommodation; nor had they now any wallet to appeale their hunger; and to add to their distress, an adventure presented itself that seemed directed by preternatural influence.

As they kept jogging on in the dark, they beheld at a diftance a great number of lights approaching

proaching towards them, which had the appearance of fo many moving ftars Sancho was much frighted; and even the gallant knight of La Mancha was somewhat alarmed though not terrified. The squire stopped his ass; and the knight stopped Rosinante: the lights, however, feemed to increase, and evidently approached fill nearer and nearer.

' Lord have mercy on me,' faid Sancho, 'and

* pardon my manifold fins!

Friend Sancho,' faid the knight, this will cer-

' tainly be a most perilous adventure.'

'O that I had never been born!' replied Sancho; if perchance this should be an adventure of enchanted spirits, as I fear it is, where am I to find

" ribs to withstand their fury?"

· Enchanted spirits or not enchanted spirits,' said Don Quixote, 'they shall not touch a hair of thy head; if they maltreated thee before, it was only owing to the wall which prevented me from giving ' thee relief; but now I have the open field in my * favour, where I have the free exercise of my sword. * But suppose they should bewitch you as they did before,' faid Sancho, ' what are we to do then?'

* Cheer thy heart and fear nothing,' answered Don Quixote, ' the event will foon prove to thee the greatness of my valour. Pray heaven it may, quoth

the fquire; 'I'll do all I can.'

They now went a little out of the road, and gazing with much attention on the lights, discovered a great number of people arrayed in white, upon which all the little courage which Sancho had refolved to be mafter of, at once forfook him; his teeth began to chatter in his head as if he had been feized with an ague-fit; and his fears increased in proportion as the objects drew nearer: and now they could plainly difcern about twenty horsemen, each of them in white, with torches in their hands, muttering fomething in a low and doleful tone; behind them was a litter covered with black, followed by fix R 2 . Milet mounted

mounted cavaliers, whose mourning garbs hung down

to the very heels of their mules.

So difmal a fight, at fo late an hour, in fo defart a place, was sufficient to terrify a bolder man than Sancho Panza, and indeed any man except so undaunted an hero as Don Quixote; but the knight, whose imagination represented to him that this was an adventure similar to those which he had so frequently read of in his books of chivalry, conceived the litter to be a bier on which was put the body of some wounded or dead knight, the revenge of whose injuries was reserved for him alone; and therefore couching his lance, fixing himself firm on his saddle, and placing himself in the middle of the road, he thus most courageously called out to them:

'Stop, stop, ye knights! or whatever ye are!

ftop! and inform me from whence ye are come,

whither ye are going, and what you are carrying off on that bier; for you feem to be such as have either

committed or sustained much injury; I therefore must have an account from you, in order that I may

relieve those who have been oppressed, and punish

the oppressors.'

'Sir,' answered one of the attendants, 'we are in haste; the inn we are to lodge at this night is a great way off, and we must not be detained; thus faying, he spurred his mule, and attempted to ride on; but Don Quixote, much displeased with this reply, laid hold of the bridle of his mule, faying, 'Art thou ' weary of thy life? either give me a better answer, or I will give battle to you all.' The mule being skittish, fell a-capering and threw her rider to the ground, and a fervant on foot feeing his mafter fall, began to abuse Don Quixote, which so much incensed him, that he determined to exercise his vengeance on the whole body, and with the fury of a dragon attacked one of the mourners, who foon fell to the ground much wounded. He then turned to the rest with fuch agility and vigour, that he foon routed them all. The behaviour of Rosinante on this occasion was admirable; so spirited, sierce, and active was he, that one would almost have sworn a pair of

wings had fprung from his back.

It was not indeed for peaceable and timorous people, who had never been accustomed to arms, to withstand such an affault as the above: those in white sled away with their lighted slambeaus like so many maskers in carnival time: as to the mourners, they were so encumbered with their long cloaks, that not being able to affish their companions or defend themselves, they submitted quietly to the bashinadoes of the knight, and made off after the rest as soon as they could, thinking Don Quixote to be nothing less than the devil himself, who was come to seize the dead body.

All this time Sancho was admiring the matchless intrepidity of his master, and concluded he was in reality the formidable champion he had so often boasted. Mean while Don Quixote, by the light of a torch, perceiving the poor man who had been thrown off his mule lying on the ground, advanced towards him, and, putting his lance to his throat. commanded him to yield, or he would fend him out of the world that instant. 'As to yielding,' replied the man, 'I think I am already quiet enough, for I believe one of my legs is broken: if you are a 'christian, spare my life; I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders; it would therefore be a 'most heinous sin to deprive me of my life.'

'If thou art a licentiate, what the devil brought thee hither?' faid Don Quixote. 'Bad fortune,'

replied the other, ' as you may plainly fee.'

'That bad fortune shall be still worse,' said Don Quixote, 'if you do not give me satisfactory answers to my questions.' 'I will answer whatever questions 'you shall be pleased to ask,' said the priest, 'and 'will give you a very particular account of myself: but I must first implore your pardon for telling 'you

'you I was a licentiate; I have yet only taken a

batchelor's degree: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I

· am a native of Alcovendas, and am just come from

the town of Baeça, with those priests who have run away from your presence, and who are eleven

in number. We were going to Segovia to bury a

e gentleman who died at Baeça, and who now lies in

yon litter.

" Who killed him?" faid Don Quixote; "Heaven

' with a pestilential fever,' replied the priest.

' If that be the case,' said Don Quixote, 'I am' discharged of revenging his death; if heaven killed him, I have nothing more to do with it: had it been the will of Providence to have called me from this world, I also must have submitted. However, reverend Sir, it is necessary you should know that 'my name is Don Quixote, knight of La Mancha, whose profession is to visit different parts of the world, redreffing grievances and righting wrongs. ' Is the breaking peoples legs a righting of wrongs?' faid the priest;' with submission to your worship I

' rather think it a wronging of rights; I fear my leg

' will never be right again as long as I live.'

'Truly, Mr. Batchelor,' replied Don Quixote, 'all things do not fucceed alike; it was your misfortune to travel in the night with your companions, ar-* rayed in furplices, and with lighted torches in your

hands, followed by others in mourning, so that you

had the appearance of an army of spirits broke loose from the other world; for which reason it

became my immediate duty to attack you; and I

' should have behaved with the same resolution, had

you been in reality fo many infernal dæmons; for

' indeed I took you to be fuch.'

' Since my fate is fo hard,' faid the priest, 'will your worship, who have been the cause of this my ' misfortune, affift me to get from under my mule, which keeps one of my legs fo fast between the saddle

and stirrup, that I cannot move it?"

Why did not you mention your grievance fooner? faid Don Quixote: 'didft thou suppose me a con-

' jurer ?'

He then called to Sancho, who was busy in rummaging for some provisions which the priests had brought with them upon a sumpter-mule; and after spreading his great-coat on the ground, to heap into it all he could get, he threw it across the back of his ass, and came to his master.

The knight and his squire now relieved the poor priest, by removing the mule from his leg; and then putting a slambeau in his hand, Don Quixote bid him follow his companions, and excuse a mistake which his constant attachment to the duties of his profession

had unavoidably led him into.

'And Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if his companions 's should ask him who it was that struck such terror 'into their souls, let him tell them it was the famous

' Don Quixote de la Mancha, or the Knight of the

Woeful Countenance."

'Why, friend Sancho, wouldst thou have me distinguished by such an appellation?' faid Don Quixote.

'Because, Sir,' replied Sancho, 'your worship cuts' the most dismal figure I ever saw in all my life: I

- have been looking at your face some time by the
- torch that the parson held in his hand, and I declare again that your worship has a most woeful coun-
- tenance truly: I can't tell the cause of it, unless it
- be the great fatigue your worship has undergone,

and the loss of some of your grinders.'

'No, that can't be the cause,' said Don Quixote;

- I rather suppose that the sage who is commissioned by fate to immortalize my actions, hath thought it
- necessary that I should assume some appellation ac-
- cording to the example of former knights, one of, whom bore the title of the Invincible Sword, another
- of the Unicorn, a third of the Phœnix, a fourth of
- the Damfels, another of the Griffin, and a fixth was

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called the Knight of Death; and by these epithets

they were known throughout the world. It is this

fame learned fage, I fay, that hath put it into thy head to give me the title of the Knight of the

Woeful Countenance; and I therefore henceforward
 affume this fame title; and that it may be the better

adapted, I am resolved to have a most woeful figure

painted on my shield.'

Your worship may save that expence,' said Sancho, 'by only exhibiting the original; for whoever sees it will think it woeful enough, without
your having recourse to a painted shield by way of
explanation; and you may believe I speak nothing
but the truth, when I tell your worship, though it
be but in jest, that what with hunger and satigue,
and what with the loss of your grinders, you look
too woefully for any painter to take an exact copy

of you.'

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the pleafantry of his fquire; however, he perfifted in his resolution about the title and the device; and after a short pause, a sudden thought disturbing him, 'San-' cho,' faid he, ' I am under fome apprehension of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands ' upon a person in holy orders, according to the de-· cree, " fi quis suadente diabolo," &c. and yet he canonot fay I touched him with my hands, but only with my lance; befides, I did not in the least suspect that I had priefts to deal with, whom I honour and revere as every good catholic and christian ought, but supposed them to be all evil spirits: I remember, however, that the Cid Ruy Diaz was excom-' municated for breaking to-pieces the chair of a certain king's ambassador in presence of the pope; and on that same day the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved like a most valiant and honourable knight.

Don Quixote was now for examining the litter, to fee whether it really contained a corpse; but Sancho Sancho Panza objected strongly against it, saying, 'Your worship has accomplished this adventure ' without receiving fo much as a fingle wound; but ' should these fellows begin to consider what a dis-' grace they have fuffered in being put to flight by ' the amazing boldness of only one single man, and ' should therefore return upon us in a rallied body, ' mayhap we should have more work than enough ' upon our hands; our fafest way is to depart from ' this place immediately. Dapple is well furnished; ' hunger is craving; we will retreat to you uninhabited mountain; "the dead to our mother earth, " but the living to good eating and mirth," as the " faying is.' Upon this, he put his dapple into a gentle trot, and his mafter and Rosinante followed.

After riding a little way, our adventurers found themselves in a retired valley between two hills: here they alighted, and Sancho spreading his greatcoat upon the ground, and producing a plenty of provisions, they made breakfast, dinner and supper all at one meal, feafting on a great variety of edibles which the ecclefiaftics, who generally take care to live well, had brought along with them on their fumpter-mule.

But one very great misfortune attended them, particularly poor Sancho, who regretted it as the most capital of all misfortunes; not a fingle drop of wine, nor even of water, was there to quench their thirst, which now began to be as excessive as their hunger had been. Sancho, however, discovering that there was much green and fresh grass in the place, made a proposal to his master, which the next chapter will treat of.

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CHAP. VI.

Of the most wonderful adventure atchieved by the truly heroic Don Quixote; such an one as no knight-errant in the whole world ever performed with less danger.

'METHINKS the grass in this place is green,' said Sancho, 'and if so, there must be some spring or rivulet not far off by which it is watered; wherefore we had better proceed a little farther; in fearch of fome liquor to appeale our intolerable thirst, which plagues us even more than ' our hunger did.' Thereupon Don Quixote leading Rosinante by the bridle, and Sancho his dapple by the halter, after putting upon his back the fragments of their meal, proceeded feeling for water; for it was still very dark. But they had not gone far before their ears were faluted with the noise of a prodigious water-fall, than which nothing could be a more welcome found; and now stopping to listen from what part the noise came, they were of a sudden surprised with another noise which damped the pleasure that the fall of water had given them, and which greatly frighted Sancho; for they now distinctly heard the found of regular strokes, and a clanking of iron chains, which with the roaring of the cataract might have filled any other heart but Don Quixote's with terror and amazement. Added to the darkness of the night, and the folitude of the place, they found themselves under fome lofty-trees, whose leaves, moved by the wind, contributed to the dreariness of their situation: the difinal strokes continued, the cataract roared, the leaves yielded their melancholy whisper, and day-light was yet far distant.

Don Quixote, however, whose intrepidity never forsook him, now mounted Rosinante, braced his target, brandished his lance, and shewed himself su-

perior

perior to all fear, danger, or fortune. 'Know, Sancho,' faid he, 'that I was born in this iron age ' to restore the age of gold: 'tis for me alone that · heaven hath referved the most perilous and ho-· nourable atchievements: I am the man who must · revive the order of the round table, and re-establish the twelve peers of France, with the nine worthies: I am the man appointed to efface the memory of the · Platirs, the Tablantes, the Olivantes, and the Tirantes, together with the whole tribe of knightserrant who flourished in former ages: I am the man ordained to ecliple the most famous of their exploits. Do but confider, my true and faithful · fquire, by what an affemblage of horrors we are at this prefent moment furrounded; a folern darkness, s a dreadful din of water, that feems to spout from the mountains of the moon, a doleful clanking of chains, and a difmal whifpering of these trees; and we are belides in a place where we never were before. Such a situation, Sancho, might infuse fear even into the breast of Mars himself; yet I, amidst s all this danger, remain unshaken and undaunted; it serves but as an incentive to my valour, and so * animates my heart, that it rebounds within my breaft * at the eve of an atchievement fo pregnant with fame s and honour. Therefore make Rosinante's girth ' tighter; then recommend thyself to God, and wait for me in this place three days; at the expiration of which time if I do not return, make the best of thy way to Tobolo, and there inform the lovely Dulcinea that I fell a facrifice to the most perilous enterprise in the service of her beauty. Do, this my dear Sancho, in token of thy regard to the memory of thy master.' These words were too much for Sancho's natural

tenderness and affection; he began to blubber like a school-boy, and said, 'Why will your worship endanger your person? Why will you engage in an atchievement of such peril, when there is not the

least occasion for it? As the night is so dark that we are feen by nobody, we had better get away from this place, though we should not taste liquor these two days; for as we are not feen by any body, nobody can charge us with cowardice; besides, I have ' heard your worship's old friend the curate of our ' village fay in his preaching, be that feeketh danger perisheth therein; therefore it would be a great sin to engage in an adventure which you could not accomplish without a miracle. Let it be sufficient that vour worship escaped being tossed in a blanket, and that you was fo victorious over the priefts who guarded the dead body: but if all this won't fatisfy your reftless soul, in tender pity think upon your ' poor Sancho, who will readily yield his life, after vour worship's departure from hence, to any thing that may chuse to take it. I have forsaken home, wife, and children, to attend you as your fquire, hoping to be the better for it, and not the worse; but as covetousness breaks the fack, so is the fack of all my hopes broken; for instead of being the governor of an island, here am I to be left alone in this difinal place; dear Sir, be not fo cruel: if; however, you are determined to purfue this adventure, at least stay till day-light, to which, according to the little knowledge I got when I was a shepherd, it can't be above three hours; for the muzzle of the bear is at the top of his head, and shews midnight in the line of his left paw.' ' How can'ft thou discover the bear's muzzle?

faid Don Quixote; there is not a star to be seen in the fky.'

'That is very true,' replied Sancho, 'but fear hath many eyes, and can fee things however

hidden.'

'Whether day-light appear or not appear,' faid the knight, it shall never be recorded of Don Quixote, that either tears or intreaties prevailed on him to neglect his duty: therefore, honest Sancho, & fay · fay no more; for heaven, that infpires me with re-

folution to engage in this atchievement, may guard

' me fafely through it, and give comfort to the

heart. Be sure fasten Rosinante's girth very tight, and flay patiently in this place; for foon wilt thou

' hear of me either dead or alive.'

Sancho Panza finding that neither his tears nor admonition had the least influence over his master, determined on a stratagem to detain him till day-light: accordingly, when he was pretending to fasten the girth of Rosinante, he tied both his hind feet together with the halter of his dapple; fo that when the knight fet off, he found that his horse could not move without leaping, however fmartly he fpurred him.

' Sir Don Quixote,' faid Sancho, 'it is plain that heaven, moved by my tears, hath ordained that

Rosinante shall not have the proper use of his legs;

therefore, if you continue spurring the poor beast ' 10, you'll offend heaven, put fortune out of humour.

' and be only striving against the stream.'

Don Quixote raved like a madman, and kept spurring on: but Rosinante could not move otherwife than by gentle leaps. At length, however, the knight of La Mancha faid to his fquire, 'Since I ' cannot get Rosinante from this place, I must contentedly stay here till dawn, or till fuch time as he receives the use of his limbs, though the unfortu-' nate delay will cost me some sighs.'

' Your worship need not figh, or be any way me-' lancholy,' faid Sancho, ' for I'll entertain you with ftories till it be day-light, unless you chuse to dismount and take a nap upon the grass, as knights f errant were wont to do, by which you will be refreshed at break of day, and be prepared for the ' great adventure you are refolved to undertake.'

Talk not to me of dismounting and sleeping, faid Don Quixote; 'no fleep can close these eyelids whilst the glorious expectation of battle animates my ideas; thou, who wert born to fleep, may · fleep fleep when thou wilt: as to myself, I know how

better to employ my moments.'

Be not angry with your poor squire, said Sancho, who coming close to his master, laid hold of the saddle, and embraced his left knee, afraid to stir an inch from him on account of the strokes that continually sounded in his ears.

Don Quixote now claimed the promise which Sancho had made of entertaining him with some stories.

- 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'I am so much frighted that I am in a very bad condition to tell stories; however, I'll do my best; let me consider a little; oh, now I have it, I have it, and a very good story it is, one of the best your worship ever heard. There was once, when every thing was what it was, and nothing was what it was not, good betide us all, and he that seeks evil why let him go tumbling to the devil. You are to take notice, Sir, that the people of ancient times did not begin their stories as we do now, but with some proverb of that wise man Cato the tonsor.'
 - 'Cato the tonfor!' exclaimed the knight; 'thou' dost mean Cato the censor.'
- 'Yes, yes, yes, Sir Don Quixote,' replied Sancho,
 'I mean Cato the cenfor. Well, your worship, and
 ' so as I was observing, he that seeks evil, why
- e let him go to the devil. Now this proverb of the
- cenfor is as pat to the purpose as a ring to a man's
- finger, by which your worship should understand, that rather than to go in search of evil and mischief,
- you should stay where you are, or else turn into
- fome part that is not visited by such dismal
 - ' Prithee go on with thy story,' faid Don Quixote,
- 'and leave every thing else to my discretion.'
 'I say then,' quoth Sancho, 'that there was once

in a village of Estremadura a certain goat-shepherd,

- or keeper of goats, which shepherd or goatherd or
- keeper of goats, as the story runs, was named
- Lope Ruyz; and this fame Lope Ruyz was in
- love with a shepherdess, whose name was Toralva;
- ' and this fame shepherdess, whose name was Toralva,
- was the daughter of a wealthy herdfman; and this
- fame wealthy herdiman'-
- Be not fo prolix in thy story,' faid Don Quixote;
- · if thou dost repeat every circumstance twice over,
- thou wilt never finish it; be more concise, and re-· late it like a man of understanding, or else hold thy
- fongue.'
 - 'I relate it,' answered Sancho, 'as all our country
- fories are related; I know not how otherwise to tell
- ' it; nor indeed is it fit that I should alter the
- cuftom.
 - 'Then tell it how thou wilt,' faid Don Quixote.
- fince my ill-fortune forces me to flay here!
- ' And fo as I was telling your worship,' added
- Sancho, 'this fame shepherd or goatherd or keeper of goats, was in love with Toralva the rich herdf-
- ' man's daughter; and this fame Toralva was a thick,
- fout, round, plump, crummy, brawny, frippish,
- froppish, well-trussed wench, and somewhat like a
- ' man, for the had a whitker upon her upper lip; • methinks I fee her now standing before me.
 - 'Then I suppose thou didst know her,' said Don
- Quixote. 'No, not I,' replied Sancho, 'nor never faw her
- in my life; but he that told me the story faid it
- was all fo true, that I might fafely tell it to any
- body, and even swear to the truth of it, --- Well
- then, --- and fo as I was faying, --- and as you know
- days go and come, and come and go, and then go
- and come again, fo it happened that after feveral
- days coming and going, and going and coming,
- and coming and going again, the devil, who fel-
- dom fleeps, but will always have a finger in the
- pie, contrived that the shepherd should quarrel with

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his fweetheart, infomuch that his love changed to · hatred, which was caused by the clacking of evil tongues, and a quantity of small jealousies that she gave him; and at last he hated her to such a degree, that he resolved to leave his country to avoid the fight of her; Toralva, however, the more she found herself hated by him, the more she loved

" him." Aye, that is the way of most women,' replied Don Quixote; ' when we love them, they are determined not to love us; and when we cannot abide them, they doat upon us. But go on,

" Sancho." · And so, Sir, the shepherd being resolved to leave his country, accordingly fet out with his goats, and drove them through the plains of Estremadura towards the kingdom of Portugal; Toralva, however, followed him barefooted, with a pilgrim's faff in her hand, and a wallet upon her back, in ' which she carried a piece of looking-glass, a broken comb, and a little pot of paint to make her look tempting; but whatever she carried with her is nothing to the purpose; the whole of the matter is, that the shepherd arrived with his goats at the river Guadiana, where the water was fo high that he ' could meet with no boat or veffel to carry him and his flock over: at the fame time knowing that 'Toralva was at his heels, he was much in the dumps on the occasion: at last, however, he perceived a fisherman in a boat, but so small an one, that it would carry only one man and one ' goat at a time; he notwithstanding called to the ' fisherman, and agreed with him to carry over all his goats, to the amount of three hundred; accordingly the fisherman came with his boat, and carrying over one goat, rowed back for another, and taking that, then came back for another; now pray your worship keep an exact account how many goats the fisherman carries over; for if you happen to mils

miss a single goat, my story is at an end. Well then, — let me see, — where about was I? — oh, — aye, — I have it. The landing-place on the other side being very muddy and slippery, the sisherman was a long time in going and coming; however, he made shift to carry over one goat, and then another, and so another, and so

another.

'We will suppose them carried over all together,' faid Don Quixote, 'that thy story may be more concise.'

'No, no, no,' replied Sancho, 'that won't do: "how many have been carried over?" 'I know not," aniwered Don Quixote, ' for I kept no account' · And why didn't you keep an account then?' faid Sancho; 'now the flory is ruined; I can't go on a word further.' 'Prithee,' quoth the knight, canst not thou go on with thy story unless I know how many goats have been carried over?' 'No!' replied Sancho; 'it is impossible; for as soon as you faid you kept no account, the remainder of the story " flipt clean out of my memory; and by my faith 'tis a great pity, for 'twas an excellent story.' 'Is it quite at an end,' faid the knight: 'O yes, quite at an end,' replied Sancho, ' as much so as the ' mother of whom I was born.' 'Very extraordinary ' truly,' faid the knight; ' the beginning and con-" clusion of thy story have been both equally strange; though indeed I expected nothing less from thee; for I fear thy brain has been turned by those continued strokes thou hast heard.' 'That may be,' replied Sancho; 'but as to the story, the moment an account of the goats is loft, that moment the story ends.' Well, this being the case,' said Don Quixote, 'let us now see whether Rosinante can move a little better.' The knight then began spurring as before, and Rosinante continued leaping.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the approaching morning, or whether any part of Sancho's food had been of a laxative quality, he found

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himself under a necessity of doing what all the world could not do for him; and yet fuch was the terror on hisspirits, that he durst not move an inch from his mafter: in this deplorable exigency he slipped his right-hand from the faddle, and gently applying it near the part aggrieved, fell to - fhrugging his shoulders, and expatiating on the horrors of the place: but notwithstanding all his fagacity and precaution, he could not prevent a certain noise that was the consequence of his affliction; upon which Don Quixote asking what noise it was, Sancho replied, 'I · fuppose 'tis some new adventure, an please your worship.' 'Do, good Sancho,' quoth the knight, move a little farther from me; and then preffing his nose between his finger and thumb, faid, in a fnuffling tone, 'thou feemest, friend Sancho, to be in e great bodily fear.' I am fo, to be fure, replied the fquire; 'but 'tis all owing to your worship, for · bringing me to fuch a place at fo unfeafonable a ' time.' 'In future be careful to shew me a little " more respect,' faid Don Quixote rather angrily. Why now I suppose your worship thinks I have been doing what I shou'dn't have done, quoth Sancho. 'Say no more,' replied the knight, 'but · learn to know the respect due from a servant to his " mafter."

As foon as the morning began to dawn, Sancho very stily released the feet of Rosinante, who gave evident signs of joy at the recovery of his liberty, by pawing the ground: as to curvetting or prancing, he had always been a stranger to both. Don Quixote sinding his steed so brisk, conceived it to be an omen of success in the important and perilous atchievement he was about to engage in. And now Aurora having displayed her rosy mantle, Don Quixote and his squire found themselves in a grove of tall chesnuttrees, whose thick-spreading branches formed one continued shade; but no discovery could they make from whence proceeded those incessant dismal strokes which

which still dinned their ears: the knight, however, being determined to make an effectual search, once more took leave of his Sancho, laying on him the same injunction as before; and adding, 'Thou mayst' conclude I have fallen a sacrifice in this great and dangerous adventure if I do not return at the expiration of three days. As to thy wages, thou needst not be uneasy on that score; I took care to consider thee properly in the will that I made before I lest home, in which I have allotted thee a salary adequate to thy attendance on my person. But should it please heaven that I return victorious from this atchievement, thou shalt most assured.

s island I promised thee.'

Sancho Panza could not forbear to blubber again at these generous and friendly expressions of his master, and refolved to accompany him in the enterprise, whatever might be the consequence. And from so laudable a resolution in the squire, the author of this history infers, that he was something of a gentleman by descent, or at least an offspring of the old christians. Don Quixote was fenfibly affected with this testimony of affection in Sancho, though he dared not disclose the faintest symptom of it at a time when it behoved him to banish every sentiment of tenderness and fympathy: therefore, without further loss of time, he rode towards the place from whence he heard the noise of the strokes and water, while Sancho Panza trudged after him, leading by the halter the faithful companion of his good and bad fortune. they travelled a great way under this pleasant shade of chesnut-trees till they came to a meadow adjoining to a lofty rock, from the top of which there was a very confiderable fall of water; and below it were fome old cottages, or rather the ruins of fuch, from which proceeded those horrible strokes which had so much alarmed their ears, and which still continued. When the knight approached towards the found, Rofinante began to startle; however, by patting his neck, and otherwise

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otherwise encouraging him, the hero of La Mancha got gradually nearer and nearer, at the same time recommending himself to his lady Dulcinea, whose savour he implored with great fervency; neither did he omit a prayer to God for his protection. Sancho Panza, who kept close after him, thrust his head as far as he could between Rosinante's legs, to discover the objects which had so much terrified him; and when master and man had got to the doubling of a point of the rock, they discovered evidently (be not offended kind reader) the sole and entire cause of the dismal sounds they had heard, which proceeded from nothing more or less than half a dozen large fulling-hammers, alternately thumping several pieces of cloth.

Don Quixote was struck speechless at this unexpected fight, and was ready to drop from his horse with shame and confusion. Sancho looked at his mafter very earneftly, and observed him to hang down his head on his breast with a most dejected countenance. The knight then looked at Sancho; and feeing that his cheeks were beginning to swell with laughter, he could not, in spite of all his melancholy, forbear to smile himself; upon which Sancho Panza gave a full scope to his mirth, by laughing to such excess, that he was forced to support his sides with both hands; and no fooner did he exhaust than he began again with equal violence; infomuch that his mafter at length began to be very angry with him, and was particularly so when the squire had effrontery enough to jeer him with a repetition of his own words on first hearing the noise, " Know Sancho, that I was born in this iron age to restore the age of gold: " I am the man who must revive the order of the " round table." And thus he went on, till Don Quixote, enraged at his infolence, gave him a couple of fuch strokes upon the shoulders with his lance, that had they fallen on his head, Sancho Panza would have been disabled from ever cracking another joke.

The fquire finding his mafter thus incenfed, most fubmiffively begged forgiveness. 'Mercy, good your worship,' faid Sancho, ' spare my bones, I beseech you; I meant no harm; I only joked a little. And because you only joked a little, I did not joke at all, replied Don Quixote. Pray, Mr. Joker, had this turned out a real adventure, was not I prepared with a greatness and nobleness of courage that did me honour as a knight-errant and the gallant champion of La Mancha? Am I, a professor of chivalry, bound to diftinguish founds? I never heard or faw a fulling-hammer before; but thou, mean ! plebeian as thou art, wert born and bred amongst fuch implements of drudgery. Suppose these same fulling-hammers were at this instant to be meta-' morphized into fo many giants, and were to attack me fingly or all together, what would I do in fuch case? why, if I did not turn their heels in the air, I would fuffer thee to indulge thy ill-bred raillery whenever thou shouldst have a mind to it.

"Good Sir.' quoth Sancho, "I confess I carried the jest rather too far; but since we are at peace again, pray tell me, as you hope heaven will protect you in all your dangerous undertakings, whether you do not think that the terror we were in, I mean the terror I was in, would be a rare subject for a merry ballad, or for half a dozen topers to laugh at over their cups?' 'I grant,' replied Don Quixote, that the circumstance might afford a tolerable fcene of mirth; and yet it should not be revealed. because many people have not discretion to take things as they should be considered. I am sure 'your worship had very little consideration,' replied Sancho, when you exercifed your lance upon my fhoulders: had not I turned my head a little aside, I should have been done for in a twinkling; but let that pass; 'twill wash out in the bucking: a good master is angry with his servant one day, and forgives him the next; those that love us will make

us cry, as the faying is: a common gentleman,

after chastifing his servant, gives him an old coat or pair of breeches to make it up with him; and

a knight-errant, after correcting his squire, gives

' him an island or a kingdom.' . Hark ye, Sancho,' faid the knight, ' fortune may e perhaps ordain every thing according to thy utmost wishes: think no more of the chastisement I beflowed upon thee; we cannot always command the first impulse of our passions: but in future never asfume that familiarity which is unbecoming a fervant; for in all the books of chivalry I have read I never e met with any knight-errant's squire who took such freedoms with his mafter as thou hast done with me; but in truth we are both alike to blame; thou in not paying that respect which is due to me, and myself in not insisting upon such respect being shewn. Gandalin, the squire of Amadis de Gaul, though he was Earl of the Firm Island, never spoke to his ' mafter but cap in hand, his head bowing all the time, and his body bent after the Turkish manner: and what shall we say of Gasabal, Don Galaor's fquire, who was a man of fuch filence, that the au-' thor names him only once in the course of his equally ' voluminous and authentic history. I mention these things to thee, Sancho, that thou mayst be sensible of the deference claimed by a master from his servant: in future therefore let us both act as better becomes our respective degrees. As to the rewards ' that I promised thee, they will come in due time; or should they not come at all, thou hast thy salary

'to trust to.'
'What your worship says is very right to be sure,' replied Sancho Panza; 'but since if no rewards at 'all should come, and I must be content with my wages, I should be glad your worship would please to tell me what was the hire of squires that lived in former times, and whether they were paid by the month, by the week, or by the day.' 'I do not 'think.'

think,' replied Don Quixote, 'that they were ever · hired at all, but depended wholly on the generofity of their masters; and though I have assigned thee a · falary in my will, which I have left fealed at home, I did it merely because I knew not how successful or unfuccefsful chivalry might be in this depraved age, and because I would not hazard the safety of ' my foul in the next world for fuch a trifle: for, let me tell thee, Sancho, the life of a knight-errant is furrounded with continual dangers.' 'So it feems,' quoth Sancho, 'while the hammers of a fulling-mill can difturb the heart of fuch a valorous knighterrant as your worship: but be assured, Sir Don ' Quixote, that from this time forward I shall never ' again crack a joke on your worship, but behave to ' you as becomes the humble and fubmissive squire of ' an honourable, worthy, and brave knight-errant.' ' In fo doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'thy days ' will be long and happy; for when the tribute of · filial affection is paid to a parent, a respectfulness of

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behaviour to a mafter becomes a fecondary duty.'

Of the famous and sublime acquisition of Mambrino's belmet, and other important circumstances.

A Smart shower of rain happening to fall at this time, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mill; but the knight had conceived such an antipathy against the mill on account of what had happened, that he could not by any means be prevailed upon to enter it; therefore turning to the right-hand, they got into a road different from that which they had travelled the day before,

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fore, where in a short time Don Quixote descried a man on horseback with something on his head that glittered like gold. 'Friend Sancho,' faid the knight, there is scarce a proverb but is founded in truth; they are the instructive sentences of experience, calculated both to improve and amuse our understandings; how true is it that when one door shuts, another will foon open: last night fortune shut the door against us that we endeavoured to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers, and this morning the throws another wide open to us, by presenting to us a real adventure; in which should I not fucceed, I have no darkness or unknown difmal founds to attribute my disappointment to. · Yonder comes a knight, who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, and thou knowest what vow ' I made.' ' Good Sir Don Quixote,' faid Sancho, take care what you fay, and especially what you ' do; I hope we fhall meet with no more fullinghammers to hammer away our fenses.' 'The devil ' take thee for a blockhead,' faid Don Quixote; 'is * there no difference between an helmet and a fullinghammer?' 'If I could speak my mind freely,' answered Sancho, 'I would undertake to prove, that ' your worship is in a very great mistake.' ' eternal misbeliever,' faid Don Quixote; ' how can I be mistaken? Prithee make better use of thy eyes: dost thou not see a knight now riding directly towards us, upon a dapple steed, with an helmet of ' gold upon his head?' 'No, not I,' replied Sancho; I fee nothing but a man upon a grey afs, like my ' own, with fomething on his head that shines a little.' 'Tis Mambrino's helmet,' faid the knight; 'therefore keep at a distance, and let me give a noble display of my arm's terror; I'll foon possess myself of this ' helmet,' ' I'll be fure to stand at a distance,' replied Sancho, 'but I wish your worship mayn't find yourfelf as much miftaken in this as you was in the fulling-mill adventure.' 'Sirrah! hold thy peace!' faid

faid Don Quixote with great indignation; I have already warned thee to let me hear no more about the fulling-mill: if thou d ft ever prefume to open thy lips again about that affair, I will break thy head and trample thy foul out of thy body.' Sancho

Panza spoke not another word.

Now the whole circumstance of the helmet, of the knight who wore it, and the dapple steed upon which he rode, was no more than this: there were in that part of the country two villages, one of them fo small and poor, that it had neither a shop nor a barber in it; fo that the shaver of the larger village, who was likewife a bleeder and tooth-doctor, ferved the leffer also; and it so happening that a person at this time wanted to be blooded, and another to be thaved, the barber was going to perform those operations, and being overtaken by the rain, clapped his brass bason upon his head to preserve a new hat that he had on. The bason having been clean scoured, made a flaming appearance; and, as Sancho had observed, the barber rode upon a grey afs, which occasioned Don Quixote to conceive he was some knight with the golden helmet, astride on a dapple steed, his distracted brain readily applying every object to his remantic ideas: therefore when the poor barber drew near, our hero of La Mancha couched his lance, put Rosinante in full speed, and vaulted like a dragon at the supposed knight; but when he was almost close upon him, he cried aloud, without restraining the violence of his career, 'Defend thyself, thou wretched cartiff, or immediately furrender that which is fo ' justly my due.'

The barber feeing fo strange a figure coming in such full speed upon him, threw himself off his ass upon the ground, and being as soon up as down, away he ran across the fields with the velocity of a new-started hare, leaving his ass and his bason behind. Don Quixote thus finding himself master of the bason, called to Sancho to take it from the ground, saying at

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the same time, 'The pagan hath acted discreetly in 'imitating the beaver, which, when it sees itself purfued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth, by na-

'tural instinct, that part for which he is chaced.'
Sancho took up the bason, saying, 'Egad it is a 'special bit of stuff, and well worth a piece of eight;' and then presenting his master with it, the latter clapped it on his head, and turning it round and round without discovering a vizor, said, 'Doubtless the pagan for whom this samous helmet was first made, had a very large head; but the worst of it is, there 'is one half of it wanting.'

Sancho could not forbear to grin at hearing his mafter call the barber's bason an helmet. 'What does the fool grin at?' said Don Quixote. 'I can't help laughing,' quoth Sancho, 'to think what a jolt-headed sellow the pagan was that owned this helmet; methinks 'tis somewhat like a barber's bason.'

'I am of opinion,' said Don Quixote, 'that this enchanted helmet must have fallen by some strange
accident or other into the hands of some person,
who perceiving it to be of pure gold, and yet ignorant of its value, melted one half of it, and by that
means occasioned the other half to resemble, as thou
dost observe, a barber's bason: this is however of
little consequence, since I know its real worth. I
will have a vizor fixed to it, and would not then
exchange it for such an one as Vulcan forged for
the God of war. In the mean time I will wear it as
it is; it will at least serve to defend my head
against any shower of stones that may happen to
fall.'

'That is certain,' quoth Sancho Panza, 'provided they are not hurled from slings, as those were at the battle between the two armies, when they broke your worship's grinders, and spilt the blessed balsam of Fierabrass that almost sent me out of the world.' 'That affair gives me no concern,' replied

plied Don Quixote, 'as I have the receipt in my memory.' So have I,' quoth Sancho; 'but if ever I make it, much less take it, may I give up * the ghost at the same time: in good truth I intend ' henceforward to employ all my five fenses to prewent being hurt any more: as to the blanket affair, ' it was an accident I could not avoid: should it ever be my lot to be ferved fo again, I'll shrug up my ' shoulders, hold my breath, shut my eyes, and let blanket and fortune tofs as long as they pleafe.' * Thou art certainly not a good christian, friend · Sancho,' faid the knight, ' or thou wouldn't not re-* tain injuries fo long in thy mind; 'tis beneath a gefour regard fuch trifles: didft thou get a s leg broken or a rib fractured in that affair, that thou canst not forget it? at the worst it was nothing more than a jest: had I not, after a mature consideration, taken it in that light, I would ere now have returned to the place, and made more mischief in revenging the abuse than the Grecians did in the cause of Helen, that celebrated beauty of the ancient world, who, however, had fhe lived in our age, or " had my Dulcinea adorned her's, would have found her charms far inferior to those of my heaven-born "mistress.' Here he breathed a deep sigh. "then,' quoth Sancho, ! let it pass for a jest, since ' nobody will revenge it in earnest: but what shall we do with this dapple fleed that looks fo much like an as? I swear by my whiskers 'tis a bonny beast, and mayhap the rider had as little right to him as ' he had to the helmet that looks fo much like a barber's bason.'

"Tis not my custom," replied Don Quixote, to rob those whom I vanquish; nor do the laws of chivalry permit it, unless the conqueror loses his own horse in the battle; therefore leave the horse, or als, or whatever thou pleasest to call it, and perhaps when we are gone from this place his master will return for him." I should like much to take him

s along with us, quoth Sancho, s or at least to ex-

one; I suppose the laws of chivalry don't forbid a

" man's exchanging one as for another, or at least one

harness for another.' I am not certain in this point,' replied Don Quixote; and therefore till I

am better informed, I give thee leave to exchange

only the harness, — if thy want of it be very

" urgent.

'So urgent is my occasion for it,' answered Sancho, 'that if it were for my own particular wearing

'I could not be in more want of it.'

Sancho Panza therefore exchanged the furniture; by which means his own dapple became confiderably finer than before. And this exploit being performed, they went to breakfast on the remains of what they had plundered* from the fumpter-mule, and quenched their thirst at some part of the stream which turned the fulling-mill, without once looking towards the mill, so odious was the fight of it. Having difpatched their meal, they mounted again, and without following any particular course (agreeable to the rules of knight-errantry) left the choice of the road entirely to the pleasure of Rosinante, the depositary of his mafter's will, and also of the ass's, which most fociably and lovingly followed his steps wherever he went. Rofinante foon took them into the high-road again, where they travelled at random, unheedful what course they took.

As they kept jogging on, Sancho asked his master whether he would give him leave to talk a little; observing, that since the severe restriction put on his tongue divers conceits had perished in his stomach, and that he had at that instant something at his

^{*} This plundering does not agree with our knight's declaration, that "it was not his cultom to rob those whom he vanquished." But we must suppose the hero of La Mancha conceived extreme hunger an equitable exception.

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tongue's end fo pertinent, that it was a thousand pities it should miscarry; wherefore his master gave him permission to publish it, but desired him to avoid

prolixity.

Why then, Sir,' faid Sancho, 'I have been con-· fidering how vainly we fpend our time in fearching up and down through forests and defarts for adven-' tures, which, if you accomplish them, gain you s neither honour nor profit, as you are both unfeen and unknown to the world; wherefore I should think it far better, with submission to your worship. that we both enlift into the fervice of some emperor, or other great prince, who hath a war upon his 6 hands, where your worship might have frequent s opportunities of fignalizing your valour and great understanding, and where in time we should both be rewarded according to our merit; neither would there be wanting some learned writer to set down all your great deeds, that they might never be forgotten: * as for my own, I fay nothing about them, fince they s are not to be mentioned the same day with your worship's; though I make no doubt but my name would now and then make a little fort of a figure. s as the names of other fquires have done.

'Thy notions are not very erroneous,' replied Don Quixote; 'but before things come to that iffue, a 'knight must traverse the world as a probationer, in 'fearch of adventures, and dissusse through distant nations the ever-glorious same of his repeated atchievements; so that when he visits the court of fome powerful prince, his renown, which slies before him as his harbinger, ensures him such a reception, that no sooner does he reach the gates of the metropolis, than he finds himself surrounded by an applauding multitude, shouting and crying, Long live the Knight of the Sun, or the Serpent, or whatever title the knight takes upon himself. That is he, they will cry, who vanquished in single combat the giant Brogarbruno, and delivered the great

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Mamaluke of Persia from an enchantment that · lasted on him almost nine hundred years. Thus are the knight's exploits recounted from mouth to " mouth, till the king of the country, alarmed with the vociferations of the multitude, looks out from one of the windows of his palace, and knowing the hero by his armour, or the device in his shield, he presently sends his nobles to receive the flower of chivalry who thus comes to wait upon his majesty: then the king himself advances to meet him on the · middle of the stair-case, and most graciously kisses his cheek; after which he takes him by the hand, and conducting him to the queen's closet, there he s is most politely received by her majesty, with the • princess her daughter, a very beautiful young lady, · who fixing her eyes upon the knight, and the knight fixing his eyes upon the princess, each appears to the other to be fomething more than human: of a fudden they find themselves caught and entangled in the · inextricable net of love, and most strangely perplexed in not knowing how to disclose the mutual anxiety of their fentiments. Soon after this, doubtless, the · knight is conducted to one of the most superb apartments in the palace; where, after his armour is * taken off, the attendants on his person present him with a rich scarlet vestment; and if he made so ' graceful an appearance in armour, how attractive and lovely must be in a grand scarlet robe! At ' night he sups with the king, the queen, and the * princess, casting all the time the most tender glances on the latter, without being discovered by their ma-' jesties; and the princess returns each glance with equal caution and fagacity, being a young lady of great discretion. After supper a little crooked ' dwarf makes his appearance, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by a couple of giants, with the * proposition of an adventure so contrived by some ancient fage, and so difficult to be performed, that he who shall undertake to begin and finish · it with fuccefs, shall be esteemed the bravest and · most experienced knight in the whole world: then it is the king's pleasure that every warrior ' in waiting shall attempt it; they accordingly try their prowefs, but do not fucceed, the honour be-' ing referved for the valiant stranger, who accomplishes it with the greatest ease; wherefore the prin-· cess esteems herself the happiest creature upon earth ' in having so fortunately placed her affections. And now this king or emperor, or whatever he is, being ' at war with one of his neighbours, who is equally ' powerful with himself, the visiting knight, after ' staying a short time at court, makes an offer of his ' service; the king accepts the offer, and the knight ' kiffes his majesty's hand on being appointed to a command of his troops. In the evening he takes · leave of his mistress the princess, or infanta, through ' the rails of a garden adjoining to her chamber-' window, where they before have had many conferences by means of the infanta's confidante, a dam-· fel of admirable talents in the business of an intrigue. 'The knight fighs, the princess faints, the damsel runs for water, and the knight is at length under the most dreadful apprehensions lest the re-' putation of the infanta should be in danger, as day-' light is near upon them: the lady, however, reco-' vers, and gives the knight her hand through the ' rails, which he kiffes again and again, and bathes 'it with his tears: then they contrive a method by ' which he is to write to her during his absence, and ' the princess intreats him to return with all the speed of a lover, which he promifes to do, with a thousand tender protestations. At length the unwelcome moment arriving that must force him from the dear ob-· ject of his affections, he once more kisses her snowwhite hand, almost breathing out his foul, and is then hurried away by the cautious confidante. He now retires to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, but finds it impossible to sleep: wherefore he rifes with

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the fun, prepares himself for the field of honour's · and afterwards waiting on the king and queen to take leave of their majesties, begs to pay his com-· pliments of leave to the infanta, but is informed that her highness is indisposed, which makes him · fo unhappy, that he is on the point of betraying his anxiety; for he attributes her indisposition to · the extreme grief she suffers on account of his de-· parture. The confidante being present all this · time, acquaints the princess with all that happens, and brings tears into her royal eyes: the princess then informs her confidante that nothing gives her fo much concern as her ignorance whether the charming knight is of royal extraction; but the confidante relieves her diffress, by affuring her highness that so many shining qualifications must " undoubtedly be derived from an illustrious and royal origin: the princess therefore now makes herself easy, * and in a few days appears in public again. The 'knight, after an absence of some days, meets, fights, and conquers the king's adversary, and then return-' ing to court, is received with every mark of royal ' approbation and favour. He then privately visits the princess as before, and they make an agree-" ment that he shall demand her of the king her father in marriage, as a reward for his services; but the king refuses to bestow upon him his daughter, as being unacquainted with his pedigree; however, by fome contrivance or other, the knight " marries the princess, and the king in a very short time becomes perfectly reconciled to the match, for the knight proves to be the fon of a great monarch of I know not what kingdom; the name of it is onot to be found in the map. Soon after this the king dies, and the infanta being heirefs, the knight fucceeds to the kingdom; and his happiness being * thus compleated, he thinks now of promoting his ' squire, as well as those who have been the instru-· ments of his good fortune and advancement; he

* therefore marries his squire to one of the infanta's damsels, most probably to her who conducted their amours, and who is the daughter of some great duke.'

No fooner were those last words expressed than Sancho, clapping his hands together, said, 'That is the very thing I have been waiting for all this time; give me but the infanta's damsel, and I'm happy. All that your worship has said will certainly happen to you under the title of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance.'

' Most certainly, friend Sancho,' replied the knight, for this is knight-errantry's high-road to an empire: wherefore we must seek out for some ' pagan or christian king, who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but we shall have time enough ' to think of this; for, as I have already told thee, * renown must be well purchased before we go to court. One thing makes me uneafy: when the fame of my atchievements shall fly through each corner of the globe, and at length we meet with a king who has a very beautiful daughter, I shall not be able to ' prove myself of royal extraction, nor even so much as fecond coufin to an emperor; and no king will bestow upon me his daughter in marriage till he is fatisfied in the point, however meritorious may be my fervices; by which means I am afraid I shall ' lose that which the strength and valour of my arm will be fo amply entitled to, However, as I am a ' gentleman of family and property, it is probable ' that the fage historian of my exploits may so improve ' and enlarge upon my pedigree, that I shall appear de-' scended in the fourteenth or fifteenth generation from a king; for let me tell thee, friend Sancho, there · are two kinds of pedigree; the one hath its origin from kings and princes, which time has gradually defaced, till the titles of succeeding generations have dwindled and dwindled, till at length they have end-No. 5

· ed in a point like a pyramid: the other owes its origin to people of mean extraction, and rifes by degrees to the fummit of human greatness: the difference is this; that which was once fomething is now ' nothing, and that which was once nothing is now fomething; and as my origin may therefore be defcribed to be high and illustrious, it ought to fatisfy the king; but should he not be fatisfied, I am to be so affectionately and passionately esteemed by the ' infanta, that she will bless me with her charming e person in marriage without her father's consent, * though I were fon of a water-carrier: but even sup-' poling the infanta should scruple to offend her father by marrying without his confent, all that I then ' have to do is to convey her out of the king's reach, o to whose resentment either time or death will affured-' ly put a period.'

In good truth your worship speaks like a man of 's fense,' said Sancho Panza; 'possession is nine points of the law: fellows of spirit have a faying, never beg ' when you can take; though I think 'twere better faid, a snatch from behind a bush is better than to beg alms: fo that if the king should refuse you his daughter, ' you have nothing more to do than to run away with her: but what I dread, Sir, is, that during the * time of a reconciliation being brought about, or you ' are waiting to fucceed to the kingdom, your poor devil of a squire-may go hang himself for any good ' you'll be able to do him, unless the damsel who is to be his spouse should escape with the princess, and be content to join her bad fortune to his, till ' fuch time as heaven shall be more favourable to ' them; for I don't see but the knight may lawfully ' give her away in wedlock.'

'There is not the least doubt of it,' said Don

Why then let fortune take its own course,' quoth Sancho.

' Aye, aye, friend Sancho,' added the knight, ' be our defires crowned with fuccess, and let him be a " wretch who thinks himself one."

' Amen fay I,' quoth the squire; ' for I am one of your old christians, and therefore qualified to be

an earl.

' Aye, to be greater than an earl,' answered Don Quixote; ' for though thou wert ever so meanly de-' scended, or ever so little deserving of favour, I ' could confer nobility on thee as being king, without putting thee to the expence of purchasing it; and on my creating thee an earl, people must address ' thee with the appellation of " my lord," however

' mortifying it might be to them.' ' Well, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' then pray be a king as foon as you possibly can, that I may be an earl; ' I know I should become an earldom rarely; for I was once beadle to a brotherhood, and the gown did fo become me, that every body faid I had the prefence of a warden; therefore, if I looked so well in my beadle's gown, how shall I look when I'm bedaubed all over with gold, and folks come above ' an hundred leagues on purpose to see me!'

' Thou wilt look well enough,' faid Don Quixote; but then thou must take care to keep that rough

' bushy beard of thine close shaved.'

' I will keep a barber constantly in my house,' faid Sancho, and make him follow me, if I fee occasion for it, like a grandee's mafter of the horse.

' How camest thou to know,' said Don Quixote, * that grandees have their masters of the horse to fol-

4 low them.'

'I will tell your worship how I came to know it,' answered the squire: 'once upon a time I was a whole ' month at court, where I faw a very little gentleman, who was a very great lord, riding to and fro, followed wherever he went by a man on horseback, who s turned and stopped just as the little great lord did, s as if he had been linked to the little great lord's X 2 ' horse's horse's tail; and upon enquiry I found he was his master of the horse.'

'Thou art in the right,' faid Don Quixote, 'and thou mayst as reasonably have thy barber attend

thee: customs did not all commence at once, but gradually, and were as gradually improved; so

that thou mayst be the first earl that was ever attended by a shaver; and, to prove there is no im-

propriety in thy conduct, it may be faid, that to have a man's beard is an office of more importance

' than to faddle his horse.'

Do, good your worship,' said Sancho, 'endeavour to be a king as soon as you can, in order that I may be an earl, and leave the affair of the shaver to myself.'

'Do not doubt it, friend Sancho,' replied the knight, who now casting his eyes about, discovered what shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

Don Quixote sets at liberty several unbappy people who, were going a journey much against their inclinations.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this grave, lofty, minute, pleafant, and humorous history, that when Don Quixote and his fquire had finished their important discourse, the former discovered in the road about twelve men, who had a large iron chain fastened to their necks, and manacles on their hands: they were guarded by two horsemen armed with muskets, and two men on foot with swords and javelins. Sancho Panza seeing them, said, What have we here, Sir Don Quixote? on my life I believe they are slaves hurried away by main force to serve the king in the gallies.' 'How!' replied Don Quixote, 'is it possible the king will force any body?' 'I mean, ' Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'they are fellows who are fen-' tenced, for the crimes they have committed, to ferve ' his majesty in the gallies,' ' Be that as it may,' replied Don Quixote, 'they go not voluntarily, but by compulsion.' 'Certainly by compulsion,' quoth Sancho. 'If it be so then,' added Don Quixote, they come within the verge of my profession, which is to suppress violence, and succour the miserable. 4 Aye, Sir,' answered Sancho, but neither the king on the law offers the least violence to such wicked wretches as these; they meet with their just reward.

By this time the chain of galley-flaves being come up, Don Quixote very civilly demanded of the guards why those poor people were so severely chained and fertered. 'Sir,' answered the chief guard, 'they are ' criminals condemned to ferve in the gallies; that is ' all I have to fay, and as much as you can defire to 'know.' 'No, Sir,' faid Don Quixote, 'I defire also to know the cause they gave for such rigid fen-' tence; in this informatian you would very much oblige me.' We have here the copies and certificates of their fentence,' answered the guard, but really have not time to flew them to you now; ' however, if you think proper to ask these people any questions, they will very readily and fatisfactof rily answer you; for they enjoy as much pleasure in relating as in practifing acts of villainy.'

With this permission, which the knight would have taken of himself, had it been refused, he rode up to the chain of felons, and asked the first, on what account he was thus fettered? 'Only for being in love,' answered the flave. 'Only for being in love!' exclaimed Don Quixote; 'is that all? If every person was to be condemned for being in love, I myfelf ' might have long fince been in the gallies.' 'But my ! love,' answered the malefactor, 'was perhaps quite different

different from your's, Sir; I was deeply in love with a basket of linen, and embraced it so affectionately, that if the judge had not deprived me of it by force, I should not have parted with it: in short, I was detected in the fact; there was no need of putting me to the rack, and therefore the matter was soon determined; I was whipped, and then destined to be a dasher of elements. A dasher of elements! faid the knight, what do you mean by that? A slave in the gallies, answered the thief; who was about twenty-four years of age, and a native of Piedra Hita.

Then Don Quixote put a like question to the second criminal, who was too dejected to return an answer; the first, however, faved him the trouble, by faying, this man, Sir, is condemned to the gallies for being ' a canary-bird.' ' A canary-bird!' exclaimed the knight: 'yes, Sir,' added the arch thief, 'I mean ' that he is very famous for his finging.' ' What! " are people to be fent to the gallies for their finging?" faid Don Quixote: 'aye marry are they,' answered the flave, ' for there is nothing more dangerous than to fing in tribulation.' On the contrary,' faid Don Quixote, 'we have a pleafant conceit, Sing away forrow, nor think till to-morrow.' But with us,' replied the slave, ' the case is quite different; he that ' fings in the dumps, will have terrible thumps.' 'I can-' not comprehend thee,' faid Don Quixote. ' Sir,' faid one of the guards, ' finging in tribulation is a term ' used in common by these miscreants, and implies a 4 confessing when put to the torture: this fellow, upon being tortured, confessed his crime, which was stealing of cattle; and for this finging in tribulation he received two hundred lashes, and was condemned to ' the gallies for fix years. The reason of his appear-' ing so pensive and fad is, the other criminals jeer and laugh at him for having been fuch a fool and ' coward as to acknowledge his offence, as if it was " not as easy for a man to say no, as to say yes; or as

· if that fellow is not a lucky rogue who has no evi-' dence against him but his own tongue; and in my opinion they are somewhat in the right.' I think ' fo too,' faid Don Quixote; and then paffing to a third, he asked him the nature of his offence: 'Sir,' answered the fellow very readily, 'I am to be a galleyflave five years for having wanted ten ducats.' ' will give twenty with all my foul,' faid Don Quixote, 'to release thee.' 'That would be like giving money to a man starving at fea,' answered the flave, 'where there is nothing to be purchased with it: had I had your twenty ducats before my trial, to have daubed my lawyer's hand with, I might now have been in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not thus dragged along like a dog: but heaven ' is powerful, patience is a virtue, and I say no more.'

Don Quixote then passing to the fourth, who was an old man with a grey beard, and putting to him the fame question as to the others, the old man began to weep bitterly without answering a word; but the fifth criminal speaking for him, said, 'this person is ' fentenced to four years flavery, after having made his public appearance on * horseback with great ' pomp.' ' I suppose,' said Sancho Panza, 'you mean that he was brought to public shame. 'Right,' replied the flave, 'and all his fufferings ' have fallen on him only for being a body broker; for to tell you the truth, this gentleman is both a pimp and a conjurer. If it were not for the offence of conjuring, faid Don Quixote, he ought onot to be fent to the gallies: he is so far from de-' ferving to row in the gallies for being a pimp, that ' he ought rather to be appointed commander in chief of them; because the profession of a pimp is not ' like common employments; it is an office that re-

* Riding upon an ass through the streets exposed to public derision. This species of punishment is inslicted for such offences as persons are impilloried for in England.

'quires

· requires great discernment and sagacity; it is an office of high importance, and is most essentially requisite in a well-regulated commonwealth; nor indeed should it be executed but by persons of birth and talents; like other places of trust, it should be · laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers. · Such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs that at prefent daily happen from the ignorance of its professors, such as filly waiting-women, footmen, and others, who stand with their fingers in their · mouths, and scarce know their right hands from their left. Had I but time, I would point out what fort of perfons are best qualified to be chosen · profesiors of so necessary an employment; however, I will not fail to embrace some future opportunity. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at seeing this venerable person in diffress for having followed the useful and inge-' nious vocation of pimping, is now loft in my abhorrence of his additional character of a conjurer; though I am convinced no forcery whatever can force or alter the will, as fome weak-' minded people imagine; for man hath a liberty of determining, and is no way controuled by any pe-· culiar quality in herbs and other supposed charms, the composition of filly women and wicked impostors, to rob people of their natural underfrandings.

All that your honour fays is very true,' observed the old man; 'and as to the charge of my being a conjurer, I am as innocent as the child unborn; but as to being a pimp, that I don't in the least deny, for I never thought it a crime; my intention was, that society should be fully and perfectly erjoyed, and the reign of friendship be continual: but, alas, what oppression hath my commendable design brought me to! I am now destined to the most grievous calamity, stooping as I do beneath the burden of age, and being afflicted beside

beside with the stranguary, which scarce affords me a moment's respite from pain. The old man then shed tears again, which had such an effect on Sancho Panza, that he took a rial out of his bosom, and gave

it to him in charity.

Don Quixote now addressed the fifth delinquent. who was a young man, and appeared very little concerned. 'I go to serve his majesty,' said he, 'for only having been a little merry with two of my fe-" male cousins, and with two others, maidens that ' were fifters; with whom I kept up the joke fo long, that there was at last such an intricate increase of ' kindred, as puzzled every casuist. All this was proved against me; and as I had neither money. onor friends, I had like to have swung; however, I was only condemned to the gallies for fix years. May heaven be your continual protection, worthy 'Sir, and grant you its primary bleffings; I doubt onot the liberality of your heart is adequate to the ' nobleness of your presence.' This young man was in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was both a fine orator and an excellent scholar.

The next was a man about thirty years of age, well-proportioned, and with a tolerable face, except that he fquinted very much with his left eye: he was heavily loaded with irons; on one of his feet was a chain fo long, that it went round his body; and on his neck were two large rings, to one of which the chain was fastened, and the other was called a keepfriend or friend's-foot; from which a couple of iron bars descended to his middle, fitted with manacles for his hands, fecured by a large padlock; fo that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring the reason why he was thus more fettered than the rest, was anfwered, that he was a greater rogue than all the rest put together; that he was fo incorrigible, fo hardened, fo desperate a villain, that no common irons could confine him. 'What is his crime,' faid the knight, No. 5 · that that merits no severer punishment than the gallies?"
He is sentenced for ten years,' replied the principal guard or officer, 'which is a kind of civil death;
but you will make no further enquiry, Sir, when I inform you that this gentleman is no less a person than the noted Gines de Passamonte, otherwise Ginesello

de Parapilla.'

' Hark ye, friend,' faid the criminal, 'adhere to the truth; why would you give a gentleman more names than he is really entitled to? Gines is my name, and ont Ginesello or Parapilla, and Passamonte is the title of my family: people would do but right to look at home before they make so free with their neighbours.' 'None of your insolence, Sir,' said the guard, ', or you'll compel me to do that which may not be very agreeable to you.' 'I must at present ' fubmit quietly to every oppression,' answered Gines; but one day or other perhaps somebody will know ' whether my name is Gineseilo de Parapilla or not.' Why, are not you in common known by that name? faid the guard. 'Yes,' replied Gines, 'but the lord ' have pity on those who call me so, if ever I meet with them in a certain place: then addressing himself to Don Quixote, 'Why are you so inquisitive, Sir?' faid he; 'if you have an inclination to give " us any thing, do it at once, nor hinder us here any · longer with a number of unnecessary questions: if ' you want an history of me, I refer you to that which ' I have written with these fingers.'

'He has actually written his own history,' faid the guard, 'and has pledged the manuscript in prison for 'two hundred rials.' 'Aye, and I'll redeem it,' faid Gines, 'though it lay there for as many ducats.' What his it so valuable then?' faid Don Quivote

'What! is it so valuable then?' said Don Quixote.
'So valuable is it,' answered Gines, 'that it not only

far furpasses all that Lazarillo de Tormes has written in the same stile and manner, but will continue its

fuperiority over every thing that will hereafter be written; every fyllable teems with truth, nor can

the most ingenious fictions vie with it for variety of incident.' What is the title of it?' faid Don Quixote: 'I call it The Life of the famous Gines de Passamonte, answered the other. 'Is it quite ' finished,' said the knight: 'How the devil can it be finished,' said Gines, 'while the author is living? It contains every remarkable circumstance that hath attended me from my infancy to the time of my fecond fentence to the gallies' 'Then it feems you have been in the gallies already,' faid the knight.' 'Yes,' replied Gines, 'to serve God and my country I was there four years; and my journey to ' them now gives me not the least concern, for there ' I intend to go on with my history, and shall improve ' it with many additional occurrences worthy of any " man's attention; for in our Spanish gallies there is a ' fufficiency of spare time for such purpose, which indeed ' does not require much leifure, as I have every circumftance clear in my memory.' You feem to be an ingenious fellow, faid Don Quixote; and a ' very unfortunate one,' answered the other; ' for ge-" nius is generally attended with ill-fortune." 'Ill-" fortune ought to attend fuch villains as you,' faid the officer. 'I have already reprehended your freedom of fpeech, Mr. Officer, faid Gines; though the * law hath made me a flave, it does not authorife you to ' infult me: every man ought either to use civil language, or hold his tongue: you had much better be quiet, ' Sir; there will be a time when the rogueries of some ' folks will come to light perhaps as well as those of others.

The officer, incensed with these responses from the slave, lifted his staff in order to strike him; but Don Quixote interposing, desired he would not chastise him, but to consider that he was excusable in being rather free with his tongue, since it was the only part about him that was not confined.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to all the slaves: 'My dear brethren,' said the knight, 'I find,

by what I have gathered from your own words, that ' although you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of your fentence by compulsion, and be-' cause you cannot avoid it; for it is probable that ' this man's want of courage upon the rack, the other's want of money and friends, and fuch-like e necessities attending others of you, added to the ' partiality of the judge, may have been the means of depriving you of that justice which your several ' cases entitled you to: therefore, as I am ordained by heaven to relieve the diffressed, and release suffer-' ing weakness from the iron hand of tyranny, according to the holy duties of knight-errantry, it is my ' pleasure to take you under my immediate protection. Therefore, you gentlemen of the guard, set all these opoor men at liberty; there are people enough besides to serve the king in the gallies; 'tis a very ' hard case that those should be made slaves of whom ' God and nature have ordained to be free; and as these poor creatures never did you in particular any wrong, you have the less reason to oppress them; · let them answer for their sins at that great and last ' tribunal, where the king himself, by whose authority they are fent to flavery, will be on a level with the ' meanest of them: heaven is perfectly just, and will both punish the wicked and reward the good. Use onot violence, gentlemen, where courtefy will have at ' least an adequate if not a better effect. Confider, egentlemen, it is inconsistent with the precepts of · christianity and honour to be the butchers of · one another; for what advantage can there arise from it? I speak to you, gentlemen, with this · mildness and complacency, that you may afford · me an opportunity of manifesting the grateful · fense I ever retain of obligations conferred: but it on the contrary you refuse a compliance with my intreaty, which is so replete with rationality and be-" nevolence, this lance and fword, guided by my invincible

' vincible arm, must necessarily display their united

' power.'

'A fine joke indeed!' faid the officer; 'fet the king's flaves at liberty! an excellent joke upon my word! Get about thy bufiness, thou foolish knight'errant, and fet thy bason right upon thy barren

pate: meddle not with what does not concern thee; those who play with cats, must expect to be

"fcratched."

' Thou art both a cat and a rat, and a coward to boot,' faid Don Quixote; and immediately attacked the officer with fuch fury, that before the latter had time to put himself in a posture of defence, he was thrown from his horse, and dangerously wounded by the knight's lance; and it happened that this man was armed with a musket. His companions stood aftonished at this most daring affault, but at length fell upon the knight with their fwords and javelins, which must have proved fatal to him, had not the flaves been now exerting every endeavour to recover their liberty, and which indeed they foon effected by breaking the chain: in fuch confusion therefore were the guards, that they knew not how to act, the flaves being unchained, and the intrepid knight of La Mancha displaying, in an excess of rage, the whole force and terror of his arm.

Sancho Panza had been extremely bufy in difengaging Gines de Passamonte, who slew upon the officer, and wresting from him his musket, pointed it at one and the other without firing, whilst the rest of the slaves poured a shower of stones upon the

guards, and foon totally routed them.

Sancho now began to be very uneasy; for he apprehended that the guards would soon raise an hue-and-cry, and obtain a reinforcement from the holy brother-hood; wherefore he advised his master to quit the place immediately, and seek shelter in some adjoining mountain; but the knight told Sancho he wanted not his advice; and then calling together the freed

galley-

galley-flaves, who had taken care to strip the officer naked, 'Brethren,' faid he, 'it is the duty of honest and well-bred persons to be thankful for benefits re-· ceived, ingratitude being the most abominable of all vices. You fee how I have hazarded my person in ' your behalf, and you cannot but be fensible how greatly you are indebted to me; as an acknowledge-" ment therefore of what I have done for you, it is ' my will and pleasure that you take that same chain, by which you were confined, immediately to Toboso, ' and present it to the lady Dulcinea. Tell her that ' you bring it from the Knight of the Woeful Coun-' tenance: tell her with what unparalleled bravery her champion hath behaved: relate to her every ' particular of this most miraculous atchievement, by ' which I have restored you to your liberty. This ' duty performed, ye may afterwards go wherever

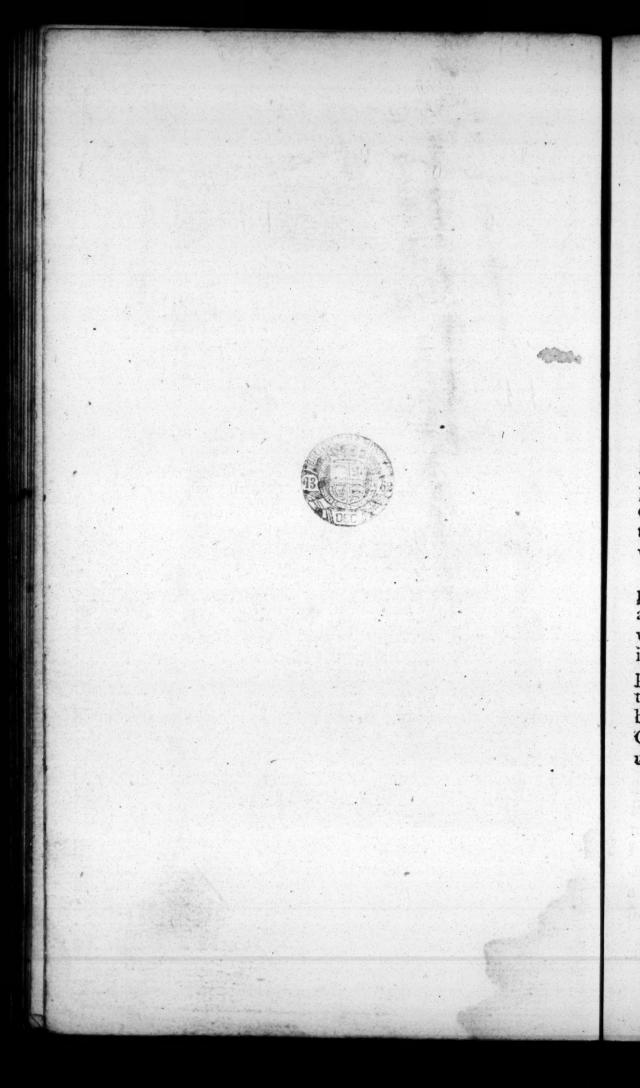
' your inclinations lead.'

Gines de Passamonte, in the name of all the other delinquents, made answer, that notwithstanding they had one and all a due sense of the very singular obligation which had been conferred upon them, still they could by no means think of adopting so imprudent a measure as to repair in a body to Toboso, but rather separate from each other, and hide themselves from the holy brotherhood, who most certainly would soon be in search after them; that they would with unseigned gratitude utter innumerable ave-maria's and credo's for his worship's prosperity; but as to waiting upon the lady Dulcinea with the chain by which they had been confined, it was as irrational and absurd as to expect to see pears drop from an elm.

'By the terror of this arm,' faid Don Quixote, thou shalt thyself go to Toboso, and carry the chain

' upon thy shoulders, or thou shalt eat it.'

Gines de Passamonte, who was rather of a choleric disposition, having sufficiently seen into the knight's weakness, from the mad action he had committed in rescuing him and his fellow slaves from the custody of Quixote ordering Gines de Pafsamonte topresent himself before Dulcinea del Toboso Gines released, Don Quixote bids him go At fair Dulcinea's feet himself to throne, And, out of gratitude for being freed, With tales of his great Feats her Cars to feed?



the guard, could not brook these haughty threats, and winking at his companions, in a moment the knight was affaulted with such a volley of stones, that all his dexterity to cover himself with his shield was ineffectual, and Rosinante no more obeyed the spur than if he had been a wooden horse. Sancho Panza got behind his ass for shelter; but the attack being principally directed at his poor master, in a short time down dropped the knight of La Mancha from his faddle; and no fooner was he on the ground than the student set upon him, and snatching the bason from his head, exercised it smartly upon his shoulders, and then broke it to-pieces by dashing it forcibly on the ground.

These ungrateful miscreants now began stripping the knight of a coat which he wore over his armour, and would also have taken his hose, had not his greaves prevented. They likewise robbed Sancho of his greatcoat, leaving him in his doublet, and then dividing their spoil, separated from each other, and made off

with all possible expedition.

Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Rosinante, and Dapple, were now left to themselves; the latter every now and then shaking his ears, as if the stones were still whizzing about him. Rosinante lay at full length in the dust, having been knocked down by a large pebble foon after his master fell. Sancho stood trembling in his doublet, expecting every moment to be apprehended by the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote was aggrieved to his heart to think how most ungenerously he had been used.

tari, could not brank thele back for threats, and by at his cornections, in a brances the Relation

CHAP. IX.

Of what befel the renowned Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, or Brown Mountain; being one of the most rare and wonderful adventures recorded in this authentic history.

DON Quixote finding himself so illiberally and basely used, said to his squire, 'I have often heard it observed, that to confer favours upon ungrateful people is like throwing water into the sea: had I attended to thy advice, I had not brought on myself this missfortune; but it is needless to repine: hereafter I will be more cautious and circumspect.'

'Since you feel the effects of not attending to the

counsel of your squire, faid Sancho, will you now

be pleased to listen to my advice?"

What hast thou to say, friend Sancho, said the knight. Why, let me persuade your worship to leave this place immediately, answered Sancho; for the holy brotherhood care not a straw for all the knights-errant in the universe. Hark! methinks

" they are now at our heels."

'Thou art an arrant coward, Sancho,' faid the knight; 'however, thou shalt not say I am always obstinate, for I will retreat with thee from the danger which thou dost so much dread; but it shall be on condition that thou shalt never drop the least hint whatever to man, woman, or child, that I retire through fear, but wholly and solely in compliance with thy most earnest solicitation; for shouldst thou ever presume to say otherwise, thou wouldst do thy master great injustice; and from that hour to the next, and so on to the end of my life, I would give thee the lye; and if thou dost now entertain the smallest idea that I have any other reason for retiring, thou dost lye; I tell thee thou dost lye. Make me no answer.'

' Sancho

Sancho continued trembling; and Don Quixote proceeded with, 'The very reflection of leaving this place through a principle of fear, now breathes into my foul fuch fresh and redoubled courage. that here would I with pleasure remain alone, not

only to give battle to the holy brotherhood, but also to the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, the

brothers of the feven Maccabees, and all the other

brethren and brotherhoods in the universe, with

' Caftor and Pollux at their head.'

Sancho prefumed to speak. 'Sir,' faid the squire, to withdraw is not to run away, nor is it prudent to stay while danger exceeds hope; 'tis the part of a wife man to take care of himself to-day, that he may enjoy himself to-morrow; and though I am no more than a clown, your worship must acknowledge that I know what's what, and always take care of the main chance; therefore I now advise you to mount Rolinante, and to follow me where my prudence shall direct; for methinks we have at present

' more need of heels than hands.'

Rofinante being recovered of the blows he received from the galley-flaves volley of stones, Don Quixote mounted his faithful steed, and Sancho Panza leading the way upon his dapple, they retreated to the nearest part of the Brown Mountain, the squire intending to go quite across either to Viso, or Almodavar del Campo, after lurking some time amongst the rocks to avoid being taken by the holy brotherhood: he was the more eager to execute this his defign, as the victuals that his ass carried had not * been touched by the galley-flaves, which he thought a kind of miracle, confidering how narrowly they fearched for booty.'

In the evening our adventurers arrived in the very centre of the Sierra Morena, where Sancho Panza ad-

* The author makes a little mistake here; for the criminals robbed Sancho of the coat or cloak in which the victuals were contained.

vised his master to stay some time, or at least as long as their provisions should last; accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks in the midst of a great number of cork-trees: but fate, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of true faith, appoints, guides, and governs every thing, had directed Gines de Passamonte, that notorious offender, to this very part of the mountain, where he had hid himself to avoid falling into the hands of justice; and having discovered the knight and his squire much about the time that they had fallen to sleep, he determined to steal Sancho's as: as to Rosinante, he did not think him worth stealing: accordingly he mounted Dapple, and before the return of morning was far enough off.

When Sancho awaked in the morning and missed his ass, he burst into the most piteous and doleful lamentations: 'Dear son of my bowels,' cried he,

- born and bred under my roof, the playfellow of my children, the delight of my wife, the envy of
- 'my neighbours, the staff of my laborious life, in
- fhort the half of my fustenance! for with twenty-
- fix maravedis that were daily earned by thee, I kept half my family. O thou dear thing! what is be-
- come of thee!

Don Quixote being disturbed by these complaints, and Sancho acquainting him with the cause of his affliction, the knight endeavoured to comfort him with arguments on the inefficacy of repining at misfortunes, and then begging him no longer to give way to fortow, promised to draw a bill of exchange, payable at fight, upon his niece for three asses out of five which he had left at home: Sancho therefore dried up his tears, and was very thankful to his most generous and compassionate master.

They now travelled farther into the mountain, where the knight was transported at seeing several places most admirably adapted to the adventures he was in pursuit of, and which reminded him of those strange and

wonderful

wonderful events that had attended former knightserrant in such dreary situations; in short, his whole mind was absorbed in these romantic and most ridiculous notions: but Sancho's thoughts were otherwise employed, for now supposing himself secure from danger, he deemed it essential to visit the remainder of the food that had been taken from the affrighted priests, and therefore amusing himself with two or three substantial pieces of meat, trudged * after his

mafter perfectly contented,

After having gone a little farther on, Don Quixote stopped to take up something from the ground with his lance, which Sancho Panza observing, hastened towards him, and found the prize to be nothing less than a portmanteau, which was much damaged by the weather: upon opening it, however, they found four fine holland shirts in it, and other linen that was both clean and fashionable, together with a considerable quantity of gold wrapt in a rag; wherefore Sancho putting the whole into + an handkerchief that was in the portmanteau, and tying it to the belt which went round his doublet, cried out in extafy, Bleffed be the whole frame of heaven, for fending us a little ' good luck at falt;' and then examining further into the portmanteau, he found a pocket-book elegantly bound, 'Give me that book, friend Sancho,' faid the knight, ' and keep the money for thy own use.' Sancho immediately gave the pocket-book to his mafter, and returned him many thanks for the gold. ' I am of opinion,' faid Don Quixote, ' that fome unhappy person, having lost his way on this mountain, hath been robbed and murdered?

* In the original, "jogged on leisurely upon his als:" a palpable oversight in the author; for the als had been stolen.

by Gines de Passamonte.

[†] Here too I must deviate from the original, which says, (translated literally) " crammed the whole into his bag;" whereas Sancho had left his bag, or wallet, at the inn where he had been so roughly treated by the blanket-tossers,

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that cannot be,' replied Sancho, ' for the robbers would not have left so much money behind them.' Thou art very right, friend Sancho,' returned the knight; ' what then can possibly have happened? 'Let us examine the book, perhaps that may lead us to some discovery.' The knight accordingly opened the book, and the first thing he found in it was a rough draught of the following sonnet, which he read aloud to Sancho Panza;

OVE! who thy various power shall trace?

The wretch who seels that power's force,

Our fond, weak hopes at first you raise,

Then sink our souls in deep remorfe.

If born of heaven! as breathes each lay,
Can cruelty and heaven agree?
Then whence, O whence, foft Godhead, fay,
The gnawing pangs that torture me?

Can she, the softest of her sex,

Phyllis, create my world of pain?

Goodness innate with ill perplex,

And in the midst of mis'ry reign?

Hopeless, forlorn, the world I'll leave,
Nor more Love's racking pains endure.
While to my heart the secret cleave,
A miracle must work my cure.

'I don't understand one syllable of it,' faid Sancho; 'pray who is that same Phyllis?'

Phyllis is the name of a lady whom the poet is in love with, replied Don Quixote; and in truth the verses have some merit, according to my judgement of the matter.

What! does your worship understand any thing

about making of verses?' faid the squire.

Better than thou dost imagine,' replied the knight,
as thou wilt be convinced when I fend thee with a
tetter to my Dulcinea written all in verse. Most of

the knights-errant of former ages attached them-

felves much to poetry and music; for these accom-

plishments, thou art to know, are inseparable from ' love and gallantry; though I must confess their

poems had not much elegance in them; they were fentimental, but egregiously defective in the great

' point of ornamental verbofity.'

'That was a pity indeed,' faid Sancho. 'Will ' your worship please to look further into the pocket-

book, to fee if there be any thing elfe worthy your

' worship's notice?"

Upon this Don Quixote pulled out another paper, faying, ' here is some prose, and it seems to be a letter of fome kind; perhaps 'tis a love-letter.'

Sancho Panza expressing a particular defire that it

might be read, the knight read what follows:

THE falsebood of thy promises, and the certainty of my misfortune, have burried me to a place, from whence the tidings of my death will sooner reach thine ears than the complaints of my wretchedness. Thou hast rejested me, most ungrateful fair one, in the behalf of one, who, though he be richer, is not more deserving than him who at all times bath been thy faithful lover and adorer. Were virtue esteemed as it ought, I should have no misfortune to bewail, nor have reason to envy the happiness of others: what thy beauty bath raised, thy conduct bath pulled down; the first induced me to think thee an angel, but the last proved thee a mere woman: mayst thou, bowever, enjoy a life of felicity, thou cruel disturber of my peace; and may the perfidy of thy busband continue bidden from the world, that thou mayst never repent of thy behaviour, nor I enjoy a revenge my heart does not wish. Farewel.

Don Quixote observed that all he could possibly infer from this letter was, that the writer of it was a betrayed lover: he, however, found other letters and verses, some legible, and others so badly written as not to be understood: in those that he could read he found found nothing but accusations, complaints, expostulations, desires, favours, suspicions, and disdain.

While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho rummaged the portmanteau, in order that nothing whatever might be left; for the gold he had found, which amounted to above an hundred ducats, encouraged him to feek for more; but though he had no further fuccess in his very diligent fearch, he esteemed the ducats a sufficient compensation for all his past sufferings: he entirely forgot the blanket affair, the operation of the Fierabrass, the scourges from the Yangesians, the drubbing from the carrier, the loss of his wallet, of his great-coat, and of his faithful companion and servant Dapple, as well as all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue which he had endured in the service of his master: he was now amply rewarded for all.

The Knight of the Woeful Countenance faid he should not be easy till he discovered who was the owner of the portmanteau; furmifing, by its contents, that the proprietor must be a person of consequence, whom the disdain and cruelty of his mistress had driven. to some fatal extremity: at length, however, after riding further in the defart, guided by the difcretion of Rosinante, he descried, upon an eminence in a direct line before him, a man jumping from bush to bush, and rock to rock, with furprifing agility; he feemed to be naked from the waist upwards, with a thick black beard, his hair long and matted, his legs and feet bare, but had on a ragged pair of breeches that feemed of a crimfon colour. These minute circumstances were remarked by Don Quixote, notwithstanding the nimbleness with which the man moved; and our knight concluding him to be the owner of the portmanteau, exerted his utmost endeavours to overtake him; but Rosinante being very tender-footed, and not used to fuch rough roads, the spurring him had little effect; the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, however, was refolved to overtake this very fingular object, though

he lhould bestow a whole year in the pursuit; wherefore he ordered Sancho to take a short cut over one
part of the mountain, while he went round the other;
but Sancho begged to be excused, assuring his master
that he really was afraid to stir even a nail's breadth
from him. 'Be it so,' replied the knight; 'I am
'not displeased to see thee thus rely upon my valour,
'which shall never fail thee, though thy soul were
'to fail thy body: follow therefore thy noble master,
'and let us search every part of the mountain in
'order to find this miserable object, to whom the
'portmanteau undoubtedly belongs.'

But, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 's should he own the portmanteau, he'll also own the money; therefore, 'an please your worship, we had better first spend the money, and then go in search after him; fair and softly, Sir; when the money is spent, the law

can't touch me.'

'Thou art mistaken, friend Sancho,' replied the knight, 'for as we have good reason to suppose him 'legally entitled to the portmanteau and its contents, we are obliged both by law and conscience to restore 'the man his property.'

Thus faying, he spurred Rosinante, and Sancho

followed with a fullen countenance.

After travelling a good way they came to a brook, by the fide of which lay a dead mule faddled and bridled, but almost devoured by birds of prey: this circumstance confirmed the knight's opinion that the man whom they were pursuing was owner of the

portmanteau.

While they were pondering on what they faw, they of a sudden heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently discovered several goats on the summit of the mountain, followed by an ancient herdsman. Don Quixote called to him aloud, and desiring him to come down, the goatherd, as loudly as he could, asked what had brought them to that place, which was seldom trodden except by wild beasts?

' Come

'Come down, come down, gaffer,' quoth Sancho, and we will tell thee.'

The goatherd accordingly came down, and, seeing them gazing upon the mule, said, 'That mule hath' lain here these six months; pray have you met with 'its owner?' 'We have met with a portmanteau,' replied Don Quixote, 'that lay upon the ground not far from hence?' 'I have often seen that same 'portmanteau,' said the goatherd, 'but was always 'afraid to go near it, lest I should be suspected of 'stealing something out of it; for the devil is very 'crafty, and many times tempts us with a fool's paradise to draw us into an halter.'

'I faw it too,' faid Sancho; 'but fair and foftly 'faid I to myself; no, no, Mr. devil, I'm not to be 'catch'd in your trap; so there I left it, and there it

' lies now, and there it may remain.'

Don Quixote, upon asking the goatherd if he knew who was the owner of this portmanteau, and mentioning that he had seen a wild man among the rocks, the goatherd related to him the following story:

' About fix months ago,' faid he, ' there came to our hut, which is about three leagues distant from ' this place, a comely youth, riding upon that fame ' mule that now lies dead before you, with the port-" manteau which you faw lying on the ground: he defired us to direct him to the most defart part of this mountain; our answer was, that he could onot be in a more dreary and difmal part of it than ' the very fpot he then was in; and we told nothing but truth, for whoever was to go half a league far-' ther would find it a difficult matter to find his way . back; and I wonder much how you have got fo far, for there is neither high-road nor by-path to direct a man hither. But as I was telling you, the 'young gentleman, on receiving this our answer, turned his mule, and rode towards the middle of the · mountain, leaving us delighted with his handsome appearance, but amazed at his asking such a question.

A few days afterwards he met one of our shepherds, ' whom he beat most unmercifully; after which he went to the ass that carried our victuals, and taking ' away all our bread-and-cheese, ran hastily into a thicket. As foon as we were made acquainted with ' what had happened, feveral of us goatherds went in a body to fearch after him, and at the end of two days found him lurking in the hollow of a cork-' tree, from whence he came forth to us in a very mild and civil manner; but his complexion was fo much ' altered by the fun, that we should scarce have known ' him again, had not his cloaths, which were now ' much torn, proved to us he was the person we had ' feen before. After faluting us very kindly, he told ' us in a few words, that we were not to wonder at ' feeing him in that condition, for that it behoved him ' to appear fo, in order that he might fulfil a penance enjoined him for the many fins he had committed. ' We defired him to tell us who he was, but without effect: we then requested to know what parti-' cular parts of the mountain he most frequented, that we might supply him with food, and by that means ' prevent his taking it by stealth as he had done be-' fore. He thanked us for this offer, faid he was forry ' for what he had done, and would hereafter gladly ' receive whatever we should bestow upon him, without doing or wishing the least injury to any of us. ' As to frequenting any particular parts, he faid that wherever night overtook him, there he lay; and he ' concluded his discourse with such bitter lamentations, that our hearts must have been of flint if we ' had not shed tears; for he was, as I have already ' told you, fo comely a youth, and fo courteous and genteel in his discourse, that he shewed himself to be ' a person that had been well brought up. But al-' though he promifed to do us no more injury, yet ' during the discourse that passed between us he of a ' fudden grew filent, and gazing fleadfastly on the ' ground for some time, then shutting his eyes, biting No. 5

' his lips, and drawing up the skin of his forehead, threw himself at full length upon the ground, ' and foon springing up, flew at one of our brother goatherds with fuch fury, that if we had not pulled him off by main force, he would have bit and torn ' him to death. He cried out, in the height of his frenzy, "Ah, thou traitor Fernando! here, here ' will I have revenge for the wrong that thou hast done me; here will I rip out thy heart;" and made use of many other such expressions. As soon as we had released our brother goatherd from his hands, ' he ran away from us, and leaped over the bushes and brambles with fuch nimbleness, that it was impossible to follow him. This behaviour of the poor young man led us to think that his madness seized him by fits, and that some person of the name of ' Fernando had done him great injury; and indeed we have been confirmed in this our opinion; for whenever he recovers his reason, he'll come and ask us for victuals, and thank us for it with tears in his 'eyes; but at other times he attempts to do us ' all possible mischief, however hospitably we behave ' to him: and to tell you the truth, we yesterday ' agreed to try to lay hold of him, and carry him by force to Almodaver, about eight leagues from hence, ' and there have him taken care of till fuch time as his relations or friends might hear of his calamity. ' This, Sir, is all the account I can give you of the matter: as to the portmanteau, it is undoubtedly the property of this unfortunate youth.'

Don Quixote was equally concerned and furprised at hearing the above lamentable story, and renewed his resolution of overtaking the poor lunatic by some means or other; but fortune saved him the trouble; for while they were talking the young man made his appearance, and advanced towards them from the cleft of a rock, muttering something to himself all the way. When he drew near, he saluted Don Quixote in that graceful and polite manner which marked

marked him the real gentleman *. The knight instantly alighted from his horse, and embraced him in his arms: each madman now gazed at the other: the knight of the woeful countenance stared at the knight of the ragged breeches: the latter was not less furprised at the strange appearance of the former, than the former was at the condition of the latter; they gazed and gazed again, without uttering a fyllable: at length, however, the knight of the ragged breeches broke filence; and what he faid will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. X.

Continuation of the adventure in the Sierra Morena, or Brown Mountain.

UR history relates that the knight of the woeful countenance listened with particular attention to the knight of the ragged breeches, who spoke as follows: 'In good truth, Signor, though I have not ' the honour of your acquaintance, I thank you most

fincerely and heartily for your kindness of beha-

' viour: I wish I were in a condition to manifest the ' gratitude of my heart, otherwise than by mere

words; but, fituated as I am, I have nothing to ' offer in return for fuch civility but my best wishes

' for your health and happiness.'

'Signor,' replied Don Quixote, ' fo great hath been my defire to ferve you, that I had refolved onot to leave this mountain till I should have the sa-

* Some former editors fay, that when he drew near, Don Quixote discovered that "his ragged waistcoat was perfumed;" though in a page or two preceding, we are told he had no wailtcoat at all.

tisfaction both to see and speak to you, in order to ' know from yourfelf whether the discontent that has driven you to this place could be remedied; and, if it would admit of no relief, to take share with you in your forrow, and mingle my tears with your own; for sympathy is the best consolation to the distressed. If therefore good intentions may plead ' merit, let me intreat you, by that generous nature which appears through the gloom of your adversity, to let me know who you are, and what strange ' misfortunes have driven you from the converse of fociety to this inhospitable folitude: by the first and dearest object of your affections I conjure you to f oblige me with an account of yourfelf: and I fwear by the facred order of chivalry, of which I am a professor, that if you will so far satisfy me in this ' my most earnest solicitation, I will render you all the fervice in my power, by either remedying your difaster, if it be remediable, or by condoling with ' you continually in your fadness.'

The knight of the ragged breeches liftened with great attention to the knight of the woeful countenance, and viewing him most earnestly from head to foot, at length said, 'Signor, if you have any thing to eat, for heaven's sake give it me: when my hunger is appealed, I shall be better able to comply

with your request, which I will do with great readiness, to shew you how grateful a sense I have of your

unmerited friendship.

Sancho Panza and the goatherd hearing this, they both gave him some victuals, which he swallowed so hastily as scarce to leave the interval of a moment between one mouthful and another; he devoured rather than eat, without either speaking or being spoken to by the spectators. When he had allayed his voracious stomach, he beckoned to Don Quixote and the others to follow him, and leading them to a verdant spot of grass at the corner of a rock, he there sat himself down, and Don Quixote with the rest of the company

fat down by him. After a most profound silence of fome minutes, the unhappy lunatic thus addressed them: 'Gentlemen, if you wish to be informed of ' my calamities, you must promise not to interrupt ' me during my narration, by asking any question, or " making any comment; for in the very instant such ' interruption is offered, I shall relinquish my history, and will not afterwards proceed. I give you this ' precaution, that I may get through my fad ftory as floon as possible; for a repetition of my miseries adds new torture to my foul: I will relate, how-' ever, every material circumstance, on your paying ' that filent attention I request of you.'

Don Quixote promising, in the name of the company, that he should not be interrupted, he began the

tollowing history of his misfortunes:

' My name is Cardenio, the place of my nativity one of the best cities in this province of Andalusia; ' I am of noble descent, and my parents are persons f of opulence; but so great are my misfortunes, that 'I doubt not they have diffused a general unhap-' piness through my whole kindred; nor are they to be alleviated by all the wealth in the universe; ' the gifts of fortune avail but little against the ' just anger of heaven. In the same city resided the beautiful Lucinda, who in point of lineage and fortune was my equal, but much happier and lefs constant: I had adored her almost from her infancy, and the made me every return of affection that was confistent with the innocent freedom of her years; nor did our parents disapprove of this mutual regard, because they foresaw that an increase of it could have no other confequence than an happy ' union of our families by marriage. In process of time, however, as our passion ripened with our ' age, the father of Lucinda apprehending that our familiarity might be prejudicial to his daughter's honour, or for some other reason, sent to desire me to discontinue my frequent visits to his house; ' imitating,

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imitating, in that particular, the parents of Thisbe, fo much celebrated by the poets: this prohibition,

however, ferved but to add impatience to defire,

and flame to flame: as our tongues were debarred their usual privilege, we had recourse to our pens,

which affumed the greater freedom to disclose our

' most concealed fentiments; for the presence of the

object we admire, often confounds the most resolute

intention, and filences the boldest tongue.

' How many letters did I write to my amiable ' girl! how many tender fonnets did I compose in praise of my beautiful mistress! what generous and ' honourable returns did she make! how soft and elegant was her diction! how refined were the mutual pledges of our love! how pleasing and inno-

' cent our consolations! At length languishing with defire, and my pa-

' tience quite exhausted, I took the resolution to de-' mand her of her father in marriage: he thanked me

' for the honour I intended him, but faid that, as I

' had myself a father living, it was necessary that

his consent should be asked: I politely acknow-

' ledged the justness of his observation, and not

' doubting that my father would readily approve of

the union, I immediately waited upon him, and

found him in his chamber reading a letter, which

he put into my hand before I could have time to

' acquaint him with my business. Cardenio, said he,

' you will see by this letter how great a favourite you

' are with duke Ricardo. This duke Ricardo, as

'you may very probably know, gentlemen, is a

' grandee of Spain, whose estate lies in the best part of this province. The contents of the letter struck

' me speechless; for the duke had made so very ad-

' vantageous an offer in my behalf, that my father

' could not possibly do otherwise than insist on my

accepting it. Two days hence, Cardenio faid he,

you shall fet out according to the duke's defire, and

' you ought to be thankful to heaven that you have

fo great a prospect before you. After this he gave me much good advice, and left me to myself. The night before my departure I waited upon Lucinda, and told her what had happened; I also made her father acquainted with the circumstance, and intreated him to preserve his good opinion of me, begging at the same time that he would not think of disposing of his daughter till I should know what employment duke Ricardo designed for me; he obliged me with a most satisfactory promise in my favour, which Lucinda confirmed by repeated vows

s of unchangeable fidelity and affection.

' I now left the city, and arrived at the feat of duke Ricardo, where I was received and entertained with ' fuch particular marks of efteem, that envy foon began to shew itself: but the person by whom I was ' most carressed, was Fernando, the duke's youngest ' fon, who was a gay, handsome young fellow, very ' generous, equally amorous, and had great natural ' politeness: he was pleased to honour me in so peculiar and intimate a manner with his friendship, that although his elder brother gave me feveral testimonies of his friendship, yet I could easily distinguish between their favours. Now as all fecrets are communicated between friends, Don Fernando, who relied as much on my fidelity as I did on his, revealed to me his most private sentiments, and among other things that he was in love with the daughter of a rich farmer who was his father's vassal; and such were the beauty, modesty, and discretion of this country maid, that none of her acquaintance could determine in which of these qualifications she excelled; and so charmed was the foul of Don Fernando with these endowments, that finding it impracticable to make her his miftress, he resolved, as the easiest conquest over her virtue, to promise her marriage; wherefore I thought myself obliged by all the ties of gratitude and friendship to diffuade him from his purpose, and made use of all the argu-

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arguments against it that I was master of; but finding them ineffectual, I refolved to acquaint the duke his father with his intention. Don Fernando, who had much cunning and differnment, believing my friendship would engage me to dif-· close a defign so prejudicial to the honour of his family, very artfully proposed to make a trial of ' absence, that common cure for love, and to make an excursion with me to my father's house, under foretence to the duke that he wanted to purchase fome houses in our town, which produces the best in the kingdom. To this proposition I very readily agreed, because I should thereby have the happiness of feeing my Lucinda. At that very time, as I ' afterwards learnt, he had enjoyed the country maid ' under the title of her husband, and only waited ' an opportunity to discover it with safety, being afraid of incurring the indignation of his father: but ' as love in young people is generally an irregular ' paffion, and vanishes with enjoyment, while real · love, a perfection of the human mind, is permanent s and facred, no fooner had Don Fernando gratified his defires, than his passion relaxed; and now, ' having obtained the duke's leave of absence, away "we both went to my father's house, where Don Fer-' nando was received and entertained in a manner fuitable to his quality.

'Soon after our arrival I went to visit Lucinda, who by a thousand innocent endearments made me sensible that her love, like my own, was rather heightened than weakened by absence, if any thing could heighten a love so great and so perfect; but, to my infinite misfortune, I made Don Fernando acquainted with my passion, esteeming myself obliged by the laws of friendship to reveal my most secret connexions to a person who had so freely entrusted me with his. I praised the beauty of Lucinda, her modesty, and other attractive qualities, so repeatedly, and with such ar lour, zeal, and enthusiasm,

as to raise in Fernando the strongest defire of feeing her; I therefore shewed the blooming girl to him one night by the light of a taper, at the window from which I used to converse with her. As soon as he beheld her, he at once forgot all the beauty he had ever seen before; to see her, was to love her; and to love her, was to be enraptured: he endeavoured to hide from me the impressions which her angelic person had made on him; but unhappily one day picking up a letter that she had written to me, particularly relating to our intended nuptials, and which displayed the utmost tenderness, fen-6 fibility, and prudence, he declared that every per-· fection of beauty and understanding had concentered in Lucinda alone. This encomium, however inft, was far from being pleasing to me; in short, I will not scruple to confess, that I began to suspect and dread his inclination: he was afterwards constinually talking of her, which created in me a fort of jealoufy; not that I was apprehensive of the · least inconstancy in Lucinda; for the daily gave · me recent affurances of her inviolable efteem; and wet I had all those little apprehensions and alarms, which are the natural refult of an ardency of affection. It happened one day that Lucinda, whose favourite reading was that of knight-errantry atchievements, defired me to accommodate her with the hiftory of Amadis de Gaul.'

It was impossible that Don Quixote could now keep filence any longer. 'Sir,' faid he, ' had you but told me, when you first mentioned the lady · Lucinda, that she was an admirer of the histories of chivalry, I should at once have been convinced of her many shining qualifications; yet, Sir, had " she not made use of those infallible guides to fensibility and wisdom, I doubt whether her accomplishments would have gained her the esteem of a person of your merit; but since she has a No. 5

taste for the sublimities of chivalry, I venture to pronounce her the most sensible and most beautiful woman in the world. I wish that with Amadis de Gaul you had also sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I am certain the lady Lucinda would have been highly entertained with Daryda and Garaya, as well as with the judicious fayings and ecloques of Darinel the Shepherd: but that omission may easily be rectified if you will do me the honour to accompany me to the place of my habitation, where I can shew you above three hundred volumes, and which are the chief happiness of my life: but I here make a mistake, for I recollect that Freston the enchanter has stolen them. I beg your pardon, Sir, for having broken my promise in thus interrupting your story; but when the least mention is made of knight-errantry, I can no more forbear to speak, than the sun-beams can cease to warm, or the moon to impart her natural humidity; but now, Sir, please to go on.'

During this forbidden interruption, Cardenio hung down his head, nor could Don Quixote prevail on him afterwards to finish his narration: at length, however, he suddenly raised his head, and thus expressed himself aloud: I am thoroughly convinced, nor shall any man ever persuade me to the contrary, that master Elisabat held a criminal com-

merce with queen Madasima,' *

Tis falle! 'tis falle!' replied Don Quixote aloud; 'by all the powers above 'tis falle, and a most scandalous reflection on the queen; her majesty's character was irreproachable; nor can it be supposed that a princess of her rank and dignity

^{*} Queen Madasima makes a great figure in Amadis de Gaul, and is attended by master Elisabat, a samous surgeon, with whom she roams and lies in solitary retreats.

would admit of such a freedom from a quack?

doctor: and that man, whoever or whatever he

be, who fays the did, is an impudent foundrel? and I will prove him fuch, either on horseback

or on foot, armed or difarmed, by night or by ' day, as will best suit his inclination or courage.'

Cardenio, whose eyes were most firmly and attentively fixed upon the hero of La Mancha, being enraged with this flagrant infult, took up a large stone in all the fury of madness, and aiming it at Don Quixote's head, down dropped the knight of the woeful countenance. Sancho Panza, on feeing his master fall, attacked Cardenio with his clenched fists; but Cardenio tripped up the squire's heels in an instant, and after trampling on his body, ran into the

thickest part of the wood.

As foon as the knight of the ragged breeches was gone, Sancho got upon his legs, and began to quarrel with the goatherd for not having told his master and himself that the man had intervals of madness: but the goatherd affirmed that he had sufficiently apprized them of what might happen, and that it was their own fault if they had not attended to him: to this the fquire made a reply, and the goatherd retorted: then the squire seized the goatherd's beard, and the goatherd laid hold of the fquire's; when they tugged as if they would have pulled off each other's chins: Don Quixote therefore interposed; Sancho, however, in great wrath keeping his hold, requested his master to decline his interference, observing, that as his antagonist was not a knight, he was subject to the chastisement of a knight-errant's squire: Don Quixote acknowledged the justness of his observation, but advised him to defift, as the cause of what had happened could by no means be imputed to the goatherd; peace therefore enfued; and Don Quixote then asked the goatkerd whether he thought there was a possibility of B b 2 meeting meeting with Cardenio again? for he was very defirous of hearing the conclusion of his story. The goatherd replied, that if they intended staying long in these parts, they would certainly see him again either mad or otherwise.

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Of the strange adventures which happened to the gallant knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena; and of the penance he did there in imitation of Beltenebros, or the Lovely Obscure.

As look as the knight of the ranged breaches was ON Quixote taking leave of the goatherd, mounted Rofinante, and ordered Sancho to follow him, which he did with much ill-temper, his mafter leading him through the most rough and traggy parts of the mountain. After travelling forme time without exchanging a word, Sancho, who was almost dead for want of a little char, waited with the utmost impatience for his master to begin, that he might not transgress his orders; but being quite unable to keep filence any longer, Sir Don Quixote, faid he, be pleased to bestow upon me your bleffing, and grant me leave to return home to my wife and children, where I can talk whatever I please, whenever I please, and as much as ever I please; for I had rather suffer death than be thus forced to travel at your heels both day and night through mountains and defarts without the privilege of opening my lips, Could beafts speak as they did in the days of Æsop, I would hold a little conversation with Rosinante, fince I must not speak to your worship. meeting

Well then, friend Sancho, replied the knight, I will give thee freedom of speech, on condition that it shall continue only during the time of our

' staying in this defart.'

'Agreed,' replied Sancho, ' and now my heart's at ease: let us talk while we may; and now to begin then: pray, Sir Don Quixote, what bufiness was it of your's to take the part of queen Magi-mala, or how d'ye call her? or what was it to you whether that same master Abat was her friend in a fing corner or no? had you let these things alone, the madman would have finished his story. and your worship would not have been knocked

down by him.

Friend Sancho, answered the knight, did'st thou but know how chaste a lady queen Madafima was, thou wouldst admire my patience in ' not having torn the fellow's tongue from his mouth for uttering fuch blasphemy against her; for it was a most infamous detraction to say that so good and virtuous a queen was familiar with her furgeon and physician; for the truth is, that this mafter Elifabat was a wife discerning man, and served her majesty in the capacity of counsellor as well as surgeon and physician: but to affert that she held a criminal intimacy with a person of such inferior degree, was equally groundless and slanderous; onor indeed is it to be supposed that Cardenio sknew what he faid, for his raving fit had evidently disordered the seat of his understanding."

For that very reason,' replied Sancho, ' your worship should not have minded what he faid; fuppose the stone had knocked out your brains, what a pretty condition we should have been in; and all on account of a queen forfooth! and as the law has nothing to do with a madman, the ragged sknight would have been acquitted, had he ever been

satched and brought to trial.'

Knights-errant, faid Don Quixote, are conftrained, by the facred laws of their profession, to fight with madmen as well as with others, in vindication of any woman, of whatever condition, whose honour is aspersed; and the more especially in justification of so renowned and amiable a perfonage as queen Madafima, whose exemplary patience in all her misfortunes was equal to her acknowledged discretion, sensibility, gracefulness, and beauty: and it was in the time of her calamities that the personal counsel of master Elisabat was of infinite service to her in encouraging her majesty to bear her afflictions with composure and equanimity: from which circumstance the low-born race of mortals took occasion to propagate a most · illiberal report, to the prejudice of a character that was adorned with every valuable and laudable qua-· lification.

As for my part, quoth Sancho, 'I know nothing at all about it; if they did what they shou'dn't, they've answer'd for it ere now; 'tis no bread and butter of mine; I never thrust my nose into other mens ' porridge; if you catch me in your corn, put me in your pound; let him who owns the cow, take her by the tail; look sharp, and say nothing; misun-

derstanding brings lies to town.

'Prithee have done with thy proverbial catalogue,' faid the knight, " nor talk of things that do not concern thee: with all thy five fenses remember this, that whatever I at present do, or shall in future do, must be considered as the result of a profundity of cogitation, and strictly conformable to the holy ' laws of knight-errantry.' 'And pray, your worthip, quoth Sancho, do the laws of knighterrantry require us to wander about in this defart in fearch of a madman, who perhaps, when we meet with him, instead of finishing his story, may ' finish our lives?' ' Have a little patience, friend ' Sancho,' faid the knight, ' for now I think on't,

I have fomething to do in this mountain which will afford me a degree of renown that shall fly to the remotest regions of the globe, and affix a stamp of perfection upon the great business of chivalry.

'Will it be a dangerous undertaking, Sir?' quoth Sancho. 'It may, or may not,' answered the knight:

the whole will depend on thy diligence."

' On my diligence!' quoth Sancho. " Aye, on thy diligence,' refumed the knight; 'for if thou dost speedily return from the place to which I shall ' fend thee, my affliction will foon be at an end, and ' my glory will begin; and because I doubt not thy zeal in my fervice, I will now discover to thee my defign: know then, my most faithful squire, that · Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplished and famous knights-errant that the world ever produced; one of them did I say? he was the chief of them all. Eternal shame on Belianis, and on all who prefume to fay he was his equal in any one point, for they are all egregiously in the wrong. It is the care of the most judicious painters to copy the most ingenious originals; and this maxim ought to be observed in every art and science of a wellregulated government: thus he who would wish to obtain the character of a man of prudence and equanimity, should imitate the great Ulysses, whom · Homer hath fo finely delineated as a person of the ' most exemplary patience and circumspection; Virgil also, in the person of Æneas, represents the piety of an affectionate fon, and the fagacity of a valiant and experienced commander; the Roman and Greek poets did not describe their heroes as they ' identically were, but as they ought to have been, as examples for fucceeding ages. Now the celebrated Amadis shone like the north star, or sun of * valiant and amorous knights; for which reason every champion, who fights under the banner of · love and chivalry, should imitate him as a pattern; for it is certain that he who approaches nearest to 10

fo illustrious an exemplar, hath the fairest chance of attaining to the perfections of knight-errantry. I find, friend Sancho, that one of the most distinguishing teltimonies which that hero gave of his fortitude, constancy, and love, was his retiring to the poor rock, when in diffgrace with his miftrefs · Oriana, to do penance under the name of Beltenebros, or the Lovely Obscure, a title very consonant to the life that he intended to lead: and as it is much easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing hideous monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, and dissolving enchantments, and as this folirude affords me so fair an opportunity, I am refolved to embrace it.'

But what is it that your worship really intends to

do in this place?' faid Sancho.

'To imitate, as I have already told thee, the ' valiant Amadis in his madness and fury; and also to copy the gallant Don Roldan, when he discovered in a fountain fome evident proofs of Angelica's difhonourable commerce with Medoro, which diftracted him to fuch a degree, that he tore up large trees by the roots, fullied the pureit ftreams, deftroyed flocks, flew shepherds, fired their huts, pulled houses to the ground, and committed a thousand other most furious exploits worthy of being recorded in fame's eternal register; not that I intend, however, to imitate Don Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotolando, (for he had all these names) minutely in every extravagance he committed, but only in the most eligible and effential parts of his character; nay it is probable that I may content myself with only copying Amadis, who, without launching into fuch destructive ravings, and who only expressed his anguish by tears and fighs, acquired an equal degree of fame with Don Roldan.

'Fairly and foftly, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'fairly

and foftly, thou, my fovereign lord and mafter, the knight of the woeful countenance! I suppose that these same knights whom your worship speaks of, had great cause of madness: but what cause of ' madness has your worship? —— fairly * and softly, Sir Don Quixote; - hath any lady given you just cause to be mad? — hath my lady Dulcinea been

' in a fnug corner with either Moor or Christian?' 'Thou wilt never form a true conception of knight-errantry, replied Don Quixote: 'it is be-' cause the lovely Dulcinea gives me not the least

occasion to be mad, that I am to be mad!'

' Mad because her ladyship gives you no occasion

to be mad!' quoth Sancho,

' Aye, boy,' refumed the knight, ' for what is there either strange or meritorious in being mad ' upon any just occasion? the rarity and merit consist ' in being mad without the least necessity or conftraint: here centres the refined and exquisite ' passion! I am to be mad without a cause, in order to give my mistress an idea of what I could do ' when moistened, if I can do so much when dry; " though in truth it so happens that I really have too just a motive to give way to frenzy and despair, confidering the time I have been ablent from that ' angelic creature, the empress of La Mancha; wherefore do not thou advise me to refrain from so rare, fo happy, fo admirable an imitation: I am mad onow, and shall continue to be mad until thou dost return with an answer to the letter which I shall fend thee with to my charming mistress, the lady Dulcinea; and if it be fuch as my love and confancy are entitled to, my distraction will end, and I shall do penance no longer; but should it be otherwise, I shall run stark mad in earnest, and consequently be insensible of my misfortune. But

^{*} In Spanish, passo ante passo, signifying, Be not too hasty; be not precipitate in determining.

Sancho, what hast thou done with Mambrino's helmet? I perceived thee to take it from the ground after that monster of ingratitude had vainly exerted his utmost efforts to break it, which by the way proves the excellent quality of its * metal.'

'S'life,' quoth Sancho, 'I can no longer bear to hear your worship run on at such a rate; it makes me think that all the fine things you have said about knight-errantry, such as winning islands, kingdoms, and empires, will end in nothing at all; for who besides yourself would for so many days together insist on't that a barber's basen is an helmet? the basen, which is bruised and battered, I have taken care of, and intend to get it mended for my own use, if I should have the good luck ever to return home to my wife and children.'

' I swear thou art the shallowest, silliest, and stu-' pidest booby of a squire that ever had the honour ' to serve a knight-errant!' said Don Quixote; ' is it possible that after thy travelling so long with me thou art not convinced that all the exploits of ' knight errantry appear to be chimera, abfurdity, and distraction? in this light they appear, as being ' metamorphifed, by the power of fascination, into the reverse of what they really are: for we pro-' fessors of chivalry are haunted by a tribe of enchanters, who change the appearance of our actions ac-' cording to the particular inclination they have either to favour or disappoint us: for which reason, that which I knew to be the helmet of Mambrino, ape pears to thee to be only a barber's bason, and to a third person it might probably appear a bird-cage: I cannot therefore but admire the providence of

of the

^{*} We are told before that this samous bason or helmet was broken in pieces; and one translator says, "it went into a "thousand pieces;" which is certainly a great absurdity, unless, according to many of the positions of that judicious expositor, Don Quixote, we could suppose the malicious Freston to have converted the bason into glass at the instant.

the fage, who has my interest so much at heart, in causing that inestimable helmet to look so much ' like a barber's bason; for had it the appearance of what it really is, its alluring value would raise me innumerable enemies, who would all be eager to ' fnatch from me fo tempting a prize; but fo long as it hath merely the femblance of a bason, nobody will cover it; which was evidently the case with the fellow who endeavoured to break it in pieces; for had he known its worth, he would have efteemed ' himself supremely fortunate in the possession of it; keep this helmer fafe, therefore, Sancho, for I have on need of it at prefent; on the contrary, I shall put off: my armour, and strip myself quite naked, in case I determine to invitate Don Roldan's penance ' rather than that of Amadis,'

Thus converling they arrived at the foot of a lofty rock that stood by stielf, as if it had been hewn from the others by which it was furrounded: a gentle stream glided by the skirts of it, winding through an adjacent meadow, that was profusely embellished with a variety of forest-trees, shrubs, and flowers. In this pleasing solitude the knight of the woeful countenance refolved to put in practice his amorous penance, 'This is the spot, ye heavens,' said he, 'in which an haples lover will deplore the misfortunes to " which ye have reduced him! here shall my flowing ' tears swell the water of this little brook, and my fighs move incessantly the leaves of those shady trees, in testimony of the excessive grief which ' possesses my foul. We rural deities, whoever ye are, that inhabit this retreat, attend to the lamentations of a lover, whom a tedious absence, and fome flight impressions of jealousy, have driven here to bewail the cruelties of an ungrateful fair one, who is the perfection of all terrestial beauty! Ye nymphs and dryads, the contemplative inhabitants f of folitary groves, attend to the mournful story of

t my woes, and affift me to complain: may no lasci-

vious fatyrs, those objects of your just aversion, break in upon your sweet repose. O Dulcinea del 'Toboso! thou fun of my days! thou moon of my nights! thou north-star of my travels! thou planet of my heart! thou glory of my fufferings! pity, I conjure thee, the dreadful fituation to which my absence has reduced me, and may heaven grant thee continual happiness! O ye verdant trees, who are to be the companions of my forrow, let the foft · language of your waving boughs convince me how welcome I am to linger away a life of fadnels among ye. And thou, my much-loved fquire, the fready companion of my adventures, observe attentively what I do, that thou mayst faithfully relate. every particular to the beautiful yet cruel cause of ' my calamity.'

The knight of the woeful countenance then difmounted from Rosinante's back, and taking off the bridle and faddle with his own hands, laid, 'And' thou, O Rosinante, that hast so long and so advantageously served me, now rove about at large; go rear thy aweful forehead wherever thou pleasest; famed beast! who wast never equalled in swiftness either by Hypogriff of Astolpho, or the renowned Frontino which Bradabante purchased at so high a

price.

'If poor Dapple was here,' cried Sancho Panza,
'I wou'd bestow some fine speech upon him too; but
he should not be turned loose, there being no sort
of occasion for it; for he knew no more about love
and madness than I do: but harkee me, Sir Don
Quixote, if my journey to the lady Dulcinea be resolved upon, Rosinante must be saddled again,
especially if the journey requires haste, for in good
truth I cannot go so far on foot.'

'In that respect do as thou thinkest fit,' replied Don Quixote: 'I intend that thou shalt set out for 'Toboso in the space of three days; till then thou shalt be witness to what I shall do for the sake of

letter

my Dulcinea, in order that thou mayst give her a true and perfect account of every particular circumstance. Heaven preferve my eyes! quoth Sancho; what more am I to fee than what I have ' already feen?' ' Thou haft feen nothing yet,' anfwered Don Quixote; thou shalt see me throw away my armour, tear my cloaths, and dash my head s against the rocks, and many other things of that fort. Methinks your worship had better not meddle with the rocks, quoth Sancho, left you flou'd get fuch a crack on the crown as may spoil your penance at once: with fubmiffion to your worship, as the whole is to be no more than a mockery, you had better dash your head against fomething fofter than rocks; and I'll take care to affure the lady Dulcinea that your worthip went to loggerheads with a rock. I thank thee, friend Sancho, replied the knight; but thou must know that what I intend to do will not be merely a fham, pretence, or mockery, but a very ferious matter; for otherwise I should transgress the laws of chivalry, which forbid knights-errant to tell lyes on s pain of degradation: to pretend one thing, and do another, is an evasion equally as bad as lying; for which reason I must dash my head against the rocks ' in earnest; and I would have thee leave me some Int and falve, fince fortune has deprived me of the holy balfam.

Sancho Panza desired his master to dispatch him with the letter to Toboso immediately, affuring him he would most circumstantially relate to the lady. Dulcinea the whole of his fufferings for her fake: he at the same time failed not to remind him of the bill he was to draw upon his niece for three affes. Don Quixote observed, that as he had no paper, the best thing he could do would be to write, in the manner of the ancients, upon the leaf or bark of a tree; but recollecting the pocket-book that had been taken from the portmanteau of Cardenio, he refolved writing his

letter in that, and enjoined Sancho to get it fairly copied by the schoolmaster of the first village he should pass through in his way to Toboso. Sancho then asking him what was to be done with regard to the figning it, Don Quixote made answer that loveletters were scarce ever signed, and that Amadis never used to sign his: the squire, however, most sagaciously observed, that bills were always properly subscribed, and that therefore if the bill for the three affes was to be copied throughout, the subscription might be deemed counterfeit. To this the knight replied, that the bill should be signed with his name, but that the letter should be only subscribed, yours till death, the knight of the woeful countenance. The champion of La Mancha then faid, that as the lady Dulcinea could neither write nor read, it was of no confequence in what hand-writing the received the letter; that her love and his had always been platonic, never extending beyond the modest bounds of an amorous glance, and that though he had been her fuitor upwards of ten years, he had never seen her more than four times; fo closely had the been kept at home by Lorenzo Corchuelo her father, and Aldonza Nogales her mother.

'Hey day,' quoth Sancho, 'what is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo the lady Dulcinea at last? 'I've known her many a day: her other name is 'Aldonza Lorenzo.'

'Thou art right,' answered Don Quixote, 'and 'she is worthy of being sovereigness of the uni-

'Egad she is a strapper,' quoth Sancho, 'and 'pitches the bar as well as any young fellow in the 'parish', she is a stout-built, sturdy lass, and has a 'main loud pipe of her own; O how she did roar 'one day! I'll tell your worship how it was: some 'ploughmen that were out in the field one day, being wanted in the village, Aldonza Lorenzo, now 'the lady Dulcinea, got up to the top of our steeple,

abitio!

and called to them; and though the fellows were ' half a league distant, they heard her at the first call, and quitted the field directly: and one good thing belonging to her is, she's not frumpish; she's a tractable lass, and fit for a knight-errant; she ' plays like a young kitten, and grins like a young ' monkey. Do pray your worship let me be gone forthwith to wait upon the lady Dulcinea, for I have a main longing to fee her now she is your ' worship's flame. How strangely have I lived in ' ignorance all this time; in good truth I thought the lady Dulcinea was some great princess, that was to be prefented with the spoils of your conquests; ' and I cannot forbear to think how plaguily difap-' pointed those people whom you commanded to wait ' upon her would have been, when, on expecting to fee a great princess, they had found the lady 'Dulcinea threshing in a barn, or carding of flax!' 'I have frequently told thee, Sancho, that thy ' tongue wants clipping,' faid the knight; ' though ' thou art by nature a dunce, thy jibes often bite + close: to shew thee, however, how far my discretion exceeds thy folly, I will tell thee a short story: ' An handsome young widow, who was rich, but no ' prude, happened to fall in love with a thick, fquat, brawny, clumfy lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent; the superior of which being informed of the circumstance, took occasion to go to ' her, and expressed his astonishment that a lady so 4 opulent and beautiful could place her affections ' upon fuch an ugly, half-witted, ill-bred fellow, while there were to many masters, graduates, and ' divines in the convent, who had personal and mental qualifications to recommend them to the politest and " most discretionate of the fairer sex. Signor, replied the lady, with a fmile, you are much deceived if you think I have made a bad choice in the fellow who appears so simple; for let me tell you, in one ' parparticular which I admire, he is more of a philoso-

pher than even Aristotle was.

Wherefore, Sancho, thou feelt that Dulcinea del Tobofo is as well adapted to my occasions as the greatest princess in the world. The poets, who have celebrated their ladies under fictious names, had not really fuch mistresses as they describe; the Flora's, the Sylvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, and others which we find in fongs upon the stage and in barbers shops, were feigned and adopted as subjects of verse, that the bards might be esteemed adepts in gallantry and love. Aldonga Lorenzo is in my idea chafte and beautiful: as to her birth and parentage, they concern me not at all; for as the is never to be knighted, 'tis of no consequence what her pedigree is: in short, the is to me the greatest princess in the universe: in beauty she excells all other women, and spotless is her reputation: I paint her in my imagination, according to my wish, in the possession of every distinguishing accomplishment, whether in beauty or in rank: neither Helen, Lucretia, or any other heroine which antiquity hath to boast of, whether Grecian, Roman, or Barbarian, were her equals; therefore I heed not what the vulgar fay, fo long as my conduct meets with approbation from men of strict morals and judgement.

Sir,' replied Sancho, 'I acknowledge you have reason on your side, and I own myself a blockhead; but I wish your worship would let me have the

· letter, because I want to be jogging.'

Don Quixote therefore now pulled out the pocketbook, and stepping aside a little, began to write his letter to the lady Dulcinea. As soon as he had done, he read it to Sancho, and desired him to retain it in his memory lest he should happen to lose it on the road: but Sancho requested to have half a dozen copies of it, saying that it would be ill-luck indeed if he should lose them all: the knight, however, laying a very strict injunction on him with respect to his care of the epiftle, Sancho promifed a most strict obedience.

DON QUIXOTE'S LETTER to the Lady DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

Illustrious Lady!

HE who is stabled to the quick with the poignard of absence, and wounded to the heart with love's most piercing darts, sends you that health which he wants bimself. If I am scorned by thy beauty, if thy virtue affords me no relief, if thy disdain continues to make me the wretchedest of beings, I at length must sink under the pressure of excessive affliction, though much inured to sufferings; for my pain is not only too violent, but too lasting. My faithful squire will give thee a particular account, O thou ungrateful fair one! of the dreadful situation to which thy cruelty bath reduced me : if it be thy pleasure to succour me, I am thy devoted slave; if not, I must patiently endure my miseries till the fatal moment of my disfolution.

Your's, till death,

The Knight of the Woeful Countenance.

- " Body of me!" quoth Sancho, " I never heard fuch a well-worded letter in all my born days! fo
- " round and so neat and so pat! and how cleverly
- 'your worship concludes, Your's, till death, the
- Knight of the Woeful Countenance: oddsbobbikins
- bounce, but I am quite delighted! Why your worfhip is a very devil at every thing!
- Ah! friend Sancho!' faid the knight, ' had not
- nature lavished on me her choicest gifts, I never " could have been fuch an ornament to mankind."

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Be so good, Sir, quoth Sancho, as to draw your bill for the three asses on the other leaf, and please to let the signing be very plainly wrote.

Don Quixote immediately wrote as follows to his

niece :

My dear niece,

AT fight of this my first bill of asses please to pay Sancho Panza three out of the five which I left in your custody at home, in consideration of a like number which I have received of him; and this bill, together with his receipt, shall be your discharge. Given in the howels of the Sierra Morena the twentieth and second of August in the present year.

Sancho approved of the bill, and defired his mafter to fign it.

'There is no occasion for setting my name to it at .

' full length,' faid Don Quixote; 'I'll put the ini-

' tials, which will be equally valid.'

Sancho was well fatisfied, and faid, 'I will forth-

with depart, nor stay to see any of your worship's mad tricks, though I will say that I saw you per-

form a thousand of them.'

'Nay,' faid Don Quixote, 'I will have thee flay a-'while, Sancho, and fee me flark naked, however; 'tis

' absolutely necessary thou shouldst see me practise a

dozen or two of mad pranks; I shall have dispatch'd

them foon: and when thou hast been an eye-witness

to them, thou may'st with a safe conscience swear thou hast seen me play a thousand more; for I dare

affure thee, thou never can't exceed the number

which I intend to perform.

Good Sir, quoth Sancho, I have no defire to fee your worship naked; it would grieve me so,

that I should perhaps cry my eyes out: but if you

* are resolved that I shall see some of your antics, pray personn them in your cloaths, and let them be such

s as are most to the purpose; for the sooner I go, the

fooner I shall come back; and the way to be gone,

is not to ftay here. I long to bring you an answer to your heart's content: for 'tis a thousand pities

fuch a valorous knight-errant as your worship

' should thus run out of your wits without knowing

why or wherefore; and I know what I know: if

the lady Dulcinea refuses to be kind, I shall out with something that she won't like, out it shall

' come by wholefale, I am determined.'

' In good truth, Sancho,' faid Don Quixote, 'thou

· feemest as mad as myself."

Not quite fo mad,' replied the squire, ' but most plaguy choleric upon occasion. What will your worship do for victuals while I'm gone? Will you run about like Cardenio, and rob the goatherds?'

Give thyself no concern about that matter,' replied the knight, 'though I had a plenty of provisions of different forts, I would take of nothing but the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees produce; the end and glory of my design being to

refrain from food, and to encounter other hard-

him to make the best of sqiffe.

Sancho Panza told his master he was apprehensive he should not be able to find his way back from Toboso to the meadow, it being a place so unfrequented and obscured; wherefore Don Quixote bid him take particular notice of the place, and told him that about the time he should expect him to return he would get upon the summit of the lostiest rock to watch for him. 'But hold a little, friend Sancho, said the knight, 'I have a better project in my head; 'thou shalt cut down some boughs from these trees,

and drop them as thou ridest along till thou dost

reach the flat country; which boughs, like the clue of Theseus in the labyrinth of Crete, will guide

' thee to thy affectionate mafter.'

Sancho Panza immediately began cutting down fome boughs, and then set off for Toboso: but the D d 2 separately

feparation was distressful beyond all conception: the knight sobbed! Sancho blubbered! and the sympathetic Rosinante gaped!

'Adieu, my dear squire!' said the knight, 'be fure take care of thyself, as well as of the noble

• fteed which carries thee.'

Sancho could make no reply; his affliction had totally deprived him of speech; wherefore he gave Rosinante a gentle kick on the belly, and rode away; strewing the boughs as he passed! but he had not gone far before he took it in his head to turn back, and told his master he thought it necessary that he should see him perform a few of his mad pranks before he went, in order that he might swear with the safer conscience. Indeed Don Quixote had called to him for this purpose before he had rode many yards.

The knight of La Mancha now stripping himself haked to the waist, and slipping off his breeches, gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, brought his heels over his head twice together, upon which Sancho rode away, fully satisfied that he might swear his master was mad; and so we will leave him to make the best of his way, till his return, which was much more expeditious than

could possibly be expected.

bit must et alla Legas blocht ett ami

CHAP. XII.

A continuation of the refinements in love practised by the famous Don Quinote in the Sierra Morena, or Brown Mountain.

Was fairly out of fight, the knight of the woeful countenance left off tumbling, and climbed to the top of a rock, where he meditated on what had so often

perplexed his mind: his subject of deliberation was, whether he should imitate Orlando in his furious, or Amadis in his melancholt madness. 'I do not wonder,' faid he, that Orlando was fo valiant a knight, confidering he was fo enchanted that no instrument · whatever could affect him except a pin thrust through the bottom of his foot; for which reason he always wore iron foles to his shoes; though this precaution did not avail him against Bernardo del Carpeio, who being informed of it, strangled him in his arms at Roncevalles. But fetting afide his natural valour, now let me examine his madnels, for it is an indubitable fact that he was a madman; nor is it less certain that his phrenzy was occasioned by the tidings he received of the ingratitude and criminality of Angelica, who had yielded to the lawless embraces of Modero, the little Moor with curled blocks, who was page to Agramante; and truly if f he was convinced of his miltress's bad behaviour, it is not furprifing that he ran mad upon the occasion: but how shall I imitate him in his fury, if I cannot imitate him in its cause? for I dare swear that my lady Dulcinea never faw a Moor in her life; and that the is more chafte than even chaftity itself: I should therefore do her an irreparable injury in imagining her otherwise, and adopting that kind of madness with which Orlando Futiofo was possessed. On the other hand, I find that Amadis de Gaul, without punishing himself with such distraction, or expressing his resentments in so boisterous and raving ' a manner, got as much reputation in the character of a lover as any one else: for what I find in history as to his abandoning himself to forrow, is only this: he found himself disdained, his lady ' Oriana having charged him to get out of her fight, and not to prefume to appear in her prefence till ' she gave him permission; and this was the cause of his retiring to the poor rock with the hermit, where he gave up himself wholly to grief, and wept a de-· luge

luge of tears, till heaven pitying his affliction, sent him relief in the extremity of his wretchedness. Now then, since this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to tear off my cloaths, rend and root up these harmless trees, or fully the pure water of these rivulets? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chuses to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel; of whom may be said that which is recorded of another, that if he did not perform great things, he at least nobly died in attempting: and though I am neither dissained nor discarded by Dulcinea, yet 'tis sufficient that I am absent from her. Then 'tis resolved! and now ye famous actions of the great Amadis, occur to my

remembrance, and be my trusty guides to follow his example.

Thus having faid, he call'd to mind, that the chief exercise of Amadis in his retreat was prayer: to which purpose, our modern Amadis presently made himself a rosary of galls instead of beads, but was extremely troubled for want of an hermit to hear his confession, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertained himself with his amorous contemplations, writing and engraving verses on the barks of trees, and on the smooth sand; all of which were on the subject of his own afflictions, or in praise of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso: but none were ever found intelligible and entire except the following:

Ye stately trees, whose out-stretch'd arms. Shelter and pleasure both bestow; Ye slow'ry shrubs, whose fragrant charms Enliven all the vale below; Attend, while here I sigh my love-sick tale! If griess can move ye, mine must sure prevail! But tho' my sorrows pierce the sky, You shall from me no harm sustain; For should my slame your moisture dry, My tears shall give it back again.

Ask you for whom I moan and go so? Why — Dulcinea del Toboso.

The truest swain love ever hit
Chose this sequester'd mournful shade,
To indulge his sadly am'rous sit,

Those griess which all his thoughts invade. Unconscious how he incurr'd the blind boy's ire, Love and despair consume his soul like fire.

Vain, vain, alas! is all my care!
Vain ev'ry tort'ring figh I vent:
Like fiends I weep, I burn, despair;
Like them, too, never can repent.

Ask you for whom my tears do flow fo?

Why — Dulcinea del Toboso.

While to th' oppress'd to give relief,
Thro' glory's thorny paths I rove,
Fate, cursed fate, augments my grief,
And but with woe rewards my love!
Then defarts wild, despairing, I explore,
Curse my hard stars, but still my Love adore,
Relentless Love no respite gives,
Arm'd, not with darts, but fiery snakes,
My soul to ev'ry passion drives,
And all my frame with madness shakes.

Ask you my cause of grief and woe so!
Why —— Dulcinea del Toboso.

The chiming of del Toboso in the above verses, created much mirth in those who found them: the poet, they surmised, had been apprehensive that with-out this admirable gingle to the name of his mistress, it would not be understood upon whom the stanzas were written; and indeed this was the real case, as he afterwards acknowledged.

In poetry, fighings, and lamentations, in invocations to the fawns and fylvans, in fympathies from the doleful voice of Echo, and in selecting herbs for the support of drooping nature, he amused himself till the return of Sancho Panza.

But we will now leave this most refined genius to his fighs, his poetry, and contemplations, and see what our friend Sancho was about in the course of his important embassy.

The

The squire, as soon as he was quite clear of the mountain, took the direct road to Toboso, and the sollowing day arrived near the inn where he had been so scurvily used by the blanket-tossers. Scarce had he descried the house when a tremor seized his whole frame, and he fancied himself to be again dancing in the air: he had a great mind not to stop here, but to ride farther on; however, it being dinner-time, and Sancho's mouth watering for a bit of hot meat, he rode up to the inn-gate, but yet did not dare to enter: while he sat hesitating, two persons came out of the inn, one of whom said to the other, 'Methinks this sellow has much the resemblance of Sancho Panza,

"whom Signor Quixada inveigled from his family."
"Tis the identical man," answered the other, " and

I could fwear to the horfe, for 'tis the fame that our

crazy adventurer used always to ride,'

The above two persons were Don Quixote's old friends, the curate and barber; the latter of whom eagerly addressing Sancho Panza with, 'Honest Sancho, where is thy master?' the squire, who immediately knew him, replied, that he had left him in a certain place, employed in some business of the utmost importance; but that where the place was, or what was the nature of the business, he would not discover on any account: the barber, however, insisted upon knowing where Don Quixote actually was, and told Sancho that if he refused to give such information, he should conclude that he had robbed and murdered him.

Fairly and foftly, neighbour, quoth Sancho; I am neither a thief nor a murderer; I plunder from nobody, and leave every man to fall by the hand that made him: my master is in a found skin, doing

penance in you mountain,

The squire then dismounted from Rosinante, and proceeded to a circumstantial narrative of his master's adventures: 'And here, gentleman,' said Sancho, 'here is a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, 'otherwise

otherwise Aldonza Lorenza, Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom my master is over head and ears in love.

The curate and barber, though well acquainted with Don Quixote's madness, were astonished at these recent very fingular instances of it. They now defired to fee the letter to Dulcinea. Sancho told them it was written on the leaf of a pocket-book, and that his mafter had ordered him to get it fairly copied in the first village he should stop at; upon which the curate promising to transcribe it himself, Sancho put his hand into his bosom for the book, but could not find it; he fumbled again and again for it, but to no purpose; in short, Don Quixote had been so much engaged with his intended imitations, that he had entirely forgot to give it to him. Sancho now became as pale as a sheet, and fearthing his whole body to no effect, burst into a volley of oaths, tore a part of his beard from his chin, and gave himfelf a bloody nose. Upon being asked why he handled himself to roughly, he replied, 'Because I'm ruined! I've lost ont only the pocket-book and letter, but a bill of exchange for three affes, drawn upon my mafter's ' niece, to make amends for the loss of poor Dapple, " who was stolen away from me by a wicked thief."

The curate, to make him easy, told him his master would certainly renew the draught upon his return to the mountain, and further assured him that a bill in a pocket-book was not valid: 'therefore,' said the priest, 'you must desire your master to give you a pro'perer bill, which I have not the least doubt he

'will do with the utmost readiness.'
'Nay then,' quoth Sancho, 'I care not a straw'
for the loss of the letter to Dulcinea, for I can say
'it by heart; so that it can be copied at any time.'

The barber then defired him to repeat it, in order that it might be transcribed by his friend the curate. Sancho pauled; fixed his eyes steadfastly on the ground; then looked upwards; struck his forehead;

No. 6 E e feratched

fcratched his head; but all to no purpose; he could not remember how the letter began. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I can't remember the contents upon an empty stomach: but stop a little:—oh,—aye,—right;—it began with, lusterious lady!'—'That's impossible,' said the barber; 'it must have been lustrucious lady!'—'Aye, aye, you are very right,' quoth Sancho,—'it was lustrucious lady fure enough. Well, now let me see if I can remember what followed next:—oh,—aye,—I have it:—He that is stabbed with a pig!—pig!—no, it was'n't pig neither,—though 'twas' something like it:—Well,—the next was, Love's piping darts sends you that which it has not got to send!—and the next, If it be thy pleasure to scour me, I am thy deluded slave:—and it concluded with, Your's, till death, the Knight of the Woeful Countenance.'

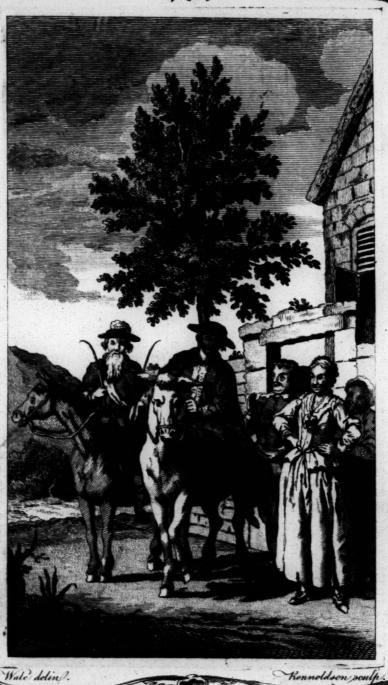
The curate and barber were so much diverted with this specimen of Sancho's memory, that they defired him to repeat the letter again; which he accordingly did, with additional absurdities. He afterwards told them that his master had promised to make him a governor of an island, and that the affair was absolutely determined on. The curate then desired Sancho to walk into the house with him to get some dinner; but the squire begged to be excused. I will wait at the gate, and tell you anon why I don't chuse to go into the house, sand some barley for Rosinante. The barber, accordingly, brought

In order to get Don Quixote from the mountain, the curate proposed disguising himself in the dress of a lady-errant, and that the barber should also disguise himself as a squire; that thus equipped, they would go to the mountain, where the former, on pretence of being a damsel in distress, would solicit Don Quixote to attend her to a certain place to redress

him fome meat.'

it is in

The Curate and Barber setting out in search of Don Quixote .



Lisquisid the Curate, and the Barber roam, (So find La Mancha's Knight, and bring him home ;-From his Romantic Penance to reclaim?, And give him Case, for Visionary Fame

an injury she had received from a discourteous knight.
By this means, faid the priest, we may cause him
to relinquish his mad penance, and get him back to
his habitation.

CHAP. XIII.

How the curate and barber put their project in execution; with other matters of the highest importance.

THE barber was delighted with the curate's proposition, and the latter immediately borrowed of the innkeeper's wife a furbelowed petticoat, a green velvet jerkin, and other things, leaving a new caffock in her hands by way of fecurity; while the barber made himself a long artificial beard from an ox's tail, in which the landlord used to hang his combs. The hoft and hofters being defirous of knowing what was to be done with these things, the priest gave them a fhort account of every particular; which leading them to conclude the object of this pleafant scheme to be no less a personage than the crazy knight who had prepared the balfam of Fierabrass, they related to the curate every circumstance of that affair, not forgetting the honour that had been conferred on Sancho in the memorable blankettofling event.

The priest being completely equipped in woman's apparel, covered his head with a quilted linen night-cap, bound his forehead with a garter of black tassety, (making a sort of mask with the other,) and then slapping his beaver over his face like an umbrella, seated himself sideways upon his mule, while the barber with his long beard got astride his own beast, and away they both trotted, accompanied by Sancho Panza: but they had not gone many yards from the

E e 2

inn before the priest began to be of opinion that he was committing an error in thus difguifing himself; in short, he apprehended he might in future be reproached for it, and therefore proposed an exchange of habiliment and character: the barber readily confented, and a mutation taking place, they continued their journey well fatisfied. Next day they arrived at the foot of the mountain, when they bid Sancho go on first to his master, and inform him, (provided he should have made no discovery of his omission to send the letter) that he had safely delivered faid letter into the hands of the lady Dulcinea, but that as her ladyship could neither write nor read, she had fent him an answer by word of mouth, which was, That on pain of incurring her unalterable indignation, he must immediately relinquish his penance, and repair to Toboso. Sancho accordingly struck into the clefts of the rock, in order to find out his mafter, leaving the curate and barber by the fide of a brook, where some rocks and trees that were about it formed a most agreeable and pleasing shade. They had not been here many minutes before they heard a voice, which, though unattended with any instrument, ravished their ears with its melody, nor could they think it the voice of a pealant, the words being more in a courtly than ruftic stile; as will appear:

What can increase its misery?

What can increase its misery?

Dire jealousy.

Still greater ills than these I've borne;

Absence and seorn!

The racking pangs that wring my breast What art, what charm can lull to rest?

By tedious absence, cold distain,

And jaundic'd jealousy, my hopes are slain.

monour 10

From love, the fource of all our cares. Proceed thefe tears; My new-sprung hopes are quite o'ercast By fortune's blaft; By fate's unalterable decree, Ne'er to be free. Death! only death can give relief To my accumulated grief: What can his wretchedness outdo. Whom fortune, fate, and love pursue?

An end can such missortunes have? Yes; in the grave. What can restore my peace of mind? Change like the wind. Can, but distraction, aught sustain My killing pain? Against my fate 'tis vain to strive, When nought can keep my hopes alive: Madness, change, death, alone can free My love-rack'd foul from mifery.

The feafon, the hour, the folitude of the place, together with the most pleasing voice of the singer, contributed to the surprise and satisfaction of the auditors, who were determined to discover from whence the delightful music proceeded: but scarce had they taken this resolution when their ears were saluted with the following fonnet:

Riendship so dear! to each just mind The greatest, purest blessing given! Who'ft left thy semblance, fraud, behind, But flown thyself from earth to heaven!

Send thy benignant fifter fair, Truth, ever blooming, ever free, To mark the shameless villain's snare, And guard mankind from treachery!

Else thou return, and o'er the heart Extend thy guile-correcting reign! Or love and order must depart, Guilt and deceit alone remain.

This fonnet was concluded with formany fighs and throbs, that the curate and barber began immediately. to look about for the mournful yet agreeable fongster, and foon met with Cardenio, who at this time was quite free from that frantic paroxylm which fo frequently feized him, and who related to them the fame tale which he had told Don Quixote, adding, that Fernando, whom he had esteemed as his bosom friend, proved one of the most perfidious and wicked of human beings; that by dint of the most illiberal artifice he had prevailed upon Lucinda's father to bestow her upon him in marriage, contrary to her own inclination, and in violation of every principle 'What tortures did I not feel,' faid of honour. Cardenio, 'when I beheld her in her wedding cloaths, on the point of falling a facrifice to the cruelty and avarice of her father ! O memory! thou fatal enemy

to my peace! why dost thou paint in such expressive

colours the charms of my Lucinda? —— A perpetual curse attend thee, thou infamous, thou de-

teftable Fernando!

Cardenio proceeded to inform them that the above fatal circumstance robbing him of his senses, he had repaired to that mountain, where he wandered the first three days fuccessively without keeping any road, till at length descending to a valley, he met with some goatherds, of whom he enquired the way to the most dreary part of the mountain; that as foon as he had got amongst some of the craggiest of the rocks, his mule dropped down dead from under him; that he became so wearied with fatigue and hunger, that he threw himself on the ground and fainted; that in a short time afterwards he got up, and could not perceive he had any appetite to eat: that he found fome goatherds by him, who, he supposed, had given him some sustenance, though he was not sensible of their relief: for they told him in what a wretched condition they found him, staring, and talking fo strangely, that they judged he had quite lost his senses. He faid that he generally lay in some hollow corktree, and that the goatherds most kindly supplied him with food: 'And thus,' faid he, 'must I drag a ' miserable being, till heaven, pitying my afflictions, ' will either put a period to my life, or blot out of ' my memory Lucinda's ingratitude and Fernando's perfidioufness.'

Just when the curate was about to give Cardenio fome of his best advise, he was prevented by the doleful accents of another voice; which will be treated of in the next or fourth book of this history.

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ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE RENOWNED

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the new and pleasing adventure which befel the curate and barber in the Brown Mountain.

OST gloriously fortunate was that age which produced the great and valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha! by whose falutary, constitutional, and laudable revival of the honourable order of knight-errantry we are now entertained with his no less authentic than delightful adventures, and also with various episodes, founded equally on the basis of truth, and furnishing us with equal amusement.

You have been told, gentle reader, that just when the curate was about to give some seasonable consolation to the unhappy Cardenio, he was prevented by the distressful accents of another voice. 'At 'length kind heaven,' said the unseen mourner,

- · hath directed me to a place in which I shall find a
- grave for this miserable body of mine! yes, if this
- aweful solitude does not deceive me, here can I in
- ' peace vent all my forrow! here can I contemplate

my woes! here give an unlimited indulgence to my melancholy! Kind, pitying heaven! 'tis to you a-

' lone that I complain; for it were vain to express

my miseries to faithless man!

The curate and his company now repairing to the place from whence they conceived this lamentation to proceed, they beheld, at the foot of a rock, a boy, as they imagined, fitting under an ash-tree, in the attire of a peasant, washing his feet in a stream that glided by him: they stole toftly upon him, and perceived that no alabafter could be more white than were his legs and feet, which were also admirably proportioned. Concluding that so much delicacy could never have been used to follow the plough although the youth was in the habit of a peafant, they were much aftonished at what they faw. The curate, who went foremost, and who was unperceived by the supposed boy, made a fignal to the others to retire behind a rock. In a few moments this engaging figure wiping his delicate feet with an handkerchief, and taking off his cap, a large quantity of lovely hair flowed not only down his shoulders, but almost down to the legs, and an handsomer face neither of the observers had ever feen before: in short, it was now evident that this pleasing image was a beautiful girl; and the beholders now discovering themselves to her, she instantly started up, and without staying to put on her shoes, fnatched up a small bundle that lay on the ground, and ran frighted away: but alas, she had not gone far, when her tender feet, unable to bear the roughness of the stones, unfortunately slipped, and the fell down. The curate immediately went to her affiftance, and offering to raife her up, affured her he should be happy in doing her any fervice in which she would please to command him; and begged to know the cause of those misfortunes which her sad appearance too plainly manifested. She stood amazed, without speaking a word, staring wildly upon one, and then on But at last the curate having given her another. No. 6 time

time to recollect herfelf, and perfifting in his earnest intreaties, she breathed a deep sigh, and then unclosing her lips, broke filence in the following terms: 'Since this folitude hath not sufficiently concealed me, and my hair has betrayed me, it were ' needless now to diffemble with you; and fince you defire to know the cause of my misfortunes, I canonot deny you, after the obliging offers you have been pleafed to make me: yet I am apprehensive that what I have to fay will but make you fad, and afford you therefore no fatisfaction; for you will find ' my diffresses are not remediable. There is one thing that troubles me yet more; it shocks my nature to ' think I must be forced to reveal to you some secrets which I had defigned to have buried with me in my grave; but yet confidering the garb and the place ' you have found me in, perhaps it will be better to ' relate to you every circumstance; which will pre-' vent your having any groundless occasion to doubt of my past conduct and my present designs by an 'apparent refervedness.'

This preamble was uttered with fuch a melting fweetness of voice, and with fuch engaging innocence, that they were impatient to hear her proceed. She now put on her shoes with great modesty, adjusted her hair, and then shedding a few tears, very articu-

lately recounted the following story: 'The place of my nativity is a certain town in this province of Andalusia, from whence a great duke derives his title as grandee of Spain: he hath " two fons, the eldeft of whom is heir to his effate, and I believe to his virtues; but the younger poffesses nothing but falsehood and treachery: my parents are vaffals to this duke; and fo opulent are they, that if their lineage was equal to their wealth, they could have wanted nothing more, and I perhaps had never been so miserable. As my parents had no other child than myself, they bestowed on s me every indulgence that was not repugnant to

common

common prudence. I always lived retired, went every day to mass, and veiled myself with such referve, that I scarcely perceived the ground upon which I trod: however, it was rumoured abroad that I was handsome, and love soon intruded into my peaceful retirement; and as soon as Don Fernando, the aforementioned duke's youngest son, —the instant that Fernando's name was mentioned. Cardenio was seized with a violent agitation of both mind and body, but becoming gradually composed, he fixed his eyes very earnestly upon the young woman, who proceeded thus with her story.

As foon, I fay, as Don Fernando beheld me, he f made use of the most flattering expressions, and told · me I was the fole object of his affections: after-' wards he most artfully made my father several offers of his best services, and also wrote me several love-' letters full of promites and folemn protestations. But all this affiduous courtship was so far from in-' clining my heart to a kind return, that it rather * moved my indignation; infomuch that I looked ' upon Fernando as my greatest enemy, and one " wholly bent on my ruin: not but that I was well enough pleafed with his gallantry, and took a fecret delight in feeing myfelf thus courted by a person of his rank; but the disproportion of our respective qualities rendered it impossible for me to entertain any favourable sentiment of his addresses. ' father perceiving I was fomewhat uneafy, and imagining the flattering prospect of so advantageous a match might still amuse me, told me one day ' he reposed the utmost confidence in my virtue, esteeming it the strongest obstacle he could oppose to Don Fernando's intentions, which he was fure were not honourable; that if I chose to marry any one on an equality with myself, I should have full liberty of fnch choice, either in our own town or the neighbourhood; and that he would do F f 2

for me whatever could be expected from an affec-

tionate parent.

' Don Fernando discovering that my parents were about to bestow me in marriage, intruded himself one night into my apartment; where I was attended by only my maid; and feizing me in his arms, pouring forth repeated protestations, and shedding the tears of a traitor, made a confiderable impression on my weak mind: however, my first surprise being over, I rallied my diffipated spirits, and told him that though my body was confined within his arms, ' my foul, with all her chaftity, was in my own poffeffion; that neither his riches, his words, fighs, or tears, would influence me in the leaft, if his defigns were not strictly honourable; and that I would never grant favours to any man but fuch as should be my lawful spouse. He then called me his charming, his heavenly Dorothea, and fwore by the image of the bleffed virgin that he was actuated folely by the strictest and purest fincerity.'

At the mention of Dorothea a recent emotion of violence shook the whole frame of Cardenio, who interrupted the young woman with observing to her that he had heard of one with the name of Dorothea, who had met with similar misfortunes; and then de-

firing her to proceed,

Don Fernando,' continued Dorothea, ' invoked the bleffed virgin to bear witness that he meant to be my lawful husband, and avowed him such with the most binding and sacred oaths: again he sighed, again he wept, and impressed me more and more with fresh marks of his passion: I called my maid to me; but she soon treacherously left the room; and the base Fernando, presuming on my weakness, compleated his infamous design. He left me at dawn of day, telling me I might rely on what he had promised, and as a pledge of his sincerity pulled a ring of great value from his singer, and put it upon mine is

mine; and my maid, who, as the confessed it to me, had let him in privately, took care to let him

out into the street, while I remained distracted, and

either forgot, or had not spirit enough to chide her

for her treachery, not knowing yet whether she had

done me a benefit or an injury.

' The following night Fernando visited me again, but never came afterwards, neither could I ever fet my eyes upon him, either at church or in the ftreet, although I knew he was in town, and engaged in the chace almost every day. Soon afterwards a ' report was spread that Fernando had married a young lady of great beauty and high birth, whose

' name was Lucinda.'

Cardenio now shrugged his shoulders, bit his lips, and let fall a few tears; Dorothea, however, proceed-

ed with her ftory.

' This report,' faid she, ' inflamed me with fuch ' rage and fury, that I had almost determined to run into the streets, and publish aloud the infamy of ' Fernando; however, I took a different method: I ' dressed myself in this habit, and, in company with one of my father's fervants, to whom I disclosed the whole of my misfortune, very privately fet out one evening for the city where I had learnt Don Fer-* nando resided. In two days and an half I arrived at the city, and found that on the night when Lu-' cinda was to have been married, she fell into a ' fwoon, and that Fernando opening her bosom for the fake of fresh air, found a letter in her own hand-writing, importing that she could not legally betroth Fernando, being already the wife of one * Cardenio: a poignard being afterwards found in ' fome part of her cloaths, with which it was evident * she intended to destroy herself, Fernando, enraged * to find himself thus disdained, would himself have ftabbed her to the heart with this poignard, had he not been prevented by her friends. Lucinda, as foon as the recovered, perfifted that the was the

true and lawful wife of Cardenio; who, it was

reported, had quitted the city in despair. This

' circumstance was the common town-talk; and soon afterwards Lucinda was missing, nor could the

most diligent enquirers obtain the least intelligence

of her.

During my stay in this city, undetermined what to do, (for the base Fernando had fled after his at-' tempt on Lucinda's life,) the public crier of the · place described my person and dress in the open ftreets, with the offer of a confiderable reward to any one who should apprehend me; and indeed a fcandalous report was also spread that I had seduced and taken with me one of my father's fervants. · Touched to the very foul with this equally illgrounded and injurious rumour, I immediately left the city, attended by my fervant, and in the evening arrived in the most woody part of this moun-' tain to avoid being discovered. Here I thought ' myself in perfect safety; but how was I mistaken! My fervant, who had hitherto behaved very refpectfully, had now the affurance to talk to me of · love; and finding he had very little probability of ' fucceeding, began to employ force for the accom-' plishment of his purpose: but commiserative heaven relieved me in this diffress; for I pushed the villain from me, who being near a precipice, tumbled ' headlong down it; and away I then ran amongst the thickest of the trees for shelter.

'In this place I have spent several months. Not long since I met with a grazier, who took me to his house, situated in the center of the mountain, in whose service I continued some time, looking after his cows and sheep; but notwithstanding I took every possible precaution to conceal my sex, he discovered me to be a woman, and behaved to me as my servant had done: I however found means to leave him, and returned to this spot, beseeching heaven to pity my wretchedness, and either to direct

· me

- e me to a means of overcoming it, or put a period to
- the miserable existence of a being, who more by ill-
- ' fortune than design is become a subject of conver-
- fation for the world.'

CHAP. II.

An account of Dorothea's discretion; with other entertaining matters.

THE beautiful Derothea now defired the curate to direct her to some place where she might be secure from those who were in pursuit after her; for,' said she, 'though I well know that my parents, from their great affection, would readily receive me into their favour, yet the very idea that they should have altered their good opinion of me, so tortures my soul, that I wish to hide myself from them for ever.'

A modest blush now demonstrated the confusion of her mind: and Cardenio, with great tenderness, taking her by the hand, said, 'I find then, madam, you are the daughter of Cleonardo, who is well known for his opulence.' Dorothea was astonished to hear her father's name mentioned by a person who had so deplorable an appearance: 'Cleonardo my father!' said she; 'nobody has yet heard me mention my father's name!'

'O thou beauteous daughter of ill-fortune!' exclaimed Cardenio, 'I am that wretched being to 'whom Lucinda faid she was married! I am that 'Cardenio! that self-same miserable Cardenio!'

The unhappy youth then proceeding to very sufficient testimonies that he was the identical person, they both returned God thanks for having ordained their

their equally advantageous and wonderful meeting, It is possible, said Cardenio, that heaven may referve for both of us a more favourable termination of our calamities than we imagine; for supposing that Lucinda, who you say declared herself to be my wife, cannot be wedded to the persidious Don Fernando, nor he wed her, as being betrothed to you, we may one day or other have what mutually belongs to us; for I swear by the honour of a gentleman and a christian that I will force Don Fernando to do you strict justice.

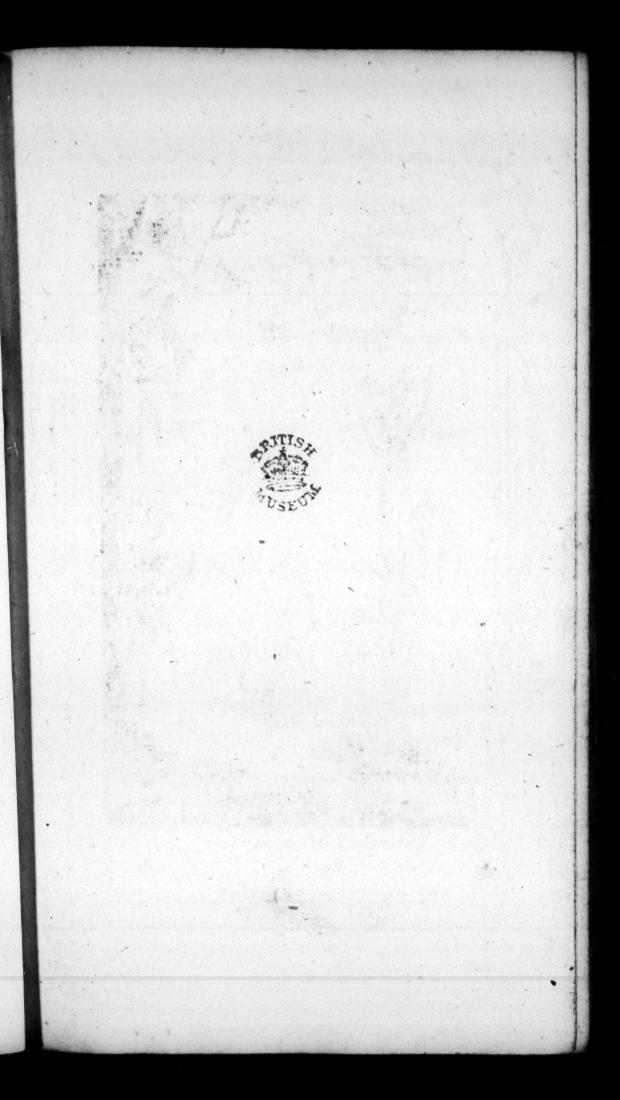
Dorothea manifested her gratitude for this generous offer, by throwing herself at Cardenio's feet; but the youth immediately raised her from the ground,

and embraced her in the most tender manner.

And now a distant voice was heard! --- a voice expressive of distress! --- it was the voice of Sancho! --- who not finding the curate and barber in the place where he had left them, almost tore his lungs with hollowing; but at length getting sight of them, he informed them that his master was resolved never to quit the mountain, however the lady Duscinea might wish or command it, till he had performed some ex-

ploits worthy of her goodness.

From the further conversation which the curate held with Sancho relative to his master, Cardenio recollected having feen him, and Dorothea, who was now in pretty good spirits, undertook the character that the barber was to have performed; for which purpose she took from her bundle a gown and petticoat of very rich stuff, an elegant green mantelet, and a variety of jewels: and now mounting the barber's mule, the rode with Sancho Panza and Mr. Nicholas (who was now to act the character of squire as first intended) to pay a visit to Don Quixote, while the curate and Cardenio followed them at a distance on foot. When they had travelled about three quarters of a league, they descried the hero of La Mancha; who by this time had put on his cloaths, though not his



Olicomicona begging the afsistance of Don Quixote .



Our Knight, the Princefs in a humble strain Implores, to fix her on her Throne again?; Mounting his steed, he vows, without delay, Giants shall fall, and frowns his arms obey.

his armour. As foon as Dorothea was informed he was the person, she whipped her palfrey, and approaching close to the knight, the barber difmounted from his mule to help his lady to alight; but she dismounting with great agility, fell at the feet of Don Quixote, (who in vain endeavoured to raise her,) and expressed herself in the following terms: "Thrice va-Iorous and invincible knight! never will I rife from this place, till your generofity has granted me a boon, ' which shall redound to your honour, and relieve the most injured damfel that the fun ever beheld; and indeed if the strength of your arm be answerable to the extent of your renown, you are bound by the · laws of honour, and the knighthood which you profess, to succour a diffressed princess, who, led by the resounding same of your wonderful feats of arms, comes from a very remote corner of the globe

to implore your protection.

Dorothea then informed him that the boon which the folicited was, that he would go with her whereever it should be her pleasure to lead him, and not engage in any other atchievement till he had taken vengeance on a traitor who had usurped her crown, contrary to all right either human or divine. Quixote intreated her to arise, promised to restore her to the throne of her royal ancestors, and ordered Sancho to reach down his armour, which was hung up in a tree. The barber now, who had been kneeling all the time, affifted his lady to mount her mule again, and Don Quixote mounted Rofinante.

Thus prepared for a most signal atchievement, they fet off, and Sancho followed on foot. Cardenio and the curate, who had at a diftance beheld every thing that paffed, could contrive no scheme to join them, till at length however the priest thought of an expedient: having a pair of feiffars about him, he cut off Cardenio's beard, and putting on him his own black coat and grey jacket, remained himself in his doublet and hose. Thus disguised, they stationed themselves

No. 6 Gg thrice bleffed be this meeting! O thou mimour of chivalry, my valiant hero and friend Don Quixote de la Mancha! the cream and flower of gentility!

the shelter and relief of the afflicted! how rejoiced

am I to have found you!

Don Quixote, amazed at the words and action of the curate, looked very earnestly at him, and recollecting his features, was struck speechless with altonishment at seeing him in that place, and offered to alight from Rosinante, which the priest would not fuffer, but only intreated permission to get up behind the princes's squire. Don Quixote then enquiring of the princess whether the mule upon which her fquire rode would carry double, and she answering in the affirmative, the knight requested that her squire might compliment the priest with the saddle of the mule, and himself ride on the crupper: upon this, the barber instantly dismounted, and the ecclesiastic got on the mule; but when the barber attempted to get, up behind, the mule, which was an hireling, and of confequence mischievous, began kicking with her hind legs in such a manner, that Mr. Nicholas soon fell to the ground, and off dropt his beard at the fame time; upon which, to prevent being discovered, he clapped both hands before his face, and complained that the mule had kicked out his teeth. Don Quixote feeing the beard lie on the ground, expressed his aftonishment that the mule should have kicked it fo cleanly from the barber's chin without causing any blood. The curate instantly dismounted, and fnatching up the tail from the ground, ran with it to Mr. Nicholas, and fixed it to his chin again, and then turning to Don Quixote, faid, 'This have I done by virtue of a never-failing charm: a circumstance that greatly increased the knight's admiration. who begged that the prieft would at a proper opportunity impart to him a charm of fuch intrinsic virtue.

As the mule would not carry double, it was agreed that the curate should ride alone; wherefore Mr. Nicholas, with Cardenio and Sancho Panza, followed, on foot, the hero of La Mancha, the princess, and

the ecclefiaftic.

Now may your majesty, faid Don Quixote to Dorothea, 'conduct me wherefoever it be your royal will and pleasure.' But before she had time to reply, the priest interposed with, 'I am strongly of opinion that your majesty is going to the kingdom of Micomicon,' Dorothea readily answered, 'Yes, Signor, you are quite right,' Then the way to it, faid the curate, lies directly through our vil-· lage, from whence there is a streight road to Carthaegena, where your majesty is to embark; and with a fair wind and smooth sea your majesty will in about nine years reach the vast lake of Meotis. which is somewhat more than an hundred days ' journey from your majesty's kingdom.' ' Surely, · Signor, you must now be in a mistake, replied Dorothea, for it is not two years fince I left my kingdom, and have to far succeeded in the purpose of my departure, as to have obtained a fight of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose atchievements hath reached every part of the globe, and to whose public virtue, incom-' parable prowefs, and unconquerable strength, I ' come now to appeal for a redress of personal in-' juries.' 'Enough, enough, madam,' saidthe knight; fpare your encomiums; I dislike stattery; it is my fludy to deserve, yet avoid applause: all that I will venture to fay is, that whether my prowess be in-comparable or not, or my strength unconquerable, I am wholly at your majesty's service, even at the expence of the last drop of my blood.' Don Gg 2 Quixote Quixote then turning to the curate, said he was surprised to see his reverence travelling so ill attended and so slightly cloathed; upon which the priest informed him that Mr. Nicholas the barber, and himself, had set out for Seville to recover a sum of money, and that in their journey back they were attacked by four highwaymen, who had also robbed and stripped the young man in company, (pointing to Cardenio;) that he had been well assured those same robbers were galley-slaves, who with several others had been set at liberty by a single man in desiance of the guards who had the care of them; 'and most undoubtedly,' added the curate, 'the man must have been either out of 'his senses, or as great a rogue as the worst of them,

for he has stopped that regular course of justice without which it is impossible for a kingdom to

' fubfift, and has not only violated his allegiance, but actually rebelled against his sovereign, as well as

' put in confusion the holy brotherhood, who so many 'years had continued in the most perfect repose; he

has besides endangered his life upon earth, as well

as his falvation hereafter,'

Sancho had previously related the adventure of the galley-slaves, and therefore the curate declaimed as much as possible against the folly and rashness of such a rescue, to observe how Don Quixote would hear it, whose countenance evidently changed, and who made no reply. 'These,' added the priest, 'were the persons who robbed us; but may God for give them, and the man who so wickedly set them at liberty.'

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fortune to to a with a famous champion and bailelie.

erant, who would need for weather section towns med CHAP. in. with the line and line and

The pleasant contrivance to disengage our enamoured knight from his rigorous penance.

HE curate had no fooner thus expressed himself, than Sancho blundered out, Then that man who fet the flaves at liberty was my f mafter; and though I prayed him not to do it, and told him what a fin it was to let loofe fuch a gang of villains, he paid no heed to me.' Upon this, Don Quixote called Sancho an ignorant blockhead, and faid it was not the business of a knighterrant to enquire into the crimes of the unfortunate; to relieve the wretched, and not to examine into their demerits, was the duty of knight-errantry. I ' chanced,' faid the knight, ' to meet with a string of miserable and discontented objects, in whose be-' half I acted according to the dictates of my con-' science; and whoever blames my conduct is ignorant of the laws of chivalry; this affertion I will ' maintain with my fword.' Then fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, and appearing very angry, Dorothea begged him to restrain his indignation: Don Quixote most readily and politely complied with the request of the princess, and then intreating her to favour him with an account of her misfortunes, Dorothea with admirable invention informed him, that the king her father, who was called Tinacrio the fage, having great skill in magic, foretold that her mother, queen Zaramilla, would die before him, and that he should not survive her long; that after his demise, his daughter and heiress to the kingdom (Dorothea) would be dethroned by a certain giant named Pandafilando; that she would, in confequence, abandon her territories, and fly to the kingdom of Spain, where she would have the good fortune to meet with a famous champion and knighterrant, who would most generously redress her sufferings, and exercise his valorous arm against the imperious and inhuman Pandasilando!

Well,' friend Sancho,' faid Don Quixote, turning to his squire, 'what is thy opinion now of

" things ?"

Sancho made his master no reply, but running up to Dorothea, laid hold of the brible of her mule, and begged permission to salute her little-singer; to which she instantly complied, and promised to make him a grandee as soon as she should recover her kingdom.

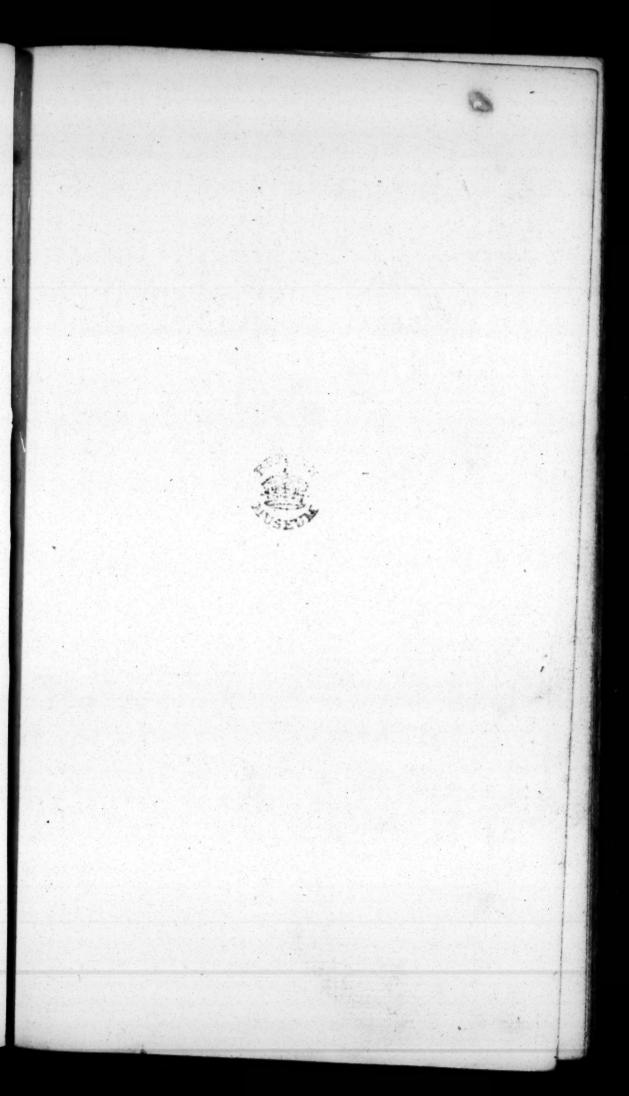
Don Quixote now addressing himself to Dorothea, said, 'Much-injured princess! I will sever the head of Pandasilando from his body; and when I replace you on the throne of your royal ancestors, it shall be in your own choice to dispose of your person as you shall think proper: for so long as my passions are devoted, and my intellects wholly subjected to that dear angel whom I now forbear to name, 'tis impossible I should deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying any other person, were she even a phoenix.'*

These last words of Don Quixote disgusted Sancho, Panza very much. 'Body o'me!' cried Sancho,

- your worship is certainly out of your wits! how are an you neglect striking a bargain with such a
- fine lady as this? d'ye think dame fortune will put fuch dainty bits in your way every day? my lady
- Dulcinea is not half so handsome, nor worthy even

to wipe her majesty's shoe-strings!

^{*} Here Don Quixote manifests more sidelity to the lady Dulcinea than when, after describing his ideal empire, where the infanta is married to the knight-probationer, he regrets (comparing himself to such imaginary knight) his having no lineal claim in marriage to the daughter of any king in whose service he should display his prowess.



(Don Quixote knocking down Sancho)



Don Quixore not being able to brook such blasses against the empress of La Mancha, bestowed upon Sancho's shoulders two such strokes with his lance, as brought him to the ground, where he would inevitably have been murdered, had not Dorothea interceded for him. Thinkest thou, said the knight, thou ill-bred peasant, that I am always to put up with thy insults? Who dost thou imagine is to restore this princess to her throne, cut off the head of Pandasilando, and by these means create thee a marquis, but the power of Dukinea; who makes use of my arm, as the instrument of her act in me? in me she fights and conquers! in her I live, breathe, and support my honour.

Sancho, at the desire of Dorothea, now imploring forgiveness of his lord and master, a pardon was granted him; and soon afterwards, in the course of their journey, they met Gines de Passamonte, dressed like a gipsey, astride on Sancho's ass. Gines, as soon as he saw so much company, leaped from the ass, and took to his heels; upon which Sancho ran to his dapple, and kissing him in a transport of joy, exclaimed, 'O my darling! my treasure! my life! my 'love! my comfort! my joy! my every thing! how

delighted am I to fee thee again!

CHAP. IV.

Containing a dialogue between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

HEN thou didst wait upon the lady Dulcinea,' said Don Quixote, 'how didst' thou express thyself to her? what answer did she deign to make thee? how did she look while she read my letter? and who copied it fairly for thee?

'Satisfy

THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF

Satisfy me in these particulars.' Sir,' replied Sancho, if I must speak the downright truth, nobody copied the letter, for I had no letter to be copied.' Right, friend Sancho,' faid the knight; 'for · I found the pocket-book, in which it was written, two days after thy departure; which gave me the utmost grief: how then didst thou manage? what didft thou do in that case? for I am impatient to hear thee fay fomething of my heavenly fair one." What did I do?' replied Sancho, 'why, having a tolerable good headpiece of my own, I remembered every word that your worship read to me, and ree peating the whole to the clerk of the parish, he took a copy of it, and faid it was the bestworded thing he had ever copied in his life. ' Very well,' faid the knight; ' and how was my Dulcinea employed at the time when thou didft wait upon her? I prefume she was either string-· ing oriental pearls, or embroidering fome curious device for me her champion and lover.' No, and please your worship, replied Sancho, she was doing neither; she happened to be winnowing two bushels of wheat in the back-yard.' But then,' refumed the knight, 'didft not thou perceive that every grain of that wheat was converted into a e pearl by the touch of her delicate fingers? prithee was not the wheat of the pureft and finest kind?' No, replied Sancho, I never faw coarfer in my · life.' · Since, however, 'it was winnowed by her fair hands,' quoth Don Quixote, it will infallibly make the whitest bread in Spain. When you de-Livered my letter to her, did she not kiss it? · Kiss it!' no, she did'n't kiss it,' replied Sancho; · fhe threw it upon the fack, and faid she would read 'it presently.' 'How discreet was she in that par-' ticular!' faid Don Quixote; ' fhe knew that a' ' perusal of it required leisure, and therefore de-' ferred it for her more private moments. What enquiries did she make about me?" 'None at all," answered

answered Sancho. 'Another proof of her discretion!' faid the knight; ' she would ask no questions, in order · that she might receive the greater pleasure from my letter. When she had finished the wheat, did not · the immediately retire to read my letter?' No,' replied Sancho, 'for your worship knows she could never read in her life; in short, Sir, she tore the letter to-· pieces, because she cou'd'nt read it, and sent her kind love to you, commanding me to tell your wor-* thip that the had much rather fee you than hear from ' you, and begged you wou'd quit your penance, if ' you had any regard for her.' 'Tender angel!' faid our hero ' and what jewel did the prefent thee with as a reward for the news that thou didst take to her?' She gave me nothing but a luncheon of breadand-cheefe,' replied Sancho.' Generous creature!' faid the knight; ' she will give thee a jewel some other time. But what greatly furprifes me, friend Sancho, is thy having made fo speedy a return from Toboso, ' which is at least thirty leagues distant. Certainly the fage, who is fo much my friend, hath occasioned this ' uncommon expedition,' ' I believe there was fome ' witchcraft in the case,' replied Sancho, ' for Rosi-' nante galloped all the way like a devil, though I did'n't spur him onco.' Yes, yes, 'tis plain,' refumed the knight, ' that this fage gave thee his af-' fistance; but what is thy advice, friend Sancho, with ' regard to my visiting the lady Dulcinea? I know ' her power should regulate my will; but on the other hand, my honour engages me in the service of this * princess: between love and glory how shall I act? - 'tis resolved: - I'll seek the giant Pandalifando, reinstate the princess on her throne, and then return * triumphantly to my lady Dulcinea, who will excuse my still longer abience when I convince her 'twas " for her fame and glory." 'Your worthip is much in the wrong,' faid Sancho, ' to take fuch a long · journey without first securing the princess in wedlock, whose dowry is a large kingdom.' Whether I marry the princess or not, replied Don Quixote, No. 7 Hh f thou thou wilt be fufficiently taken care of; for on con-

' quering Pandafilando, and declining the marriage, I

' shall have a part of the kingdom at my disposal.

and will affuredly bestow it upon thee."

While they were thus converfing, Mr. Nicholas called to them to halt; and by this time Cardenio had put on the peafant's habit in which Dorothea appeared when the was first discovered in the mountain:

The whole company now stopped at the fide of a rivulet, to drink of its water, and partake of fome cold victuals with which the priest had taken care to be provided: and when they had finished their meal. they kept a direct road to the inn which was fo much the terror of Sancho, and arrived there the next evening.

CHAP. V.

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Of what happened to Don Quixote and his company at the inn.

HE host and hostes, with their daughter, and the lovely Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and his squire at the gate of the inn, went out and received them with an hearty welcome, notwithstanding the knight had not discharged his reckoning for his former accommodation there. Don Quixote now defiring to have a better bed prepared for him than that which he day on before, the hoftefs made answer, that if he would pay better, he should be better accommodated in all respects; and upon his promising that he would, she prepared a better bed for him, and likewise every other necessary that he wanted. The knight being much wearied, went to reft; but the curate bespoke a good supper for himself and the others, to whom the landlady related Don Quixote's adventure with the carriers, and the toffing of Sancho in the blanket. The

conversation after supper running principally on Don Quixote's madness, and the curate remarking that it had proceeded entirely from his reading books of chivalry, the landlord could by no means concur with him in fentiment. 'Histories of chivalry are, in my opinion,' faid our host, the best as well as the plea-' fantest reading in the world: I have two or three of ' them in my house.' The curate desiring to see them, the landlord stepped out of the room, and returned with three large volumes, and fome manuscripts written in a fair hand: and these occasioned a smart controversy between the priest and innkeeper; the former refining upon the first design, purport, nature, and tendency of fuch histories, and the latter opposing him with an established opinion of their being founded in truth.

One of the manuscripts being called the novel of the Fatal Curiofity, 'this title,' faid the curate, 'promises ' fome amusement.' The landlord observed, that it had been much admired by many of his guests; 'and,' added our holt, 'feveral have defired the loan of it; but I never fuffer any of these papers or volumes to be taken out of my house, because they are the property of a gentleman who left them here in a portmanteau, and to whom I shall honestly restore them whenever he travels this way again.' The curate being requested by the company to read the novel, he very readily obliged them.

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The Novel of the Fatal Curiofity.

NSELMO and Lothario, two noble cavaliers of A Florence, were such inteparable companions, that they had the appellation of the Two Friends. Anfelmo fell in love with a very handsome lady of the fame city, and, very principally through the means of Lothario, was foon wedded to her. After this marriage Lothario omitted, from the most prudent motives, to visit his friend Anselmo so frequently as he had done before; for tho' it was impossible for jealousy and

Hh 2

fulpicion

suspicion to disturb such purity of friendship as subsisted between them, yet the honour of a married man was by Lothario deemed of so nice and delicate a nature, as to be sometimes subject to injury even from the best and most united friends. However, this neglect in Lothario to visit Anselmo as usual giving the latter much uneasiness, Lothario agreed to dine with him twice a week, besides holidays; but so tender was he of his friend's honour, and so fearful of the envenomed tongue of slander, that he omitted to adhere strictly to this agreement.

'I am confident,' faid Anfelmo to his friend one day, ' that of all the benefits which heaven has bestowed on me, the greatest is the gift of so good a wife as my Camilla, and so worthy a friend as yourself, yet I e live a most discontented life. Lothario stood amazed, and racked his imagination for the cause of his friend's unhappiness. "Tis too true,' faid Anfelmo; and all proceeds from an ardent delire in me to know whether Camilla be really as virtuous as I believe her: I at prefent think that no woman can be more · chafte than the is: and yet where is the merit of a woman's virtue whom nobody hath endeavoured to corrupt? I never can so much esteem her who is virtuous through a want of opportunity to be otherwife, as her who triumphs over perfeverance of folicitation. For these reasons I could wish my Camil-· la's virtue to pass through the fiery trials of vigorous ' folicitations and addresses, offered by a gallant of ' youth, spirit, and resolution; and should she stand the trial as she ought to do, I should esteem myself the most happy man that breathes. And now, my dear Lothario, let me intreat that you will be the · person to make this trial. Lothario, astonished at fo strange, fo unexpected, fo cruel a proposition, anfwered, If you suppose Camilla strictly virtuous, what · further can you rationally defire to know? If you ' think she will be proof against my most vigorous affaults, how needless is it to make the trial: if in

reality you do not think her fo amiable as you pre-

tend.

Camilla

pretend, why do not you treat her as she merits? if you believe her strictly virtuous, why would you

· infult so much virtue by an experiment from which

· you could not possibly reap the smallest advantage? · for should the trial answer your expectations, it will

onot add either to your content, honour, or opulence;

but should you be disappointed, it would render you

the most iniserable of human beings. A virtuous

woman refembles a bright transparent mirrour, which will inevitably be stained and obscured by breathing

upon it too much; like reliques, the ought to be

adored at a distance, or preserved and esteemed like tender slowers, which may be looked at, but not

' plucked.'

This friendly advice of Lothario making no impression on Amelmo, he was determined to engage some other person in the trial of his wise's virtue: wherefore Lothario, dreading the rashness of such a measure, complied with his ridiculous request; privately designing, however, to gratify his caprice without alarming the sentiments of Camilla. Accordingly the next day Lothario went to the house of Anselmo, who in the afternoon made some excuse to go out upon business, and left Camilla alone with his friend, who, instead of making any trial of the lady's virtue, reclined his head upon his hand, complained he was rather sleepy, begged pardon for his ill-manners, and desired permission to include for a few moments in his chair.

Anselmo, on his return, finding Camilla in her chamber, and Lothario asleep, concluded he had given the parties time enough both for conversation and respose, and therefore, awaking Lothario, they retired to the garden, where Anselmo asked him what he had done in this affair? Lothario answered, that he had not deemed it politic to be very bold at first; that he had made a beginning, by praising her wit and beauty, and should go on regularly with the process. Anselmo afterwards gave him several other opportunities; but Lothario's constant declaration was, that the virt ue of

Camilla was not to be overcome, though he had exerted every possible effort. Anselmo, however, still being diffatisfied, proposed that Lothario should offer her four thousand golden crowns. 'If,' said he, 'she withstands this temptation, I shall be perfectly easy.' Accordingly Lothario received the four thousand crowns: however, he resolved to assure his friend that Camilla was as invincible to money as to words: but fate baffled his design; for Anselmo having left him with his wife one day as usual, he stole privately into a closet to listen to their conversation; and it was here he found that in the space of half an hour and more Lothario did not speak one word: whence he concluded that all which Lothario had faid about the repulses he met with from Camilla, was mere fiction: stepping therefore out of the closet, and afterwards taking him afide, he asked how Camilla had received his addresses? Lothario answered, that he was resolved to make no further effort, for the virtue of Camilla was superior to every kind of intreaty or temptation. "Ah, Lothario!' faid Anselmo, 'how you deceive me! "I listened for some time in the adjoining closet, and did not hear you speak one syllable to her.' Lothario was much confused in being convicted of a lye, and faid he would thenceforward most earnestly and diligently oblige him in his request: wherefore Anselmo now left his wife for eight successive days; during which time the honesty and honour of Lothario entirely forfook him: he gazed with a degree of fondness on the charms of Camilla; reflected how worthy the was to be loved; confidered how ungenerous her, husband's sentiments were; and, in short, discovered, to her his passion: but Camilla treated his behaviour. with that refentment which did honour to her virtue, and wrote a letter to her husband, soliciting his immediate return home; but his answer only was, that he would return as foon as convenient. Camilla was furprifed at fuch a reply; but confiding in heaven and her own conscious prudence, she resolved to pay no regard to whatever Lothario should fay to her. Lothario,

Lothario, however, refumed the attack with fuch force and vigour, that the features of Camilla at length began to indicate an amorous compassion for his tender fighs and tears: this heightening and inflaming his paffion, he began to extol her beauty, and continued the fiege with fuch spirit, that the fortress soon began to totter: he wept, intreated, flattered, promifed, vowed, and at length, beating down the care of her honour, the chaste Camilla yielded.

On the ninth day Anselmo returned home, and defiring Lothario to give him the news that would make him either the wretchedest or happiest of men, 'All that I can fay to you, my friend, answered Lothario,

'is, that you have one of the best wives in the universe; my intreaties and promises were despised by

her, my pecuniary offers rejected, and the tears which

"I shed created her laughter; in short, presents, vows, ' folicitations, and fo forth, have been all equally in-' effectual: therefore you may efteem yourself, as you

' really are, a completely happy man.'

Anselmo was rejoiced at this news, and believed it to be strictly true, but yet defired Lothario to contique his addresses, though not so diligently as before; ' and, my dear friend,' said Anselmo, 'let me desire ' you to make a few verses in praise of Camilla, under the name of Chloris: I will tell her you are in love with a lady whom you celebrate under this fictious ' name: but perhaps this may not be convenient to ' you; I will therefore myself be her panegyrist.' Lothario answered, that he would most readily attempt the verses, however unequal to the excellency of their subject.

Matters being thus concerted between the impertinent hufband and his treacherous friend, Anselmo asked Camilla what she meant by the letter she had fent him during his absence? Camilla, who was furprised that this question had not been put to her before, replied, that she thought Lothario had looked at her several times with rather too great a freedom, but was now convinced her fuspicions were totally

groundlefs.

groundless. 'You had nothing to fear from my muchefteemed friend Lothario,' said the husband, 'for his
affections have long been wholly placed on a young
lady of quality, whom he celebrates under the name
of Chloris: besides, my dear, you are sensible how
many proofs I have had of his spotless honour and
integrity.' Camilla had been previously informed
by her gallant of this pretended love of a lady under
the name of Chloris; though he had never mentioned
to her the commission which her husband had given

him to make trial of her virtue, left she should think

of her person, had occasioned his addresses.

The next day, after dinner, Anselmo desired his friend to repeat some of those verses he had made on Chloris, observing to him that as Camilla could not possibly know what lady was meant by that name, he had nothing to apprehend on that score. Lothario replied, that were they even the most intimate acquaintances, he would not conceal his passion; 'for,' added he, 'if a lover extols the beauty of his mistress 'at the same time that he complains of her ingratitude,

her reputation cannot be endangered: wherefore, my

good friend, I will very readily oblige you.'

WHEN night, with filent, friendly shade Invites the weary world to rest, Then Chloris' slights my soul invade, And my sad plaint's to heav'n address.

When in the new enlighten'd east Aurora first her beauty shows, My drooping, yet unpitied breast Is tortur'd with incessant woes.

When in bright majesty at noon
Sol's cheering ray on all descends,
Increasing troubles press me down,
Nor night my griefs soul-racking ends.
Thus nor to vow, or sigh, or pray'r,
Will heav'n or Chloris lend an ear.

Camilla admired the sonnet much, and Anselmo seemed delighted with it; he bestowed on it the utmost applause, and said the lady must be cruel indeed who could resist a complaint in which there was such truth and affection. 'What!' said Camilla, 'is every thing true which the poets tell us when they are in love?' Madam,' replied Lothario, 'what a poet writes merely as a poet, may be considered as only the whim or fancy of his brain; but when he writes as a lover, truth and honour always attend him. Lothario being now desired to repeat some more of his verses,

" he began as follows:"

A PPROACH me, death! thou balm of care!
Thou kind reliever from all harms!
Tho' Chloris cruel is as fair,
Expiring shall I praise her charms!

Her name, dear object of my love!

Name to my bosom ever dear!

When dead, my rooted flame shall prove:

Open'd my heart, _____ she'll find it there.

And oh! her image fo divine
Shall with her gentle name e'er dwell!
While thus abandon'd I repine,
My love does all her fcorn excel.
The failor thus, when ftorms furround,
And night's dark curtain veils the sky,
Sails hopeless on, his pilot drown'd,
No ftars to guide, or harbour nigh.

Anselmo applauded this sonnet as much as he had done the other, and by that means added to the slame which was to consume his reputation; for when he thought himself the most honoured, he was most abused.

A short time afterwards Camilla being alone with her servant and considente, whose name was Leonela, 'I am ashamed,' said she, 'that I yielded myself so 'easy a conquest to Lothario.' 'Lord! madam!' replied Leonela, 'I'm sure you had sufficient proof of No.7

his love; he was worthy of his victory; fo agreeable

is he, fo polite, generous, constant, gallant, loyal, noble, honourable, discreet, and so private withal!

ford, how private he is! —— he always whispers!

and I love people that whifper: - whif-

' pering is a certain proof of a found judgement.'

Leonela now proceeded to a familiarity of conversation which was by no means agreeable to her mistress: for when a woman of fashion loses her honour, it does not unfrequently happen that she becomes a slave to the vice and impudence of a fervant: and indeed this was the case with Camilla; for Leonela, who had an intrigue of her own upon her hands, had the affurance to introduce her lover into the house; and though Camilla had more than once discovered them very closely connected, the was fearful of expressing her disapprobation, but on the contrary furnished opportunities of concealment. Lothario, however, perceiving this young gentleman to fleal from the house one morning very early, concluded he had come from Camilla; for when a woman once leses her virtue, she loses her credit with the very man who feduces her. Lothario being now heated with jealoufy, took an opportunity to affure Anielmo that the virtue of his wife had as length fallen a facrifice. ' After a repetition of the most vigorous efforts,' said he, 'Camilla hath furren-' dered; and in the wardrobe, where she yielded to my

' folicitations, she has agreed to meet me again; there-' fore, my dear friend,' added Lothario, ' you must ' pretend you want to be absent a day or two upon

fome business, and in the mean time conceal yourself

in the wardrobe, where you will be an eye-witness of

her conduct; and should she be as criminal as I have

too great reason to fear, you may then resent the in-

' jury as it deserves.'

Anfelmo was struck speechless with amazement. After having stood some time silent, with his eyes sixed on the ground, 'Lothario,' said he, 'you have proved 'yourself a most faithful and sincere friend: I hope

you will keep this unfortunate affair as fecret as possible.'

' possible 'Lothario afterwards repenting of what he had done, and reflecting that he might have taken a more lenient method of punishing Camilla, refolved to acquaint her with the circumstance, which his freedom of access gave him opportunity to do on the same day; but before he had time to begin, Camilla faid to him, · I am under a most grievous misfortune, Lothario, ' which continually diffurbs my peace of mind: my ' fervant Leonela is become fo infufferably prefumptuous, in confequence of her knowledge of my con-' nections with you, that she makes a common practice of admitting a lover of her's into her chamber, and by this means endangers my character exceedingly; for he comes in and goes out of the house at the most ' unseasonable hours.' Lothario at first conceived this to be a piece of artifice in Camilla to induce him to a belief that the person he had seen coming out of the house so early in the morning, had been there on Leonela's account only; but being afterwards convinced by her tears, and the apparent concern in her face, that his fuspicions were ill-grounded, he was absorbed in confusion and shame for what he had said of her to Anselmo: yet he comforted Camilla, by affuring her that he would take due care that the conduct of her fervant should do her no injury, and defired her therefore to make herself easy: he then acquainted her with what he had most unfortunately said to Anselmo, as well as with the plan laid down for his concealing himself in the wardrobe: he implored her pardon for his precipitation and rafhness, and begged her immediate concurrence in some device to extricate themselves from the calamity in which they were both involved.

Camilla expressed much indignation and resentment at the conduct of Lothario in having given way to so groundless a suspicion: as her anger, however, gradually abated, she devised a means of extrication.

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^{*} To-morrow,' faid she, ' you must persuade Anselmo

^{&#}x27; to conceal himself in the place appointed; and as foon as he is hidden, you must attend to the call of

Leonela, and answer me such question or questions

as I shall ask you, in the same manner as if you did onot know Antelmo to be within hearing.' Lothario complied; and the day following, Anfelmo, under pretence of going into the country, fet out, but foon returned to hide himself, which he did with great ease, Camilla and her maid having purposely given him an opportunity. In a short time Camilla and her servant entering the wardrobe, the former breathed a deep figh, and, with a poignard in her hand, thus addressed the latter: 'Ah! Leonela! to relieve my wretchedness, thou wouldst do well to stab this poignard to my heart! and yet it were dreadful that I should suffer for the transgressions of another! I am at a loss to know ' what Lothario hath discovered in my conduct, to encourage him in fuch unwarrantable freedoms. Let the perfidious wretch approach! every future effort he shall make, will be as fruitless as the past: An-· felmo received me to his bosom perfectly chaste, ' and that chastity shall remain with me to the moment of my death.' The doubts and jealousies of Anfelmo were now entirely removed, and he heartily withed himself out of his hiding-place: but now Lothario made his appearance.

Camilla, as foon as she saw Lothario enter the room, drew a line with her poignard on the floor, declaring that the moment he prefumed to pass that line, she would strike the poignard into his heart. 'Infamous

' traitor!' exclaimed Camilla, 'knowest not thou my

' husband? hast thou not long experienced his friend-'s ship? hast not thou been acquainted with him from

his childhood? and doft thou not abuse that confi-

· dence which he has unfuspectingly placed in thy most

bafe and treacherous breaft?"

'Yes, beauteous Camilla!' replied he, 'yes, thou heaven-born fair one! I acknowledge that I know

' your husband, and that I have been acquainted with

him from my infancy: but the irrefiftible attractions

of your charming person have -

Here Camilla interrupted him with, 'O thou vileft of mankind! did but my Anselmo know of thy perfidy!'

perfidy!' -- (and then rushing upon him, as if with a defign to put him to death) Lothario catched hold of her hand; for she performed the fiction fo admirably, that the former scarce knew whether she really intended to stab him or not. Upon this, fhe flew into a rage, crying out, 'Though fortune denies me the fatisfaction I am entitled to, it ' shall not deprive me of one part of my revenge: then drawing back from Lothario, the struck the poignard into a part of her body that the thought the could flightly wound without danger, and then dropt down. as if fainting with the wound. Lothario and Leonela, amazed at this event, and feeing blood iffue from her, ran to her much frighted, but foon discovered she had taken care not to hurt herself much. And now it being time for Lothario to begin his part in this wellordered scene, he poured forth his lamentations over the body of Camilla as if she had been much wounded. Leonela then raising her up, defired Lothario to step for a furgeon. 'Oh! curse on the hour I was born!" exclaimed Lothario, 'stamping about the room: O ' what a wretch am I! Gape, thou earth, and fwallow ' me! Curse on Anselmo, and his most illiberal suf-' picions!' And then he left the room, as if in the utmost despair.

Leonela now flopped the blood that iffued from her lady's delicate body, and washing the wound with some wine, bound it up, uttering fuch doleful expressions all the time as were sufficient to perfuade Anselmo he had the chaftest wife in the world: nor was Camilla herself filent: in a languid voice she regretted her cowardice in not having effectually put an end to that

life which was now become hateful to her.

Anselmo listened most attentively to this tragedy, in which the respective actors so well performed their characters; he wished most impatiently for the approach of night, that he might get away without difcovery; and Leonela took care to furnish him with sufficient opportunity.

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As foon as he got out of the house, he fled directly to Lothario; but it is impossible to relate the embraces he gave him, and his numerous encomiums on the goodness of Camilla. Lothario heard all these without taking share in the pleasure, being shocked with the idea that his friend was so grossly imposed on, as well as with the guilt of his own treacherous conduct. Anselmo took notice of his indifference, but attributed it to his having been the cause of Camilla's wound; he therefore defired him to make himself easy on that account, fince, from some part of the conversation he had heard pass between his wife and her maid he said, he knew the wound was not dangerous. 'Be more pleafant, therefore, my best and dearest friend,' said Anfelmo, and participate with me in that happiness which you have fo effectually and generously given • me: It will in future be the principal employment of my life to compose verses in praise of my Camilla, whose virtue can never be too much extolled.' Lothario commended his resolution, and promised to affift him in his so laudable a tribute of affection: fo that Anselmo, remaining the most agreeably deceived of any man living, took Lothario by the hand, as the instrument of his glory, though he was at the same time the sole cause of his dishonour. Anfelmo led his friend home with him: but Camilla received the former with a countenance that ill expressed the satisfaction of her mind, being obliged to assume frowns at the time when her heart prompted finiles of the utmost joy.

The fraud was concealed for some months; but fortune turning her wheel, the criminal correspondence of Lothario and Camilla was made known to the world; and the curiosity of Anselmo cost him his life.

CHAP. VI.

The Fatal Curiofity concluded.

WHEN the novel was nearly finished, Sancho Panza came running out of Don Quixote's chamber much frighted, bawling out, 'Help! help! help! my master is now engaged in a terrible battle with that same giant that is the sworn foe of the princess of Micomicon; my master gave him such a ftroke on the cheek, and another on his neck, that off went the giant's head as clean as a turnip.'

Why furely thou art mad, Sancho,' faid the curate, (closing the novel) ' is thy master such an hero as to fight with a giant at the distance of two thousand

· leagues?"

Prefently, however, a terrible noise was heard abovestairs, and Don Quixote cried out, 'Stop, thou caitiff, ftop! Since here I have thee, thy scymitar shall but ' little avail.' ' Why don't you come to my mafter's ' affistance?' faid Sancho; 'though I believe the giant is dead by this time; for I faw his blood running s about the floor, and his head swimming in the middle of it; and fuch a head was furely never feen before! " 'tis as large as a wine-skin!' "Sdeath!' eried the innkeeper, 'I'll be massacred if this Don Quixote, or ' Don Devil, has not been cutting one of my wine-' skins that stood at the head of his bed, and this fool of a squire has mistaken the wine for blood.'

The whole company then went to the knight, and found him in his shirt, displaying a pair of long lank legs, as dirty and hairy as a beaft's, with a red greafy. night-cap on his head, a blanket on his left-arm by way of shield, and his sword brandishing in his righthand: but the cream of the divertisement confifted in his being fast asleep all this time; for the thoughts of the atchievement he had undertaken had fo wrought upon his imagination, that he was then dreaming he was in actual combat with Pandafilando, and had

affaulted

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affaulted the wine-skins with such violence, that the whole room was affoat. The innkeeper, enraged to see such havock, attacked Don Quixote with his sists, but the curate and Cardenio soon took him off: they then shook the knight to awaken him, but to no purpose: however, Mr. Nicholas got a bucket of water and threw over him, which had its desired effect.

Where is the giant's head?' faid Sancho; 'I'm' fure 'twas here just now: if the head is lost, my

earldom is loft with it.'

The curate, Cardenio, and the barber, now got Don Quixote to bed again: but the innkeeper was much concerned on account of his wine, and the hostefs stamped about the house like a madwoman, while Maritornes joined in her fury: the curate, however, soon put a stop to the general clamour, by telling them they should be amply satisfied for whatever damage had been done: and all parties being now pretty quiet again, the priest went on with the novel.

The Fatal Curiosity, &c.

ANSELMO being now thoroughly satisfied of his wife's virtue, he lived in the utmost tranquility; while Camilla, to disguise her real sentiments, affected a particular aversion to Lothario, who, the better to support the stratagem, desired to be excused coming to Anselmo's house; but Anselmo would by no means

comply with his requeft.

About this time Leonela gratified her own lewd defires to such a pitch of imprudence, that she abandoned herself to the enjoyment of her lover without the least degree of caution; infomuch that one evening her master hearing somebody in her chamber, and repairing to the door, sound it held fast against him; but at length forcing it open, he observed a man to jump out of the window, whom he would have pursued, had not Leonela clung about him, and implored him to abate his anger, assuring him at the

fame time that the man was her lawful husband. Anselmo would not believe her, and therefore drawing his poignard, threatened to stab her if she did not tell him the truth. Diftracted with fear, she beseeched him to spare her life, and affured him she would make fuch discoveries as would alarm him. 'Speak then 'immediately,' faid Anfelmo, 'or thou doft die.' At present I'm in such confusion, replied Leonela, that I must beg to defer it till morning, and then 'I'll aftonish you.' Anselmo now fastening her in the chamber, left her, and told Camilla what had passed, without omitting the promise which Leonela had made of making some important discovery in the morning. Camilla was now upon the rack; she fufpected what was to be the discovery, and therefore as foon as Anfelmo was afleep, stole foftly from him, and getting together fome cloaths, jewels, and money, repaired immediately to Lothario, foliciting him to protect her. Lothario was at first so much alarmed. that he knew not what to fay or do; at length, however, he proposed putting her into a monastery, as the best shelter against the resentments of her husband.

So eager was Anselmo to hear what discovery Leonela had to make, notwithstanding it was impossible he could have the flightest suspicion of his wife, that he got up at day-break without missing the latter, and went directly to the maid's chamber, from whence she had escaped by means of tying the sheets together and fixing them to the window: he then returned, much chagrined, to communicate his disappointment to Camilla, but not finding her in any part of the house, was in the utmost surprise and consternation, especially as he could not obtain the least tidings of her from any of the fervants: in the course of his enquiry he discovered her trunks were left open, and great part of her cloaths and jewels gone; and this was a sufficient testimony of his disgrace; he therefore immediately repaired to the house of Lothario, to communicate to him this unfortunate circumstance; but was informed by the fervants that their mafter had gone out in the No. 7 Kk night,

night, and taken with him his cloaths and money. Anselmo was now in a state of distraction: he returned home, but found his house totally deserted, fear having driven away every fervant: and now, destitute of his honour, and abandoned by his wife, his friend, and even his very fervants, he knew not what to think, fay, or do: at length, however, he refolved to retire to the place where he had given Lothario the opportunities of ruining him; wherefore, locking his doors, he took horfe, and rode away replete with the most excruciating grief and despair; but he had not rode far before he was forced to alight, and fastening his horse to a tree, threw himself beneath it; where he lay best part of the day, racked with reflection: in the evening a perfon passing by from the city, Anselmo got up from the ground, saying, 'What news at Florence, honest ' friend?' The passenger replied, 'the city is all in ' an uproar: it is the public report that Lothario, the intimate acquaintance of Anselmo the rich, hath car-' ried off his wife, and that the husband himself is also ' missing.' Anselmo asked him whether he had heard particulars, and whether any body knew which road Lothario had taken with the lady? but the traveller answering in the negative, he asked no further questions.

Anselmo was dreadfully affected with this most unhappy news, however, he got upon his horse again as well as he could, and rode on. When he arrived at the village, the gentleman of the house that he went to, who had not yet heard any thing of this affair, expressed his concern to see him look so melancholy. Let me defire,' faid Anselmo, 'that I may be shewn to an apartment, and supplied with some pens and ' paper.' His request being complied with, he took a pen in his hand, and after writing a few lines, dropt from his chair and expired. The gentleman of the house, after two or three hours, wondering Anselmo did not quit the apartment, took the liberty to go into it, where he found him lying on his face, and a written paper on the table by him: the gentleman immediately mediately alarmed all his family, who too evidently discovered that Anselmo was no more. The manufeript on the table was as follows: A restless and ridiculous curiosity depriving me of my happiness, now also deprives me of my life. Let Camilla be assured that I most sincerely forgive her; for she was not obliged to perform miracles, nor had I the least right to expect them: since therefore I have brought on myself my own dishonour, there is not the least occasion to

Thus far he had wrote, when death put a fatal stop

to his pen.

In a short time an authentic account being brought to Florence that Lothario had been slain in a battle fought between the famous Gonçalo Fernandez de Cordova, and monsieur de Lautrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither he had sled to avoid ever seeing his injured friend again, Camilla fell dangerously ill in a convent and died. Thus ended, from so unfortunate a beginning, the life of three illustrious personages.

CHAP. VII,

Recounting other strange adventures at the inn.

JUST when the curate was making a few comments on the novel, and particularizing on the improbability of an husband's carrying his folly to such an extreme, four men, well mounted, armed with lances, and with masks on their faces, attended by a lady dressed in white, and veiled, arrived at the inn gate. Dorothea immediately put on her veil, and Cardenio withdrew to Don Quixote's apartment. As soon as the horsemen, who made a genteel appearance, had dismounted, one of them took the lady in his arms, and seated her in a chair by the door of the chamber into which Cardenio had withdrawn: here she breathed a deep sigh, and let fall her hands like a person fainting K k 2

with weakness, while the men uttered not a syllable, or offered to unmask. The curate went down to the stable, and enquired of their servants who they were? but was answered by them that they really could not tell; that they seemed to be people of great consequence, especially the gentleman who took the lady in his arms, to whom they faid great respect was paid by the others. The curate then asking them if they had any knowledge of the lady? their answer was, that they knew nothing at all of her; that she had not once shewn her face; that the gentlemen had overtaken them by accident on the road, and had engaged their attendance to Andalousia, promising them an handsome gratuity; that the lady had done nothing but figh and moan; whence they concluded the gentlemen were taking her to some convent contrary to her inclination. During this time Dorothea, who was much affected with the lady's affliction, begged of her to know the cause of it; but the lady making no reply, and Dorothea renewing her intreaty, the principal gentleman faid, 'Do not trouble yourself, ' madam, by afking that ungrateful woman any quef-' tions, whose tongue is a stranger to truth.' The lady, however, then thinking it time to fpeak, made answer, 'You, who are the basest of mankind, know ' that my present misfortune proceeds entirely from my ' natural aversion to falshood.' Cardenio being only feparated from the company by Don Quixote's chamber-door, and hearing this reply, exclaimed, 'Heavens! what voice do I hear?' - The lady instantly sprang from her chair, and attempted to run into the apartment from whence the exclamation came, but was prevented by her conductor: in struggling, however, to get from him, her mask fell off, and discovered a most lovely face, though much discomposed, her eyes rolling in fuch a manner as demonstrated the utmost wildness and distraction. Making a fresh effort to get away from the cavalier, the mask of the latter also fell to the ground, and discovered to Dorothea the face of no less a personage than her husband,

Don Fernando. Dorothea instantly fainted, and would have dropt on the floor, had not Mr. Nicholas catched her in his arms. As foon as the was unveiled, in order for some water to be sprinkled on her face, Don Fernando knew her, and expressed the utmost astonishment at seeing her, yet did not quit Lucinda, who was the lady struggling to get from him. Cardenio affuring himself that the voice he had heard was Lucinda's, and thinking it was she who had fainted, rushed into the chamber, where the first object he saw was Don Fernando confining her in his arms: the cavalier knew Cardenio immediately: and this most strange event exhibited a scene of the utmost confusion, perplexity, and aftonishment: Dorothea gazed at Ferhando, Don Fernando at Cardenio, and Cardenio and Lucinda on one another: at length Lucinda broke filence, and addressing herself to Fernando, said, 'Suffer me, my lord, for the lake of your own character, though you have no feeling of humanity, to cleave to that wall of which I am its native ivy, and avail myself of that support from which neither your threats or folicitations, or promifes or allurements, could ever ' alienate my love: contend not against heaven, whose ' power alone by fuch mysterious means could bring me to my dear husband's fight.' Dorothea, who was by this time quite recovered, finding it was no other than Lucinda who thus spoke, and that Fernando still confined her, fell at his feet, and accosted him in these terms: 'If the beauty of that injured lady whom you now confine in your arms hath not too much ' dazz'ed your eyes, you may now, my lord, behold at your feet the once happy but now miferable Dorothea; I am that poor humble villager whom ' your generofity, or passion, condescended to raise to ' the honour of calling you her own: I am she who, once in peaceful innocence, led a life of contentment, ' till your importunities and protestations charmed me from my retirement, and deprived me of that ineftimable poffession which is the supreme ornament of my fex: how ill I am compensated, appears by that 6 fevere

fevere fate which hath driven me to the place and condition in which you now fee me: it was at your own desire that I was bound to you by the strictest · tie; and though your inclinations might afterwards change, it is impossible you can cease to be mine: confider, my lord, that my afflictions counterbalance the beauty and birth of her for whom you have for-· faken me: you cannot be Lucinda's husband, as being already mine, nor will Cardenio's interest in her admit of a partner: it will be much easier for ' you, my lord, to recal your love for her who adores you, than to attain the love of one by whom you evidently fee yourself abhorred. Remember, my ' lord, how you importuned me in my humble state; however conscious of the meanness of my birth, you s deemed me worthy of your love, and professed yourfelf my fervant: you know on what condition I ' yielded to your defires; you know what the laws of honour prescribe: reflect that you are a christian: and if I am not to be treated by you as your wife, at least let me serve you as your vassal; for in whatever condition I belong to you, I shall think ' myself fortunate and blessed: let me not be exoposed to the reflections of an illiberal multitude, by being entirely abandoned by you: make not my parents miserable in their decline of life. If you ' imagine the current of your noble blood will be defiled by its union with mine, confider how many · illustrious families have undergone the same intercourse, and that the woman's quality is not effen-' tially necessary to ennoble descent; but, above all, ' my lord, confider that virtue is the fource of real onobility, and that without the former the latter canonot exist. Upon the whole, my lord, you know I am your lawful wife: witness your oaths, and wit-' ness that heaven which you so often invoked to ratify " those oaths."

These and many other arguments were pronounced in so affecting a stile by the unfortunate Dorothea, that the tear of sympathy gushed from the eyes of

every spectator; and at length Fernando, opening his arms, and giving Lucinda her freedom, cried, 'You have conquered me, charming Dorothea: it is impossible not to submit to the arguments of so much 'truth.'

Lucinda was so feeble, that she would have fallen when Fernando quitted her, had not Cardenio clasped her to his bosom, embracing her in a transport of joy. Lucinda throwing her arms round his neck, and joining her lips to his, cried, 'Yes, my Cardenio, 'at length has your poor harrassed captive met with 'you, her real lord, in spite of the cruellest persecutions!'

This was an unexpected fight to Don Fernando, who, as well as every other spectator, seemed greatly furprised. Dorothea observing her husband's countenance to change, expressive of an inclination to be revenged of Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his fword, fell on her knees, and with an endearing embrace held him so fast that he could not move from her. 'What means,' faid she in tears, 'the refuge of my hope? your own wife now kneels at your ' feet, and Lucinda is in the arms of her own lawful husband: think then how unjust would be the attempt to diffolve that bond which heaven hath or-' dained! I implore you to appeafe your indignation, ' and to fuffer so good, so amiable a couple to spend * the rest of their days in that undisturbed tranquillity which their united virtues merit: in this you will ' prove yourself equally generous and noble.'

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Cardenio all this time, though he held Lucinda in his arms, kept a watchful eye upon Don Fernando, determining, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himself even at the expence of his life: but all the company, not excepting Sancho Panza, now gathered round Don Fernando, when the curate begged him to have regard to the intreaties of Dorothea; observing, that this wonderful meeting of parties must have been ordained entirely by providence; that nothing but death itself could ever disunite Cardenio

from

from Lucinda; that he, Fernando, should not envy what the beneficence of heaven had bestowed; that he should turn his eyes on the tears of Dorothea, whose beauty and affection compensated largely for the meanness of her birth, and whom, if he meant to do honour to nobility, he would cherish and protect.

Don Fernando, impressed with these rational arguguments, and stooping to the supplicative Dorothea, embraced her with great tenderness, saying, 'Rise, then, thou innocent and injured fair! if I have not hitherto paid you that respect which was my duty, it e perhaps was fo ordained by Providence, that by · afterwards having the most strong conviction of your innate goodness, I might thenceforth set a due value on your merit: let not therefore my past transgressions be upbraided by you, since the same cause which attached me to you, occasioned my endeavour to difengage myself: behold the now happy Lu-· cinda's eyes, in which there is an excuse for all my errors; and fince she hath attained all that her heart could wish, may she live as peaceably with her Cardenio as I hope to do with my dearest Doro-' thea!' Thus having faid, he embraced her again, and had great difficulty to refrain from shedding tears.'

The company were mutually affected, and Sancho Panza could not forbear to blubber, though he afterwards acknowledged that his tears proceeded from feeing that Dorothea was not the queen of Micomicon from whom he expected fuch honours. Both Lucinda and Cardenio now fell at the feet of Don Fernando, returning him thanks with the utmost fervency and gratitude: he politely raised them, and then enquiring of Dorothea by what means she had come to that place, the latter gave him the same account that she had related to Cardenio. Then Don Fernando acquainted the company with what had happened to himself after his discovery of the paper in Lucinda's bosom, which declared her espoused to Cardenio,

Cardenio, and which induced him to make an attempt on her life. ' After this most rash attempt,' said he, I ran out of the house overwhelmed with shame and confusion, determining on revenge: in a few moments I received intelligence that Lucinda had fled to a convent, to which I immediately repaired with these three gentlemen: there we waited a whole day, till ' at length, finding the door of the porter's lodge open, I left two of my friends to secure it, while myself ' and the other entered the convent, where I found Lucinda talking with a nun in the cloisters: I ' fnatched her inftantly away, and carried her to a ' village at a proper distance, where with these gen-' tlemen I difguifed myself, and then proceeded with ' her to this inn, in which we have all so wonderfully " and providentially met."

CHAP. VIII.

The history of Micomicona, or princess of Micomicon, continued; with other pleasant adventures.

THE knight of the woeful countenance was now awaked from his fleep; and Sancho, running into his chamber, cried, 'Rife, rife, Sir Don Quixote! * rife, and fee what a fine piece of work you have cut out for yourself! your great queen is changed into ' a common gentlewoman called Dorothea!' 'Is it fo,' replied the knight; 'I told thee that in this place ' every thing was ruled by enchantment; however, I have fought a bloody battle with a giant.'

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While Sancho and his mafter were thus converfing, the curate gave a general relation of Don Quixote's mad adventures, and of the method that had been adopted to draw him from his penance, observing at the same time that since the good fortune of Dorothea prevented a further process of their stratagem, it was

No. 7 necessary necessary to devise some other scheme to take him to his native habitation: Cardenio proposed continuing the same plan, and Lucinda offered to represent the part of Dorothea. 'No, no,' faid Don Fernando, Dorothea shall remain in the character of princes; ' for I suppose we are not at a great distance from the ' gentleman's habitation.' 'Only two days journey,' faid the curate. 'I would ride twice as far,' replied Fernando, ' on an occasion fo laudable.'

And now Don Quixote came forth from his chamber, armed cap-a-pe, or at all points, with the barber's bason on his head, his shield braced on his arm, and his lance in his hand. Such a withered and rueful length of visage, such ill-contrived armour, and such a ludicrous folemnity of deportment, struck Fernando and his friends with amazement. After looking at the company some minutes, he thus addressed Dorothea:

· Fair lady! I am informed by my fquire that your greatness is annihilated, and that you are reduced from the pre-eminence of a queen to the condition of

a private damfel. If this hath been effected by the · necromancy of your father, from a doubt of my abi-

· lities, I pronounce him a novice in the art of chi-· valry; for champions less famous than myself have

· performed far greater atchievements than reinstating · a princess on her throne. As to killing a giant, I

· confider it as nothing: this arm of terror hath just ' diffected one as big as a castle. If your father hath

* performed this metamorphofis on your person, · merely from the apprehension I have mentioned, I

defire you will pay no regard to it; for there is no peril through which my fword will not pass. I would

· sever the head of Pandafilando from his body in an

· instant, and replace you on your throne.

' Most noble and puissant knight of the woeful ' countenance !' faid Dorothea, kneeling, ' I am not · fensible of any change from the supreme quality of a

^{*} The miraculous influence of a royal necromancer, then, exists even after death.

princess to the condition of a common subject:

* true it is that I am somewhat changed by certain

fortunate circumstances that have happened beyond

my expectation; but there is no alteration in my

person, or in my determination of confiding in your invincible arm for the recovery of my kingdom.

With your worship's consent, we will set out to-

" morrow morning, when my most lively hopes will

be centered in your incomparable valour.'

Don Quixote very readily confented, and reprehended Sancho Panza for his ignorant milinformation. And now, during the passing of some compliments between the knight and Don Fernando, a traveller arrived at the inn, who had the appearance of a chriftian save escaped from Barbary: he was clad in a short-skirted coat of blue cloth, with short sleeves, and no collar, his breeches of blue linen, his cap of the fame colour, date-coloured bulkins, and a Moorish fcymitar hanging in a shoulder-belt across his breast: he was accompanied by a woman in a Moorish habit, mounted on an afs, with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle reaching from her shoulders to her feet. The man was well-shaped and ftrong, about forty years of age, his face somewhat tanned, with long whifkers, and a full beard; and in short so genteel was his mien, that if he had been otherwise dressed, he might have passed for a person of Upon his enquiring for an apartment, and finding that every room was engaged, he feemed very uneafy. Dorothea, however, who had gazed with much curiofity at the novelty of the lady's garb, faid to her, 'I hope, madam, you will bear your difappointment patiently; people are obliged to put up with many inconveniences at inns; but if you will " please to partake with us,' pointing to Lucinda, you will perhaps find that you have met with worse accommodation on the road.' The lady made no reply; but laying her hands across her breast, bowing her head, and bending her body, fignified her thanks. By her silence they concluded the was a native Moor, Lla and 268

and that she was not acquainted with the Spanish language. Her attendant, who had been employed in talking with the landlord, now defired in a polite manner that she might be asked no questions, as being acquainted with very few Spanish words. 'We ' are only,' replied Dorothea, 'making her an offer of common civility: if the lady chuses to partake of ' part of our lodging, and whatever other accommodation is in our power, we shall be very happy to ' oblige her' The stranger returning Dorothea his most grateful acknowledgements, the latter asked whether the lady was a Moor or christian? 'Externally, ' madam,' answered the stranger, ' she is a Moor, but ' in her heart a zealous christian; for she has a very ardent defire to become a professed convert to our faith. She has had no opportunity yet of being baptifed fince her departure from Algiers, which is her native country; but I hope from to obtain that ceremony for her in a manner fuitable to her rank, " which is far superior to what her habit indicates."

When the lady unveiled, she discovered so charming a face, that both Lucinda and Dorothea thought hermuch handsomer than either of themselves; and all the company being now defirous to know who this Moor and captive were, Don Fernando asked the latter what was the lady's name, who answered Lela Zoraida; she hearing him, and gueffing what was asked, replied fuddenly with great apparent concern, though very gracefully, 'No, no Zoraida; Maria, Maria;' giving them to understand that her name was Maria. These words, which were spoken and not Zoraida. in a manner very affecting, made a fensible impression on the company, particularly on the ladies, who could not forbear shedding tears; and Lucinda embraced her with great affection, faying, 'Aye, aye, ---

^{&#}x27; Maria, Maria;' to which the lady replied, ' yes,

^{&#}x27;Maria, Maria;' and then added, 'Zoraida Ma'cange;' as much as to fay, 'not Zoraida, but

[&]quot; Maria."

Supper being now brought into the room, they all, fat down together; and it being infifted that the knight of the woeful countenance should fit at the head of the table, he requested the princess Micomicona to sit by his side; next to whom sat Lucinda and the Moor, fronted by Cardenio and Fernando; and on the left were placed the captive and the other gentlemen. Thus seated, they all partook heartily of their supper, except the knight, who, instead of eating, began an harangue in praise of chivalry.

' Certain it is,' faid he, 'that a professor of chivalry " meets with the most surprising adventures. What inhabitant of the globe, on entering this castle, and beholding us thus feated, would suppose us to be what we really are? who would imagine that this ' lady by my fide is the illustrious princess of Mico-' micon? or that I am that famous champion, known. by the name of the knight of the woeful counte-' nance? evident it is that the honourable art of chi-' valry is superior to every other science, the more ' honourable in proportion as it is the more dangerous: who then dare advance, that letters have a transcendency over arms, and that the exercise of the latter ' is dependent merely on corporeal strength? does not, ' the general, who commands an army or defends a citadel, labour very materially with his mind? to form defigns, to frustrate stratagems, to surmount difficulties, and to lessen or avoid dangers, are all co-operative actions of the mind. The scope of ' human learning (for I shall not speak of divine) is to ' maintain distributive justice, rendering to every one his due, and caufing falutary laws to be observed; an aim however laudable, yet not equivalent to chi-' valry, whose primary object is peace, which is the ' end of war, and the greatest bleffing that the world ' can enjoy: the end of learning is poverty; not that ' all scholars are poor, but too many of them so: yet the fufferings of a scholar are far inferior to those of a foldier: the former has admission to some hospi-' table table, and sleeps securely under cover; but the · latter is exposed to every inclemency of weather,

even perhaps when he is half-naked, and drooping with the burthen of fatigue; for, in fact, foldiers

are not richer than scholars: they depend on their

feanty pay, (which comes always late, if at all,) or

on what they can plunder, at the hazard of their lives, and trouble of their consciences: those who

· acquire fortunes in war, bear no proportion to those

who acquire none, or who perish in the field.

' It has been afferted, in the behalf of letters, that without them, arms could not be supported, because war itself is governed by laws, which are the province of learning and of scholars: to this observation ' I make answer, that without arms, neither could laws have support; for it is by arms that republics, kingdoms, monarchies, and cities, are preferved; to what danger or diffress can a scholar be reduced equal to that of a foldier, who, befieged in some ftrong fortress, and on guard in some ravelin or bastion, perceives the enemy undermining the very fpot that he stands on, without daring to stir from his post? and there is still greater peril attending him, when two gallies shock each other with their prows in the middle of the vast ocean: here they grapple and cling together, while the foldier is confined to the narrow beak; and though he fees fo " many pieces of cannon pointed against him, still, with amazing intrepidity, he stands the fire of the " whole artillery, and endeavours to board the enemy's Happy were the ages past, while strangers to those infernal instruments of artillery; for often in " the heat of battle there comes forth a random-ball, fhot perhaps by fome coward, which in an instant puts an end to a brave man's life. And it is this confideration which makes me fometimes almost wish ' that I had not embraced the profession of a knight-' errant in this detestable age: for though my courage ' is never to be relaxed, yet I own I am concerned to think that some day or other one of those cursed randomrandom-balls may make a visit to my head, and

· farally marr my pursuit after eternal fame.'

Thus was the above harangue uttered by the knight of the woeful countenance, whilst the rest of the company were busy at their supper, and were mutually concerned to find a man of good natural sense thus intoxicated and maddened with notions of chivalry.

Supper being over, and the cloth taken away, Don Fernando asked the captive if it would be agreeable to him to relate an account of his life and adventures, 'which,' added Fernando, 'I presume must be very 'entertaining, from the singularity of your appearance and arrival with this lady.' The captive replied, that if an account of his life could afford any satisfaction to the company, he would relate an authentic story, perhaps not inferior to the best-contrived siction that ever was either spoken or written. The company acknowledging his politeness, and signifying their desire to hear him, he began the following.

CHAP. IX.

Wherein the captive recounts his life and adventures.

M Y family, favoured more by nature than by fortune, had its origin in the mountains of Leon. Tho' in a place where poverty so much prevails, my father, had he been prudent, might have been looked upon as a man of opulence; but having in his youth been a soldier, the same liberality and profusion, that actuated him then, continued with him in his maturer years; for the field of Mars is a school, where avarice changes to muniscence, and the benevolent soldier becomes prodigal: my father was more than liberal, and too culpably bordered on extravagance; a disposition that in the end very materially

affects a succeeding issue. Myself and two brothers were the only children he had; and when we were at an age to begin to think of managing for ourselves in the world, the old gentleman finding that the only method to check (as he himself said) the natural propensity of his disposition, was to disposses himself of that which supported it, called us one day into his chamber, and addressed us in the following terms:

My fons, to convince you of my affection, I need only fay that you are my children; though indeed by my general misconduct, the world may think I have little regard for you: however, as a proof of parental love and attachment, I have taken a refolution in your behalf which I shall certainly execute. You are now at a proper age to make choice of fuch · employments as may tend both to your emolument · and reputation: it is therefore my defign to divide · my estate into four parts, three of which I shall bestow very equally amongst you, and keep the fourth for myself. After you have received your re-· spective shares, it would be a pleasure to me to find · you inclined to what I shall now propose. We have a faying in Spain, either the church, the court, or the · fea; implying, that those who wish to prosper, must apply themselves to one of these three. We have another proverb, the king's chaff is better than the baron's wheat. These things I mention, because it is " my defire that one of you be the scholar, another the · merchant, and the third a foldier, fince it is not eafy to obtain employment at court; and though riches · are not to be expected from war, still the foldier's life is a life of continual honour. In eight days each of 'you shall have your share: and now tell me, my fons, whether you are inclined to conform with my defire.'

As I was the eldest, I first answered him, and disfuaded him against putting in execution his design; observing to him, that as we were young men, and God had blessed us with health, we were capable of

conducting ourselves in the world without putting him to the extremity of thus retrenching his circumstances: the old gentleman however persisting, I chose the profession of a soldier; my second brother expressed an inclination to go to India, and the youngest chose to be a scholar.

Having thus made our choice, my father embraced us very tenderly, and within the proposed time fulfilled what he had voluntarily offered. Our respective portions were three thousand ducats, in ready cash; for we had an uncle who purchased the estate, that it might not go out of the family. In one and the fame day all three of us took leave of our good old father; and I could not forbear to think it rather cruel to leave him so straitened in his circumstances; wherefore I infifted on his receiving back two out of the three thousand ducats, the remainder being sufficient to make up a foldier's equipage. My example worked upon my other brothers, and each of them returned him a thousand ducats; so that the old gentleman remained with four thousand ducats in ready money, and three thousand more in land which he did not chuse to dispose of. And now, I say, we took leave of our father, and of the uncle I mentioned, with much heart-felt grief on all fides. I fet out for Alicant, my fecond brother for Seville, and the youngest to Salamanca. It is two and twenty years fince I left my father's house; in all which time I have never once heard from him, or from my brothers, notwithstanding I have written several letters: and now I will relate to you what adventures I have met with during this course of years.

At Alicant I embarked on board a ship for Genoa, from whence I proceeded to Milan, where I purchase I arms and a gay military uniform, in order to enlist in the army at Piedmont: but on the road to Alexandria de la Paglia I received information that the grand duke of Alva was passing with an army into Flanders, which occasioned me to alter my design. I attended the duke, served him in all his campaigns, and was No. 7

at the death of the counts Egmont and Horn: there I had the good fortune to obtain an enfign's commission in the company of a celebrated captain of Guadalajara, named Diego de Urbina. Some time after I had been in Planders, news arrived of the league concluded by Pope Pius the Fifth, of happy memory, in conjunction with Spain, against their common enemy the Turk, who at that time had taken the island of Cyprus from the Venetians; an heavy and most unfortunate lofs. It was certainly known that the general of this holy league was the most serene Don John of Austria, natural brother to our good king Philip. The vaft and mighty preparations for this war excited in me an incontroulable defire of being prefent in it; and tho I had promises of being promoted to the rank of captain, I chose to go, as I in reality did, to Italy and so fortunate was I, that Don John of Austria was then at Genoa, just going to embark for Naples, in order to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. I served in that successful campaign, and was appointed captain of infantry, which promotion I acquired more by good-fortune than by merit; and that day, which was so happy to all Chryflendom, when the world became convinced of the error they had entertained in believing the Turks unconquerable at sea; on that day, I say, in which the Ottoman pride was humbled, among fo many rejoicing christians, several of whom even exulted while expiring, and in expiring were therefore happy, I alone was unfortunate; for instead of receiving a naval crown, which, had I lived in the Roman ages, would have been my reward, in the evening of that memorable day I found myself a captive loaded with irons. My misfortune happened thus! Uchali, king of Algiers, an undaunted and fortunate corfair, having boarded and mastered the capitan galley of Malta, in which only three knights were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the galley of John Andrea Doria bore up to fuccour her: in this galley I was stationed with my company, and doing my duty on

this occasion, leaped into the enemy's galley, which immediately disengaging herself from ours, my men could not possibly follow me, and I found myself alone with my foes, to whom I was forced to submit, after being very much wounded: and Uchali having saved himself with his whole squadron, I remained his prisoner, the only afflicted man amidst the general felicity, and captive among so many who had been set free; for on that day upwards of sisteen thousand christians, who rowed in the Turkish gallies,

recovered their long-wished-for freedom.

I was taken to Constantinople, where Selim the Grand Turk appointed Uchali general of the feas, for his valour in having carried off the high standard of Malta. The following year I was enflaved in the capitan galley at Navarino, where I took notice of the christians remissiness in losing an opportunity they had of taking the whole Turkish sleet in that port; for all the Levantines and Janizaries expected nothing less: matters, however, happened otherwise, not through any fault of the christian general, but directed by the divine will of heaven, which deems it necessary that we should always have some enemy to chastise us, by way of punishment for our fins, Uchali made his way to Modon, an island at a small distance from Navarino, and there landing his men, fortified the harbour's mouth, and remained till Don John was obliged to return home with his fleet. In this expedition a galley called La Presa, commanded by a son of the famous corfair Barbarossa, was taken by the Sea-wolf, the capitan galley of Naples, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the foldiers, that happy and unconquerable warrior, Don Alvaro de Bazan, marquis of Santa Cruz; and I cannot omit the circumstances attending its capture. Barbarossa's son had always treated his flaves with great cruelty; wherefore as foon as they discovered themselves chaced by the Sea-wolf, they one and all quitted their oars, and seizing the captain, called out to their pursuers to row briskly; but before the Sea-wolf could overtake them, Mm2

they had handled him in so rough a manner, that his soul took its flight to the dark regions. Such was the final consequence of an inhuman disposition.

Afterwards we returned to Constantinople; and the year following, which was 1573, news was brought that Don John had made himself master of Tunis, wresting all the kingdom from the Turks, and putting Muley Hamet in possession of the whole; by which means he entirely obviated a restoration from Muley Hamida, one of the bravest but cruellest Moors in the The Grand Signor was much affected with this loss, and practifing his usual artifice, struck up a peace with the Venetians, who were equally as defirous of it as himself. The year following, 1574, he attacked the goleta and fort which Don John had begun, but not half finished, before Tunis. All this time I remained a galley-flave, without the smallest hope of ever recovering my liberty, especially by ranfom, being refolved not to trouble my father with an account of my misfortunes. After some refistance, the goleta and fort both surrendered, having been besieged by seventy-five thousand Turkish regular soldiers, and upwards of four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from all Africa near the fea, well provided with every kind of ammunition, and attended with fo great a number of pioneers, that by throwing handfuls of earth they could have covered both the goleta and fort. The goleta furrendered first, though it had till then been deemed impregnable: it was not lost through any fault of the belieged, who on the contrary defended it with great spirit, but because experience suggested the practicability of forming trenches in that loose sand, which was thought to have water under it within two feet; but the Turks dug as many fathoms' without finding any; and so filling a great number of facks with this fand, and heaping one fack upon another, they raifed them high enough to command a view of the whole fort, which they cannonaded fo diligently, that the garrison was soon obliged to surrender. It was a common opinion that we should not have have thut ourselves up in the goleta, but have attempted to prevent a difembarkation in the plain; however, those who talked in that manner, spoke without either reason or experience; for if both places confifted of no more than feven thousand men, how could fo small a number, if they were ever so brave, take the field against such an enormous multitude? and how was it possible that the forts could hold out without supplies, when surrounded by such an army, and in an enemy's country? Some indeed thought, and I am of the same opinion, that heaven shewed a particular indulgence to Spain in fuffering that fink of iniquity and perpetual drain of treasure to be destroyed; for prodigious fums of money were fpent there to no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been conquered by the immortal Charles the Fifth, the eternity of whose fame was otherwise very sufficiently supported. In a short time afterwards the fort also yielded; but it had held out stubbornly; for the garrison behaved with fuch resolution and perseverance, that in two and twenty affaults the enemy fustained the loss of twenty-five thousand men; and of the three hundred oldiers that remained in the fort alive, there was not a lingle man unwounded: a proof of their bravery, and of their experience. A small tower, in the middle of he lake, under the command of Don John Zanouera, a Valentian knight and famous foldier, furendered upon terms; but Don Pedro Puertocarrero, eneral of the goleta, was made prisoner, and was so f grief on the road to Constantinople. The general the fort, whose name was Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese, and a most skilful engineer, was also made isoner. Several persons of quality were killed in ofe two forts, and amongst them Pagan d'Oria, broer of the great John Andria d'Oria, a most liberalarted gentleman; and what made his death the more nentable was, that he was killed by some Arabs, to om he had entrusted his person, in consequence of ir having promised to convey him, in the disguise of a Turk, to Tabarca, a small settlement belonging to the Genoese, where they dive for coral; but they treacherously cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish navy, who made good our old Spanish proverb, though we admire the treason, we detest the traiter; for he ordered them to be instantly hanged, because they had not brought the head alive. Amongst the christians taken in the fort, there was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, of some place in Andalousia, and who had been an enfign in the garrison; a brave soldier, and an excellent poet. I mention him, because it was his fate to be my brother galley-slave Before he left the harbour he composed a couple of sonnets, by way of epitaph on the loss of the two forts, which I shall repeat, having retained every line of them in my memory.

WHEN the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Fernando observed his companions to smile: and just when he was going to repeat the sonnets, one of the three said to him, Pray, Sir, what became of that same Don Pedro de Aguilar?' The captive answered, that after a confinement of two years at Constantinople, he made his escape in the disguife of an Epirian trooper, accompanied by a Greek fpy; that he did not know whether he had entirely recovered his liberty, though he believed he had, because,' added the captive, 'I afterwards saw the fame Greek at Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of enquiring into the success of their ' scheme. 'I then can inform you,' answered the cavalier; 'that fame Don Pedro is now at home, · living in affluence, bleffed with a wife and three children, and is my brother.' Then God be ' praised,' said the captive; ' for there is no happiness equal to that of recovering our freedom.' 'I ' myfelf,' faid the cavalier, ' can repeat the fonnets which my brother composed.' Pray then, answer-

ed the captive, 'be kind enough to entertain the company with them: probably you may be more perfect in them than myself.' I will do it with a

great,

great deal of pleasure, resumed the gentleman: that written on the goleta is as follows:

Y E fpirits blest! who've ta'en your slight
To regions of eternal day,
From this low world of fin and night,
T'enjoy heav'n's undiminish'd ray!

Glory, the truest glory, fir'd
Your glowing souls in heav'n's fair cause!
Your unflagg'd bodies never tir'd,
Till seiz'd by death's rapacious jaws.

The hostile, barren soil was drench'd Both with your own and Pagan gore, And tho' of vict'ry here retrench'd, Your victory in heav'n's the more.

You are very perfect in the repetition,' faid the captive. 'Now then, Sir,' replied the cavalier, 'I will repeat that composed on the fort.

ROM those sad plains, (afferting nature's right, To glorious actions by pure courage driven,)
Three thousand valiant christians wing'd their flight,
And nobly sought the nearest way to heaven.

Yet not successless was their honour'd fate;
Myriads of infidels they fent to death:
No power or force their courage could abate,
Till tir'd, and pleas'd, they yielded up their breath.

From Afric's fatal fields more pious fouls
Ne'er rose to heav'n, t'enjoy a second birth;
Nor on her dreary coast, her hostile shoals,
Did braver bodies e'er return to earth.

The fonnets pleased the company, and the captive expressing much happiness to hear of his companion's safety, proceeded with his narration.

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CHAP. X.

Continuation of the captive's history.

HE Turks ordered the goleta to be difmantled. the other being razed by the fiege; and that this might be done with expedition, it was undermined in three parts; they could not, however, blow up the old walls, though they feemed to be very weak; but the newer fortifications, made by the engineer Fratin, came down eafily: in short, the Turkish sleet returned triumphantly to Constantinople, where in a few months Uchali died; to whose name, while living, the Turks added the term Fartax, which in their language fignifies renegado; and indeed fuch he truly was: the Turks bestow epithets upon one another, according to the virtues or vices that shew themselves; and this happens, because they have but four families diftinguished by particular names, and these descend from the house of Ottoman: so that the rest have appellations proportioned to their good or bad qualities. This Uchali was himself a slave in one of the Grand Signor's galleys fourteen years, and at the age of thirty-four renounced his religion, to be revenged of a Turk who had ftruck him while chained to the oar: and fuch afterwards was his conduct. that without treading in those vile steps which in common lead to the Sultan's favour, he was raifed to the throne of Algiers, and appointed general of the feas, which is the third command in the empire. He was a native of Calabria, a man of good morals, and behaved mildly to his flaves, the number of whom amounted to more than three thousand, and who, after their mafter's decease, were divided, according to his last will, between his renegadoes and the Grand Signor. I was now under command of a Venetian, who had been originally a cabbin-boy in a ship taken by Uchali, and was particularly esteemed by him. This person, whose name was Azanaga, proved one of

the cruellest renegadoes ever known or heard of. He acquired great wealth, and fucceeded even to the throne of Algiers, to which place I accompanied him from Constantinople, with some fatisfaction to think that I was fo near my native country; not that I intended to fend home an account of my misfortunes, but because I had hopes of my trying whether I should fucceed better at Algiers than I had done at Constantinople, where I had devised innumerable schemes to make my escape, but could never put one in execution: I hoped, however, fortune would be more favourable to me at Algiers; for in the midst of all my difappointments, hope never once forfook me whilft I had the faintest idea of regaining my liberty. By this means I supported my spirits, while shut up in a house or prison which the Turks call a bath, and in which they keep their christian slaves, as well those belonging to the king as those of private persons; amongst them too are a class called magazine captives, who are flaves of the council, and are employed by the city in common diurnal drudgery. The flaves of the king, who are ranfomable, are not obliged to work as the others do, except the ranfom be tedious in its arrival; in fuch case they are put to the most toilsome labour. I was one of those who were deemed ransomable; for when it was known that I had borne a commission, though I told them how impossible my redemption was on account of my poverty, yet they placed me amongst those gentlemen who were in expectation of ransoms, and put on me a light chain, rather as a mark of diftinction than an instrument of restriction. Thus I spent my time in the bath, amongst many cavaliers and people of quality, designed for ransoms; and though we were frequently, nay I may truly fay almost continually exposed to hunger and nakedness, nothing afflicted us so much as to hear and see the excessive cruelties with which the other christian slaves were used by our master: every day he was hanging one, impaling another, cutting off the ears or breaking the limbs of a third, and on fuch flight occasions, that the No. 8 Nn Turks Turks themselves owned that he did it from mere wantonness of barbarity. Only one Spanish soldier knew how to deal with him: the name of this man was Saavedra; who, though he did many things that will not be forgotten by the Turks, in attempting to recover his liberry, never received one blow from the savage tyrant, or even an angry expression; and yet we always apprehended that the least of his pranks would cause an impalement; nay he was himself asraid sometimes of being brought to the stake and impaled alive. If it were not for taking up too much of your time, I could relate such actions of this soldier as perhaps might better entertain you than an account of

my own adventures.

But to proceed. The windows of a rich Moor's house overlooked the court of our prison; they were, however, according to the custom of the country, rather peeping-holes than windows, and yet were covered with close lattices. It happened one day, that being on the terras of our prison, with only three of my companions, paffing away our fad hours as well as we could, by trying who could jump the highest or farthest in his shackles, the rest of the christians being fent out to work, I chanced to look up to those windows, and discovered a cane held out at one of them, with an handkerchief tied to it, waving to and fro, as if done by way of fignal for one of us to catch it. One of my companions therefore placed himfelf directly tinder it, to see if it would drop; but now it was drawn back, and moved from one fide to another, as if to imitate a person's disapprobation of any measure by shaking the head! our companion now retreated from the foot; but prefently the cane was held out again, and waved as before; whereupon another fixed himself under it, but succeeded no better than the first; then a third went, but to no purpose: I then went myself; and no fooner was I under the cane, than it fell at my feet. I instantly took it from the ground, and opening the handkerchief, found in it ten zianiys, 2 fort of base gold current among the Moors, worth about

about ten of our rials. It is needless to say how I rejoiced: my surprise and happiness were adequate: it was evident that the present was intended solely for myfelf, from the cane having dropt the inftant I went under it, and its having been refuled to the others. put the money in my pocket, broke the cane, and going upon the terras again, faw a very fine white hand opening the lattice of one of the windows, and then haftily shutting it again. It was now natural to conclude that some good-hearted fair one had done me this favour: my brother flaves and myself therefore bent our bodies after the Moorish manner, and crossed our hands upon our breafts, to manifest an acknowledgement of her benevolence. Soon afterwards there appeared from the same window a little cross made of cane, but which in a few moments was withdrawn; this strengthened our opinion that it was some female christian save who thus commiserated our situation: but the whiteness of her hand, together with some bracelets that we faw, changed that fentiment; and we now conjectured her to be one of those christian renegades that are frequently married by their masters. who prefer them to their own women, and esteem themselves happy in such marriage. But each suppofition of ours was wrong.

We were now determined to be particularly observant of the window, which indeed was our north star; but full fifteen days elapsed without our having once beheld another cane, or the same delicate hand, or indeed any other signal whatever; and though during that time we endeavoured to find out who lived in the house, and whether there was any semale renegade in it, all that we could learn was, that the house belonged to a Moor of quality, named Agimorato, and who had been alcayde of the Pata, an office of high importance. But one day, when we least expected it, another cane and handkerchief made their appearance: and this fortunately happened just at the time when only ourselves, as before, were left in the bath. One of my companions ran immediately under the welcome signal, but

Nn 2

to no purpose; another went, but without effect; and a third was equally unsuccessful; but when I went inyself, down it instantly dropt at my feet. In the handkerchief were forty Spanish golden crowns, and a paper written in Arabian characters, at the top of which was a cross: I kissed the cross, put the gold in my pocket, and returned to the terras, making my obeifance as before. The hand now appeared once more, and I having fignified that I would immediately read the paper, the window was then shut. We were all equally amazed and overjoyed at this truly wonderful event: but by what means we were to underfland the contents of the letter we knew not; for neither of us were acquainted with the Arabian tongue; and the peculiarity of our fituation rendered it a matter of the utmost difficulty to procure, with fafety, an interpreter. At last, however, I resolved to confide in a renegado who was a native of Murcia, and in whom I had experienced fome instances of friendship; indeed he had given me fome particular testimonies of his fidelity and attachment, which, in a manner, obliged him to preserve any secrecy I should impart to him: for the renegades, who entertain hopes of returning to Christendom, have generally certificates with them figned by the principal captives, attefting, that fuch and fuch a renegade is a person of good dispofition; that he has behaved with kindness to the chriftians, and would be glad to make his escape at a feafonable opportunity. There are fome who procure these certificates with a very honest design, whilst others have them for no other purpose than to plunder on the christian shores; when, if they are shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, observing that those papers will evince their real intention of cruizing with the Turks, which is nothing lefs than to embrace the first favourable occasion of returning home: by this means they avoid the first rage of resentment, and are feemingly reconciled to the church without being hurt; but they afterwards return privately to Barbary, and reaffume their mal-practices.

Those who procure certificates with an honest intention, convert them to a laudable use, and remain peaceably among the christians. Such an one was this renegade, who had obtained recommendations from all of us: but had the Moors ever known him to have been in poffession of such papers, they would have burnt him alive. I knew that this person could both speak and write Arabic: however, before I divulged to him my whole fecret, I shewed him the paper, and defired him to translate it for me, telling him at the fame time that I had picked it up by accident. accordingly read it over two or three times, construing and muttering it to himself: I asked him whether he understood it: he answered, he understood every word of it, and would translate it literally if I would furnish him with pen, ink, and paper: I accordingly fupplied him with these articles; and when he had finished, he told me that every fyllable he had written was punctiliously agreeable to the original, and bid me observe that wherever the words Lela Marien were introduced, they fignified the Virgin Mary. The following were the contents:

IN my childhood my father kept a slave, who in my own tongue instructed me in the christian worship, and informed me of many things of Lela Marien. This christian died, and I am fure she went not to the fire, but to Ala; for I faw her twice after her death, and she bid me go to the land of the christians to see Lela Marien, who had a great friendship for me: but I know not how to get thither: divers christians I have seen from these windows, but none who ever appeared so much the gentleman as thyself. I am both young and handsome, and have plenty of money: wherefore if thou canst devise any method by which we may make our escape together, I will be thy wife in the land of the christians, if thou shouldst have no objection to my person; but indeed shouldst thou not chuse to marry me, it will give me no concern; for Lela Marien will in such case provide an husband for me. This paper is written with my own hand: let it be read by nobody but such in whom thou canst place great considence:

dence: trust it not into the hands of any Moor, lest thouse be betrayed, for the Moors are treacherous; therefore I am much perplexed, and wish there was no necessity of thy trusting any body; because if my father should happen to hear of it, he would immediately cause me to be cast into a well, and covered with stones. I will twist a thread round a cane, to which thou mayst tie thinc answer. If thou canst not get a proper person to write for thee in Arabic, endeavour to acquaint me of thy inclination by signs: Lela Marien will assist me in guessing at thy meaning. May she and Ala bless thee by this cross, which I often kiss, conformably with the instructions of my deceased slave.

You may readily conceive what equal happiness and furprise the contents of this paper gave us: in short fuch was our joy, that we could by no means refrain from expressing it; so that our renegade friend quickly discovered that the paper had not been found by accident, but was actually addressed to one of us: he therefore bid us be very cautious, and confide in him alone, who would venture his life in our behalf: then pulling from his bosom a metal crucifix, he fwore, by the God that it represented, and in whom he, though a finful wretch, most firmly believed, to be true and faithful to us in whatever fecret we should disclose; observing to us at the same time that he was ftrongly of opinion we should soon recover our liberty through the means of her who had written the paper, and hoped he should by the same means also obtain what he had so long wished for, to wit, to be re-admitted into the bosom of his holy mother church, from which, for his numerous fins, he had been cast away as a rotten member. He made this declaration with fo many tears and other symptoms of penitence, that we unanimously determined to impart to him the whole matter; accordingly we related to him every circumstance that had happened, and at the same time pointed to the window where the north-star of our happiness had appeared. This

This renegado now taking very particular notice of the house, in order to obtain information of the name and quality of every person who re sided in it, we judged it necessary that the lady's letter should be answered; wherefore I began to dictate, and our renegade friend transcribed the answer, which I will repeat to you with great precision; for I retain persectly in my memory every material circumstance of that affair, and shall to the last hour of my life. The sollowing was literally the reply.

Kind and dear lady!

MAY the true Ala protest thee, in union with the holy virgin, who is the mother of God, and who, because The loves thee, bath infused into thy gentle bosom a desire of visiting the christian land: implore her therefore to teach thee bow to all in obedience to her will; for she is so beneficent in her nature, that she will grant thee thy request. On my own part, and on that of the enslaved christians who are bere with me, I promise thee all the service that our united power can execute, even unto death. Fail not to write to me, and acquaint me with thy resolution, for I mean to answer thee very punctually: the great Ala hath given us a christian slave who speaks and writes thy language, as thou wilt perceive by this letter; so that thou mayst safely impart to us thy intentions. As to what thou dost say with regard to becoming my wife when in the land of the christians, I do now betroth myself to thee on the faith of a good christian; and thou mayst assure thyself that the christians are more faithful in the execution of their promises than the Moors are. Ala, and the bleffed virgin his mother, be thy joint protection, dear lady.

After the writing and sealing of this letter, we waited two days before the bath was empty as before, and then went upon the terras to look for the cane, which in a short time made its appearance. I immediately held out my letter, as a signal for the thread to be fastened fastened to the cane; but this being already done, I tied my letter to it. Prefently our star re-appeared, and dropt an handkerchief containing feveral pieces of gold and filver, to the amount of fifty crowns, which increased our happiness, and augmented our hopes of recovering that most invaluable of human enjoyments, personal liberty. In the evening our renegado returned to us, and told us he had received intelligence that the house was inhabited by the Moor I before mentioned. Agimorato; that he was immenfely rich, and had only one daughter to fucceed to his estate, reported to be the most beautiful woman in all Barbary; that she had rejected feveral viceroys who had demanded her in marriage, and that she had once a favourite slave who These circumstances concurring exactly with her letter, we now held a confultation with the renegade about a method of conveying ourselves with this Moorish lady into Christendom, and at length however resolved to defer the matter till we again heard from Zoraida, which is the name of her whom I have now the happiness to fix my eyes upon, and who defires to be called Maria: for we knew that by her means alone we were to get through every difficulty. The renegado gave us fresh affurances of his zeal and fidelity.

The bath being full of captives for four successive days, the cane did not once make its appearance; but as soon as the usual solitude returned, the cane returned with it, attended with an handkerchief containing one hundred golden crowns and a letter. The renegate happening to be at this time with us, gave us the fol-

lowing translation of the letter.

I KNOW not, Sir, bow to contrive our escape to Christendom; neither hath Lela Marien advised me in this respect, notwithstanding I have befeeched her counsel in the most earnest manner. All that I can do is to supply you from this window with money: therefore you must obtain a ransom with it for yourself and your companions, and then going alone to the land of the christians, purchase a bark.

bark, and return for the rest. You will find me in my sather's garden, close to the sea-side, by the gate of Barbazon, where I shall pass all the summer with my sather and the servants. From thence you may take me in the night, and convey me to your bark. But remember that thou art to be my husband: if thou dost fail in that, I shall pray to Lela Marien to chastise thee. Be sure to make that advantage of thy ransom which is the metive of this my private and perilous correspondence: go thyself to purchase the bark; for I trust thou wilt return sooner than another. Come to the garden of my father, as I have already instructed thee. When the bath is empty I will give thee a fresh supply of money. Ala be thy guardian, dear gentleman.

Upon reading the above, each proposed himself as the person to be ransomed, promising to return with the bark very punctually; but as the lady had fo particularly fixed on myfelf for this purpose, I observed that I was undoubtedly the properest person; the renegado, however, opposed me; indeed, after a little confideration, he did not approve of either of us going fingly; well knowing that fome former captives, after a recovery of their freedom, had omitted to fulfil the promifes they had made in their confinement; that flaves of quality had frequently used the expedient of ransoming one of their number, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase a bark, in order to return for the rest, but that the ransomed person never came back; for the joy of having obtained his liberty, and the dread of losing it again by returning, obliterated every duty of remembrance. Our renegado, by way of confirming what he thus advanced, related a case which happened in those parts, attended with the most strange and fingular incidents that ever were heard of. In fhort, he observed to us that the most rational scheme we could possibly put in practice, would be to put a fum of money into his hands, with which ha would purchase a bark at Algiers, under pretence of becoming a merchant, and commencing a trade with No. 8 Tetuan;

Tetuan; by which means, as being mafter of the veffel, he would foon contrive to get us away from the bath, and put us fafely on board, especially if the lady should supply us with money sufficient to procure the ransom of us all; for as in fuch case we should no longer be flaves, we might, if we pleafed, embark even at noonday. He faid that the greatest difficulty which prefented itself, was, the backwardness of the Moors in fuffering a renegado to purchase any other bark or vessel than such large ones as were calculated for cruizing upon the christians; from a supposition that a renegade, especially if a Spaniard, seldom buys a bark with any other design than that of returning to his own country: he, however, undertook to obviate this difficulty, by chusing a Tangarin Moor as his partner; in which case he said he would take care still to be mafter of the vessel, and by that means fully effectuate his purpose. We were afraid to dissent to this proposition of the renegade, though we thought the lady's advice was far more eligible: to oppose him, we thought, might endanger our lives, as well as the life of Zoraida, for whom we would readily have facrificed our own: wherefore we were determined to rely upon God and the renegade.

We now wrote an answer to Zoraida, informing her, that we should pay a strict observance to her advice, which, we told her, was as prudential and wholsome as if it had been given by Lela Marien herself, and that to accelerate or protract the negociation was now entirely in her own breast. I also once

more promifed to be her husband.

In two days afterwards the bath happening to be empty, she gave us at different times, by means of the cane, two thousand golden crowns, with a paper, importing that on the first Jama, which is their Friday, she was to set out for her father's garden, but would accommodate us with a fresh supply of money before her departure; and she desired we would let her know whether we should then have enough, as she could easily convey more to us without her father missing

it, especially as the keys of his treasure were all in her possession. We immediately gave the renegado five hundred crowns to purchase a bark with, and I paid my own ransom with eight hundred more, which I deposited in the hands of a Valencian merchant then at Algiers, who negociated with the king for my freedom, and obtained it for me, upon his promising to be responsible for the sum as soon as the first ship from Valencia should arrive; for if he had paid the money immediately, the king would have surmised that it had been some weeks ready at Algiers, and that the merchant had in the time converted the use of it to his own private emolument.

The day before Zoraida set out for the garden of her father, she supplied us with another thousand crowns, desiring that, as soon as I should obtain my ransom, I would find out the seat or garden she was going to, and pay her a visit there. I in a few words answered, that I would certainly do so, and desired her to recommend us to the favour of Lela Marien in every prayer which her slave had taught her.

Things thus far settled, means were now thought of for the ransom of my three companions; lest, seeing me enjoy my freedom, and themselves in consinement at the time when I had money enough to purchase their liberty, they should be discontented, and be tempted by the author of all evil to do something that might injure Zoraida; for though their honour and probity might have secured me against any such sentiment, yet I did not chuse to run the least hazard whatever: therefore I took care to have them redeemed by the same merchant who obtained my own liberty; putting the whole sum in his hands, that he might with the greater diligence serve them: but we took especial care not to usualge to him a tittle of our secret connections with the fair Zoraida.

CHAP. XI.

The captive's adventures continued.

In the space of a fortnight our renegado had purchased a very good bark, capable of containing above thirty persons; and, to obviate all possibility of suspicion, he undertook a voyage to a place called Sargel, at the distance of about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coast of Oran: and indeed he made this same voyage two or three times with his partner the Tangarin Moor. Those Moors, who are called Tangarins, were driven from Arragon, and those of Grenada are called Mudajares, though in the kingdom of Fez they have the appellation of Elches, and

are the best foldiers that the king has.

Every time the renegado passed along the coast with his bark, he used to cast anchor in a small bay within two bow-shots of Agimorato's garden; and there he used to exercise his Moorish rowers in performing the Zala, a particular ceremony or falutation amongst them, or else in some other employment; by which he practised in jest what he intended doing in earnest. would fometimes go to the garden-wall and ask for some fruit, which was never denied him by Agimorato, although he did not know him; but notwithstanding, as he afterwards acknowledged, he wanted much to speak to Zoraida herself, and inform her that he was the person appointed by me to carry her off to Christendom, he never had an opportunity of doing it; for the Moorish women scarcely ever suffer themselves to be feen by their own countrymen or the Turks, except when commanded by their husbands or fathers; but as to the christian captives, they often admit of greater familiarities from them than even decency allows. I should have been forry if he had seen and spoke to her, because she would have been uneasy at finding an affair of fuch importance entrusted to a renegado: the Almighty, however, who ordains every thing for the best,

best, gave him not an opportunity of fulfilling his

well-meant defign.

Our faithful renegado, observing how securely he continued his trade to and from Sargel, anchoring when and where he pleased, his partner most readily acquiefcing in every thing he did, thought there was now nothing wanting but some christians to row; and knowing that I had obtained my ranfom, he fignified to me his defire that I would felect, exclusive of my friends, fuch as I thought both fafe and necessary to take with me; further defiring that I would make myself fure of them for the next Friday, as being the day he

had determined on for our departure.

Upon notice of this resolution I spoke to twelve frout Spaniards, who were good rowers, and people who could easily get out of the city. We had fortune greatly on our fide in procuring so many at that conjuncture; for upwards of twenty fail of cruizers were just gone out, and had taken with them most of the flaves who were fit for the oar: indeed we should not have had those twelve, if their master had not happened to stay at home that summer to complete a galley which was then upon the stocks. I faid no more to them than that on Friday evening they must steal very privately out of the city, and stop for me at a certain place near the garden of Agimorato; and that if any paffengers should ask them why they stopped there, to tell them they acted in obedience to my order.

And now I had another matter of the very greatest consequence to put in practice: this was to convey to Zoraida an apprifal of what we had done and were doing, in order that she might be prepared at a very short warning, and not be alarmed if our vessel should arrive for her much sooner than she could possibly have expected: being refolved therefore to go to the garden, to try if it was practicable to speak to her, I accordingly went there under pretence of gathering a few herbs; and the very first person I saw was Agimorato himself, who spoke to me in a jargon used throughout Barbary, and indeed at Constantinople;

it is a mixture of tongues.

He asked me who I was, and what I was looking for? I answered, that I was a slave of Arnaute Mami, (who I knew to be his very particular acquaintance and friend,) and that I came most humbly to feek a few herbs to make a fallad: he then asked me if I was a ranfomable flave? how much my mafter demanded for my freedom? and fo forth. During these questions the fair Zoraida happened to come into the garden, having perceived me from a window; and as the Moorish women are never shy of christian slaves, as I have already observed, she advanced towards the spot where I was converfing with her father, who no fooner faw her than he called her to him. It would be difficult to express the surprise which the beauty, dress, and mien of my beloved Zoraida occasioned in me: the pearls about her neck and ears were as innumerable as the hairs of her head; on her ancles, which were naked, agreeable to the custom of that country, she wore golden bracelets, which in the Morifco tongue are called carcaxes: these were set profusely with diamonds. which she afterwards informed me her father estimated at twenty thousand ducats: she had others upon her wrifts equally rich and costly. The pearls were of the very finest kind; for the chief pride of a Moorish lady is to adorn herself magnificently with pearls and embroidery. Indeed Zoraida's father was reputed to inherit the greatest quantity of them of any man in Algiers, besides a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns; all which the lady whom you now see was once mistress of, but is now mistress only of me: what she yet retains of beauty, after a long series of fuffering and affliction, may lead you to guess of her fine personal appearance when in the height of her Iplendor and prosperity. The beauty of some ladies hath its days and feafons, and increases or diminishes according to accidents or passions, which either reslect Justre, or impair each foft attraction. In short, Zoraida approached in all the grandeur of habiliment, gracefulness

fulness of deportment, and perfection of personal beauty; at least I thought I had never seen so handsome a woman before; which circumstance, joined to the high obligation under which I lay to her, made her appear as an angel fent from heaven to deliver me from bondage. As foon as she came up, her father told her in his own language that I was a flave belonging to his friend Arnaute Mami, and that I had come to ask for herbs: upon which she embraced the favourable opportunity of conversing with me, and asked me, in the jargon I just now mentioned, whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not obtain my ransom? I told her that I was already ranfomed, and that she might fee how I had been respected by my master by the fum he received for my enlargement, which was no less than fifteen hundred fultanins. She replied, 'Truly, if thou hadft been my father's flave, he ' should not have parted with thee for twice as ' much; for you christians never speak the truth, but always pretend to be poorer than you really are, in order to impose upon us Moors.' I then said to her, 'Madam, I acknowledge that may fometimes be the case; but I dealt honestly with my master, as I do with every body else.' Then she asked me, when I intended to depart? I answered, 'To-morrow, ma-' dam, I believe; for there is a French bark going off some time to-morrow, and I purpose embracing the opportunity of failing with her.' She faid, she thought it would be more prudent in me to wait till the arrival of some vessel from Spain, since the French were not our friends. I answered 'There is a Spanish ' ship expected; and if I was fure she would arrive very speedily, I would wait for her: but I believe ' I shall at a certainty sail to-morrow; for I long to be in my dear native country.' 'Without doubt,' faid she, 'thou art married in Spain, and impatient to be with thy wife.' 'No, madam, I am not yet ' married,' I replied, ' but shall be so as soon as I return home, agreeably to an inviolable promife I have made to a lady.' 'Is the lady handsome?' faid Zoraida.

Zoraida. 'So beautiful is she,' I replied, 'that to tell you the real truth, and pay her a compliment,

" she is the exact image of yourself."

At these last words old Agimorato laughed heartily, and said, 'On my word, christian, she must be charming indeed if she be so much like my daughter, who is the greatest beauty in this kingdom: if thou dost well look at her, thou wilt know that what I say is the truth.'

Agimorato was interpreter in the most part of our conversation, being better acquainted with the jargon than Zoraida; for she explained her meaning

oftener by figns than by words.

In the course of our conversation a Moor came running towards us, with the news, that four Turks had got over the garden-wall, and were stealing some green fruit. Both father and daughter seemed much alarmed; for the Moors stand in great awe of the Turks, particularly of the foldiers, who treat the former with uncommon insolence, and use them even worse than if they were flaves. Accordingly Agimorato defired Zoraida to retire to the house, and lock herself up, while he went to remonstrate with them on their bad behaviour. . Thou, christian, mayst gather thy herbs,' said the old man, 'and then get thee gone about thy bufiness.' I bowed to him, and he went in quest of the Turks, leaving me alone with his daughter, who made a pretence of retiring towards the house as he had defired; but she was no sooner obscured from his fight by the trees in the garden than she turned towards me with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed ' Amexi, christiano, ' amexi!' fignifying, ' Thou art going away, chrifstian! thou art going!' True it is, my dear " madam,' faid I, " that I am going, but not without you: on the next Jama expect me; and be not · furprised when you see us; for we shall certainly ' fail to Christendom.' I expressed myself with such energy and emphasis, that she readily understood me; and throwing her arm round my neck, the conducted me towards the house, whilst every part of her delicate texture trembled. It happened that as we were walking in this attitude, (which might have proved of fatal consequence,) her father was returning from the Turks, and faw us: Zoraida, however, with admirable discretion and great presence of mind, not only omitted to take her arm from my neck, but gently dropt her head into my bosom and then funk on the ground, as if the had been fainting, while I made a pretence of supporting her with great compassion and civility. Agimorato seeing her in this condition, ran towards us with the utmost concern, and asked what was the matter? but she not immediately answering, he faid, 'I suppose those scoundrel Turks have frighted you, my dear.' Then taking her from my arms, he supported her in his own; while she, breathing a deep figh, with her eyes drowned in tears, faid, 'Be gone, christian, be gone.' · There is no occasion for the christian's departure, faid the father; 'he hath done thee no kind of harm; and as to the Turks, I have fent them away; therefore, my good child, be no longer frighted. I perceived the lady to be much frighted, Sir, faid I, ' when she heard the Turks had got into the garden; however, fince it is her defire that I should depart, I will by no means stay to give her offence: I will come fome other time for the herbs, with your ' permission Sir; for my master says they are the best ' that can be had any where.' 'Thou mayst come ' whenever thou haft a mind,' faid Agimorato: 'what " my daughter said proceeded from no ill-will she bears towards thee, or any other christian: she only ' wished the Turks away, and by mistake bid thee be gone, or perhaps meant that thou shouldst make hafte to gather thy herbs.'

I now immediately took leave of them both; and Zoraida, with all the appearance of extreme affliction, walked very feebly away with her father, while I went round the garden under pretence of looking for the herbs, observing with great exactitude every entry and outlet, together with the strength of the house, No. 8

and all conveniences which could any way tend to fa-

cilitate our plan.

After I had fufficiently reconoitred, I went forthwith to the renegade and my other companions, and acquainted them with every thing that had happened, wishing most impatiently for the time in which I might be securely in possession of my dear Zoraida. At last the happy moment arrived; and our well-concerted plan was attended with all the good fortune our

hearts could wish.

On the Friday evening after my conversation with Zoraida, our renegade, whose name was Morrenago, anchored his bark opposite to the place where my lovely miftrefs refided: and the christians, who were to be employed at the oar, lay hidden in some adjacent corners, according to the directions which I had given them. They were all most ardently wishing for my coming, and defirous of feizing the bark which they now faw, not knowing at that time of my fecret conhection with its commander; in short, they imagined that they were forcibly to obtain a passage and their freedom, by killing all the Moors that were on board. As foon as I and my companions made our appearance, these rowers came from their hiding-places; and the gates of the city being at this time shut, not a foul was to be feen in the fields. When we were all got together, we were in doubt whether we should go immediately for Zoraida, or make ourselves masters of those Moors who were in the bark. During our hesitation Morrenago stepped ashore to us, and asked us what we were confulting about? 'The Moors,' faid he, 'are ' all gone to rest, and most of them are asleep.' We mentioned to him the subject of our hesitation; upon which he immediately faid, that the most essential and important step was to secure the bark, which might be eafily done without danger, and that it then became our business to go immediately for Zoraida.

We agreed to this proposition, and without further delay followed him to the bark, into which he leaped with his drawn scymitar, and called out, in the Moorish

language,

language, 'The first man who presumes to stir, shall that moment lofe his life.' By this time we were all on board; and the Moors, who are naturally timorous, hearing this menace from their master, were much terrified, and most submissively suffered themselves to be manacled, which was done with great expedition by the christians, who theatened to destroy every Moor if they made the least noise. This being accomplished, and half of our number left to guard them, the remainder, with Morrenago at our head, went up to the gate of Agimorato's garden, which most fortunately happened not to be locked. Onward we therefore marched, without being perceived by any living foul; and Zoraida, who was in readiness at a window, asked us foftly whether we were Nazarini? that is, are you christians? I answered in the affirmative, and begged her to come down immediately: fhe knowing my voice, came down, and, opening the door, appeared like a goddess; in short, her beauty and the magnisicence of her dress surpass all description. with her divine appearance, I took her hand and faluted it; Morrenago and my other friends did the fame, and the rest of the company followed our example; all manifesting to her the fervency of our grateful hearts. Morrenago asked her, in the Morisco language, whether her father was in the house? and fhe telling him that he was affeep in his own apartment, ' then we must awake him,' said Morrenago, and take him along with us, and every thing of value ' in his house.' But Zoraida objected to this, saying that the had fecured a fufficiency to make us all rich and happy. She then stept back into the house, having bid us be quiet, and affuring us fhe would foon return. I asked Morrenago what he had been saying to her, and as foon as he told me, I charged him not to do any thing that might be in the least disagreeable to

In a few minutes Zoraida returned with a cheft fo full of money, that she could scarce support its weight. But just at this most critical moment old Agimorato

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awaked

awaked, and hearing a noise in the garden, started up, and running to the window, perceived there were christians in it, when he began to bawl aloud, in Arabic, 'Christians! christians! thieves! thieves!' which threw us into the utmost consternation and confusion; and Morrenago seeing what danger we were now in, and how much it behoved us to endeavour to accomplish our enterprise, ran up to Agimorato in his apartment, taking with him some of the company: as to myself, I could not by any means leave Zoraida; for she was now almost fainting in my arms: however, Morrenago and his companions conducted matters so well, that they brought the old man down into the garden, with his hands tied behind him, and his mouth stopped with an handkerchief.

Zoraida, as foon as she beheld her father, turned away from him, and covered her eyes; while he stood astonished and concerned at the sight of his daughter. Ittle thinking how willingly she had put herself in our

hands.

Diligence on our fide being the chief thing requifite, we made directly for the bark, where our people began to be in pain for us, dreading we had met with some bad accident: however, before two hours of the night had elapsed, we were all fafely on board, where we released the hands of Agimorato, and took the hand-kerchief from his mouth, but threatened to put him to death if he prefumed to speak. Seeing his daughter, he sighed most lamentably, and the more so when he observed me to embrace her, without her making the least resistance: he repeated his sighs, but durst not speak, lest he should lose his life for it.

Zoraida now feeing we were fafely embarked, expressed a desire that her father and the other Moors might be put ashore; in short, she said that if this her request was not complied with, she would throw herself into the sea; for her father, she added, had been always extremely tender of her, and she could not therefore bear to see him thus in captivity on her account. I agreed to his releasement immediately; but

Mor-

Morrenago opposed it strongly: he said that if we put them ashore, they would alarm the city and country; in which case some light frigates would be dispatched in quest of us, and we should be so beset both by sea and land, that it would be impossible to escape; that therefore it was not safe or politic to set them at liberty till we should make the first christian land. This advice feemed fo rational, that Zoraida herfelf gave con-

And now our lufty rowers beginning to ply their oars, we recommended ourselves to God's protection, took our departure, and steered for the island of Majorca, which was the nearest christian land; but the north wind blowing rather briskly, and the sea becoming rough, we could not hold that course, but were forced to row along shore towards Oran, and were under great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel on the same coast: we were also afraid we should meet with some of the trading galleys from Tetuan; though indeed our fear of meeting these did not very much affect us; for we had come to a resolution, that if we should happen to fall in with any vessel not fitted out or manned as a corfair, we would make ourselves masters of her; by which means we should be in a better vessel for profecuting our voyage.

While we thus steered along the coast, Zoraida put her hand before her eyes, that the might not fee her father's affliction, and I could hear her foftly invoking

Lela Marien to favour our escape.

After we had rowed about thirty miles, day-break shewed us that we were within gun-shot of a solitary shore where not a foul was to be seen; however, we rowed hard to get off to fea, knowing that we could not be too fecure; and when we had made about two leagues, we proposed that our men should row alternately, in order to be properly refreshed with provifions, of which we had plenty with us in the bark; but our valiant rowers faid, they would eat and work at the fame time; for that there was not a moment to

be loft: fome victuals were accordingly given them; but a fresh breeze springing up, we ceased rowing, and made full fail for Oran, it being impossible to

keep any other course.

We now made about eight miles an hour, without any other fear than of meeting with fome corfair or other. We gave victuals to our Moorish prisoners, whom Morrenago comforted by affuring them that they should be restored to their liberty at the very first opportunity; he faid the fame to Zoraida's father, who replied, ' Any other indulgence I might expect from your generofity, O ye christians! but I am not fo fimple as to suppose that you will restore to me ' my freedom; for you never would have hazarded ' your persons in depriving me of it, if you had not defigned to keep me in perpetual captivity; espe-' cially fince you know who I am, and what you may e get for my ransom, which if you will now propose, · I here promise to pay whatever you chuse to demand for myself and my unhappy daughter, or for her alone, whom I esteem the better part of my foul.' Thus faying, he wept so bitterly, that Zoraida could not forbear to turn her eyes upon him; and indeed he moved compassion in all of us, but most particularly in her; infomuch, that, starting from my arms, she flew into those of her father; and placing her head in his breast, both parent and child uttered fo tender a lamentation, that it was impossible not to sympathise with them in their distress: but Agimorato feeing her to richly dreffed, and decorated with fo many jewels, faid, in his own language, what is the " meaning of this, daughter? last night, before this dreadful misfortune befel us, thou wert in thy usual e garb; but now, without scarce having had time to bedeck thyself in such finery, I behold thee most ' fplendidly adorned, as if we were in poffession of our freedom, and in full prosperity: this gives me much greater furprise and tribulation than the unexpected event of my captivity: therefore answer me.'

Morrenago interpreted all that the Moor faid; but Zoraida made not the least reply; Agimorato, however, happening to fix his eyes upon a small trunk in which Zoraida's jewels were, and knowing that it had been left at Algiers when he removed to his garden. he was still more astonished, and asked her how that trunk had fallen into our hands, and whether her jewels were in it? to which Morrenago, without giving Zoraida time to reply, faid to her father, 'Do not ' trouble thy daughter with so many questions, for in one word I can fatisfy thee in all. Know then that ' she is a christian; that she hath filed off our chains, and hath restored us to our liberty; that she came hither with her own free confent and inclination, and is now, I believe, as well contented with her ' present situation as a person delivered from darkness ' to light, or from affliction to happiness.' 'O my ' daughter!' faid the Moor, ' is all this true?' 'Every ' word of it is true,' replied Zoraida. ' And art thou really a Christian?' faid he; ' art thou she who hath put thy father into captivity?' 'I do avow myself a christian, replied Zoraida, but not the person who hath brought you into bondage; for I ! never had the smallest desire to do you that injury; ' my whole intention was to provide for the future welfare of my foul.' 'And how hast thou pro-' vided for it?' faid the father. ' Ask the good Lela Marien,' answered Zoraida; ' for she can tell thee best.'

No sooner were these last words uttered than Agimorato, with the utmost rage and fury, threw himself into the fea, where he would certainly have perished

if his long garment had not kept him affoat.

Zoraida screamed, and begged we would fave her father from drowning: we therefore exerted ourselves as much as possible, and by laying hold of some part of his vestment brought him from the water; but he was half-drowned, and entirely fenseless. Zoraida was truly affected to see her parent in this lamentable condition, and wept over him as if he had been dead.

We now turned him on his face; by which means he difgorged a great quantity of water, and in about

two hours recovered.

During this time the wind shifted, and drove us towards the shore; so that we were obliged to ply our oars with redoubled diligence, to prevent running aground; and it was our good fortune to get into a creek, formed by a promontory called the cape of Cava Rumia; which fignifies, in our language, the cape of the wicked christian woman. It is a tradition among the Moors that Cava, (daughter of count Julian) who was the cause of the loss of Spain, lies interred there; and they think it a bad omen to be driven into that creek; for they never drop anchor there, except by the utmost necessity: to us, however, it was no unlucky cape, but a fecure shelter from the sea, which was at that time extremely high. Having placed centinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we refreshed ourselves with what Morrenago had provided, invoking God and the bleffed virgin to protect us, and affift us in bringing our enterprise to an happy conclusion.

Here, at the defire of Zoraida, we determined to fet her father and the other Moors at liberty, for fhe could no longer bear to fee the former in fuch affliction, or indeed the latter in the condition of captives: and this we could do with great fafety, the

place we were in being totally uninhabited.

Just when we were ready to depart, we therefore unbound the Moors, and fent them one by one on shore, to their great astonishment; for they did not expect to be ever released. On dismissing Agimorato, who by this time had entirely recovered his intellects, 'Christians!' said he, 'do you think that this base

woman intreated for my liberty through any filial regard? no, certainly; it was because my presence

is a check to the profecution of her evil defires : do onot think that she embraces your religion from any

• principle of conscience, but from an idea that she can lead a more loofe and lascivious life in your country country than in her own.' Then turning to Zoraida, while I and another held him fast by the arms, to prevent his doing her a mischief, he exclaimed, 'O thou equally absurd and infamous maiden! what can have induced thee to put thyself in the power of these our natural foes, these christians, these dogs? cursed be the moment that gave thee life, and the indulgence with which I bred thee.'

Agimorato not feeming inclined to end his exclamations, we were obliged to infift upon his going ashore immediately; where he imprecated a general curse upon us all, and supplicated Mahomet to implore of

Ala to destroy us.

As we gradually left the shore in a fine smooth sea, the wind having abated, we perceived Agimorato exercising many acts of despair, such as tearing his beard, wringing his hands, and rolling himself on the ground; and once he raised his voice so high, that we heard him distinctly say, 'Come back, my daughter, and I will forgive thee all; let those dogs retain the treasure which they have in their possession, and do thou return to the shore: return, my dear child, or on this sandy desart must thy disconsolate father breathe his last! return, my child, return!'

Tears flowed from the eyes of Zoraida, on her hearing these affecting expressions; though her only reply was, 'May it be the divine will of Ala, that 'Lela Marien, who was the cause of my conversion, 'may give thee comfort in thy affliction: Ala knows 'that I could not act otherwise than I have done, and 'knows also that these christians are not altogether so 'much obliged to me; for I could enjoy no peace or 'quietude of soul till I put in execution what in your 'eyes appears so detestable, but what in my own 'mind seems a rectitude of conduct which points to 'me the surest way to heaven.'

It was impossible however that this replication could reach the ears of Agimorato, whom we had by this time almost lost fight of; I therefore gave all possible confolation to my beautiful mistress, whilst a gentle

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gale wafted us over the vast bosom of the sea, and inspired us with the pleasing hope of being next day on the coast of our dear native country. But as it rarely happens that the events of good-fortune are fo pure as not to be in some measure darkened with the fhade of disappointment, it was heaven's will, perhaps in confequence of the Moor's curses on his daughter, (for the curses of a father are to be dreaded, let him be what he will,) that in the middle of the night, when under full fail, and our oars laid by, we perceived, by the brightness of the Moon, a large round vessel with all her sails out, steering a-head of us, and in short came so near, that we were forced to slacken fail to prevent her from running foul of us, though indeed the feemed to favour our efforts to avoid her: those upon deck hailed us, enquiring whither we were bound to, and from whence we had come? but as they spoke in French, Morrenago defired that none of us would answer them, because they were French pirates, he faid, who made prize of every thing they met with. This made us all very filent; but as we kept failing on, they fired two guns at us, loaded, in all appearance, with chain hot; for one of them cut away our mast, which fell into the sea, and the other came through the centre of our bark, but did no material damage. However, we evidently found that we were finking, and began to cry out for affiftance; upon which they brought to, and hoisting out their pinnace, about a dozen of the ship's crew came to us, with lighted matches in their hands, and armed with took muskets. Seeing that we were few in number, they us into their pinnace or boat, faying that we had brought on ourselves this misfortune, by not answering the questions they had asked us. Previous to this, and while our bark was foundering, Morrenago very privately took up the cheft which contained the treasure of Zoraida, and threw it into the fea.

We were no fooner on board the Frenchman than the crew began to plunder us, taking from Zoraida even the bracelets that she wore upon her ancles; but

what I most dreaded was, that after having robbed her of all her coftly jewels, they would deprive her of that which she esteemed far dearer and more valuable than all the rest: but those fort of people have feldom any defires beyond that of getting money, which at that time engroffed their attention fo much, that they were tempted even by the ragged apparel which we had worn in our captivity, and would certainly have stripped us of it if they could have converted it to any pecuniary purpose: nay fome of them made a proposal to wrap as all in a fail together, and throw us over-board, because they had a design of anchoring in some of the Spanish ports, under a pretence of being Britons; and they were sensible that if they carried us thither alive, their villainy would be discovered: the captain, however, who had himself rifled Zoraida, said he was contented with what he had got, and resolved not to touch at any Spanish port, but steer through the streights of Gibraltar, and return to Rochelle, from whence he had come out on his cruize. In confequence of this determination they agreed to give us their pinnace, with fuch necessaries as they thought we should want for the remainder of our voyage, which was now pretty near its conclusion; accordingly the following day they put us in possession of their boat, and we had the fatisfaction of feeing our native shore, which at once banished all the forrow that our poverty had created in us: fuch is the inexpressible happiness of being restored to one's liberty.

It was about mid-day when we were put into the boat, with two casks of water and some biscuit; and the captain having some little humanity in him, returned to Zoraida about forty golden crowns, and would not suffer his men to strip her of her cloaths, which were the same that she now wears: so that at our parting from these pirates, instead of murmuring at the usage we had met with, we thanked the cartain

for his benevolence.

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The pirates steered for the streights, and we plied our oars so diligently in our course towards land, that at sun-set we found we should easily reach it before the night would be far advanced; the evening, however, being exceedingly dark, and every one of us ignorant of the coast, we judged it imprudent to attempt rowing ashore; and still some were for running the hazard, even though we should get soul of the rocks, or be in some defart part of the country, alledging, that otherwise we might probably meet with some of the Tetuan rovers, who come out in the night, and early in the morning cruize on the Spanish coast, where they often take a prize, and returning the same day, sleep

fecurely at home.

It was therefore refolved, after this argument and contrariety of opinion, to row cautioufly towards the shore, with intent, if the sea would admit of it, to land at the first convenient place: so we rowed gently on, and about midnight found ourselves at the bottom of a lofty mountain, the shore of which was fandy enough to favour our landing: we therefore ran our boat in as far as we could, and immediately stepping ashore, eagerly kissed the ground, thanked the Almighty for his goodness, and congratulated each other on our fafe deliverance. We then took our provision from out of the boat, and climbed up the mountain; but could scarce persuade ourselves that we were safely on christian ground, though we so evidently stood upon it, sat upon it, and even embraced it. At break of day, which we thought long coming, we found ourselves at the summit of the mountain, and endeavoured to descry some habitable place or other, but could discern neither a village, house, hut, highway, or foot-path.

We now resolved to penetrate into the country, in hopes of meeting with somebody to give us a little information. Zoraida made me unhappy: I was distressed to see her tender feet treading on the rocky ground; and though I sometimes carried her on my back, she was more fatigued to see me weary than

tired

tired by walking herself; therefore leaning on my arm, she passed on with much patience and perseverance.

After we had thus travelled about a quarter of a league, we heard the found of a little sheep-bell; whence we concluded that there must be some slock near; and looking about, we at length perceived at the foot of a cork-tree a young shepherd very attentively cutting a flick with his knife. Upon calling to him, he gazed at us for a moment, and then ran away as if terribly frighted. We found afterwards that the renegade and Zoraida, in Moorish habits, being the first objects that presented themselves to him. he imagined all the Barbary corfairs were coming upon him, and therefore fled into a wood, crying out; ' The Moors are landed! arm! arm! for the Moors ' are now on shore!' This exclamation perplexed us greatly; for we apprehended that we should now soon have the horse-guard of the coast upon us, and therefore came to a refolution that Morrenago should take off his Moorish garb and put on a slave's jacket, with which he was accommodated by one of the company, though the accommodator remained in his thirt. And now, recommending ourselves to God, we followed the fame road which the shepherd so hastily took, expecting every moment to fee the cavalry upon us; and we were not mistaken; for in less than two hours, as we were descending into a plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen, at an hand-gallop, making towards us; we therefore halted, to await their arrival. As foon as they came up, and beheld, instead of fo many hostile Moors, a few poor christian slaves, they were much confounded; and one of them asking whether we were the persons the shepherd had raised. fuch an alarm about, I answered in the affirmative, and proceeded to acquaint them with particulars of our fituation, but was foon interrupted by one of our company, who happened to have knowledge of the trooper that questioned us, and to whom he thus addressed himself: 'If the many years of my captivity have not impaired my memory, you, Signor, are my ' uncle.

uncle, Don Pedro Bustamente; and blessed be God for having directed us to this part of the country; for, if I mistake not, we are near Velez Malaga.

Scarce had the captive thus expressed himself, when the cavalier threw himself from his horse, and embracing the young man, faid, 'My dear nephew, full well do I know thee, and many an unhappy moment have I had on thy account: thy father and mother. who have long lamented the loss of thee, are still both living; and many of thy other relations thou wilt also find alive, who will be trebly happy in feeing thee: God hath preserved them for so great a felicity. We received the affecting news of thy being a flave at Algiers. From the appearance of thy habit, as well as those of thy companions, it ' should feem you have all most miraculously escaped from your bondage.' We have had a wonderful efcape indeed, replied the young man, the particu-· lars of which I will at another time relate to you."

The rest of the troopers, upon finding we were captives that had escaped from abroad, alighted, and most compassionately made an offer of carrying us on horseback to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and an half from the place where they met with us. Upon informing these cavalry where our boat lay, some of them went to bring her round to the city, while others took us up behind them, and the poor fatigued Zoraida rode behind the cavalier whom the young slave had claimed as his uncle.

The inhabitants of Velez Malaga having been apprifed of our adventure by two or three of the troopers who had rode on before the others, numbers of people came forth to meet us; not that they were surprised at the sight of freed captives, (a sight so very common on that coast,) but had heard of the beautiful Zoraida being with us; and beautiful she then truly was; for the agitation which the journey had thrown her in, together with the joy she felt at finding herself in a christian country, where she expected protection, brought such a bloom upon her countenance that, were

were it not through fear of being thought too prejudiced by my affection, I would venture to pronounce that she was at that particular crisis equal at least in personal accomplishments to the handsomest and most

lovely of her fex.

We went to church immediately, to return God thanks for his infinite goodness to us; and as soon as Zoraida entered, she said she saw some faces that resembled Lela Marien: we told her those were images of the blessed mother, and Morrenago endeavoured to explain to her their signification, to impress in her the duty of adoration, as if in reality each of them was the person of Lela Marien. Zoraida having a good understanding, immediately comprehended all that Morrenago said to her.

After this tribute of duty to God, we were conducted to lodgings in different parts of the city. The kinfman of Don Pedro Bustamente conducted Zoraida and mystelf, with Morrenago, to the house of his father, where we were received with all the hospitality and munificence which a moderate station in life could exem-

plify.

After staying fix days in the city of Velez Malaga. Morrenago having informed himself of what was neceffary for him to do, fat out for the city of Grenada, there to be readmitted by the holy inquisition into the bosom of the church: our other companions went to the different places where their feveral friends or relations lived, leaving Zoraida and me behind, pofdeffed only of the few crowns which the pirate had returned to her, and with a part of which she purchased the animal that she has rode on to this inn. Since our landing I have been her constant protector, but not her husband: we are now on our journey to the place of my nativity, to fee whether my father be still living, and to know what is become of my brothers, who I hope have had better fuccess than myself; though indeed, as Zoraida is ordained by heaven to be my companion for life, I am fatisfied that no better fortune could possibly have befallen me. The patience with

which she bears every inconvenience of poverty, her ardent desire of becoming a christian, and the general amiableness of her nature, do so increase my love of her, that I resolve to be her constant friend and guardian to the end of my life: but I acknowledge, the pleasure of the expectation of being her husband is disturbed by the uncertainty of knowing whether I shall find, on our arrival at the place we are going to, a corner to shelter the dear object of my affections. It is not improbable that time or death has made such an alteration in the affairs of our family, that I may not be known by any body when I get there.

Thus, ladies and gentlemen, have I given you the fubstance of my adventures: whether your expectations have been gratified or disappointed, I know not: I wish the nature of the subject would have admitted of less prolixity. From a fear of tiring your pati-

ence, I have omitted many circumstances.

CHAP. XII.

An account of what further happened at the inn; with several other incidents worthy to be recorded.

A S foon as the captive had finished his story, Don Fernando said, 'Upon my honour, Signor, the wonderful vicissitudes of your fortune are not only very entertaining, but the pleasing and graceful manner of your relating them adds greatly to the amusement: had the recital held till to-morrow, I should with pleasure have sat to hear it.' Lucinda and the others acknowledged how much they had been entertained by the narration, which they said was so replete with incident as to keep the mind in continual admiration and suspense.

Afterwards, Cardenio, in the name and with the confent of all the company, made a tender of their

best services to the captive and his fair Zoraida; and with so much apparent sincerity was the offer made, that the captive had reason to be satisfied of their goodwill and benevolence. Don Fernando, in particular, promised that if Zoraida and himself would do him the honour to go home with him, he would engage the marquis his brother to stand godfather to the former; and further assured him, that he, the captive, should be so liberally accommodated, as to be in a capacity of returning to the place of his nativity in a manner suitable to his birth and merit: the captive returned him his humblest and most grateful thanks, but declined the acceptance of these generous offers.

About this time a coach filled with passengers, accompanied by some people on horseback, arrived at the inn, who demanded lodging: but the hostess told them that her house was already full from top to bottom.

'Full or not full,' faid one of the men on horse-back, 'there must be some room found for my lord 'judge.'

The good woman was now somewhat staggered, and said, 'Lord bless me, Signor, I know not what to do; 'we have not a bed disengaged, if you would give

the world for it: if my lord judge hath a bed with him, as perhaps he may, his lordship may com-

mand my house; I and my husband will quit our

own apartment, to accommodate his lordship.'

That must be done,' said the attendant. And by this time a person had got out of the coach, distinguishable as a man of dignity and of office, by his long robe and large sleeves: in short, it was evident, from his dress, that he was no less a personage than my lord judge himself. His lordship led a young lady by the hand, who appeared to be about sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding habit, and who was to sprightly, genteel, and beautiful, that every body seemed to behold her with peculiar admiration; and indeed had not the other ladies been at the inn, she No. 8.

might have been looked upon as the handsomest of her sex who had ever stopped there.

Don Quixote, on perceiving the judge and young lady enter the house, said, with his usual importance,

'In this castle your worship may refresh yourself,

"without fear of molestation: it is true, the castle is rather narrow and inconvenient; but narrow as it is,

it affords room for the accommodation of arms and

s letters; the more especially, when guided and cons ducted by the influence of beauty: and, assuredly, at

the approach of this lovely damfel, not only castles

ought to throw open their gates, but huge rocks dif-

folve, and mountains stoop to do her homage. Enter therefore this castle, which is a paradise where

vou will find luminaries to accompany that heaven

which is with your worship. Here are arms in

their fullest glory, and beauty in its meridian

fplendor.'

The judge was not a little furprifed at this strange address from the knight of the woeful countenance, whose equally strange appearance contributed to his fordship's amazement. Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida, now made their appearance, and paid their compliments to the young lady; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, very respectfully complimented his lordship. The judge's astonishment was now confiderably increased, though he plainly found that some of these guests were people of fashion: but the figure and behaviour of Don Quixote baffled all his conjectures. After the mutual compliments had paffed, and the means of accommodation in the inn taken into confideration, it was agreed upon, as before, that the ladies should all steep together in one apartment, and the men fit in an adjacent room to guard them. The judge was highly pleased that the young lady, (who was his daughter,) would have the opportunity of fleeping with the other ladies, she herself being well fatisfied and thankful for fuch accommodation: and as his lordship had brought a bed with him,

the gentlemen, with the addition of the innkeeper's

narrow bed, had a tolerable night's lodging.

The captive, who from the first moment of his feeing the judge, fancied he discovered in him something of a resemblance of his own family, asked one of his fervants what was the name of his mafter? The man answered, that it was Juan Perez de Viedma. The captive then asked him if he knew the place of his nativity? 'Yes, Signor,' replied the fervant, my mafter was, born in the mountains of Leon.' Our adventurer now affured himself that my lord judge was no other than his youngest brother who had gone to Salamanca to be educated; therefore calling afide Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, he mentioned to them the discovery he had made, and told them he had further learnt that the judge his brother was then actually going to the West-Indies in quality of supreme judge of Mexico, and that the young lady was his only daughter, whose mother died in childbed, leaving her a confiderable dowry.

He now therefore confulted with Fernando and the others upon a method of making himself known to his brother; happiness at the same time sparkling in his eyes, and animating his whole frame. 'Will my brother be ashamed of me?' said the captive, 'or

' will he receive me affectionately?"

'Why should he be ashamed of you, Signor?' said the curate: 'Because I am poor,' replied the captive; and if I were sure he would be ashamed to own me, I should be much more ashamed to discover myself to him; I wish I could previously fa-

' thom his disposition.'

'Leave every thing to me, Signor,' faid the priest;
'I have no doubt of his receiving you in an affectionate manner; he has an apparent generosity of countenance that indicates a benevolence of heart.' Nevertheless,' faid the captive, 'I should like to found him a little beforehand.' 'Well, well,' replied the priest, 'leave the sounding and every thing else to me.'

About this time the cloth being laid for supper, and the * company all feated, except the captive and the ladies, who supped in another room, the curate faid to the judge, 'I was once very intimately acquainted with a gentleman of your lordship's name; in truth, I was in captivity with him at Constantinople: he was a brave and gallant officer, but remarkably " unfortunate." 'Of 'my name, Signor?' faid the judge: 'Yes, of your lordship's name,' replied the parson; for he was called Ruy Perez de Viedma; and, to the best of my remembrance, he was a native of fome place in the mountains of Leon. I have often heard him mention an odd circumstance beween his father, two brothers, and himself; and indeed had it come from any man of less credit and 5 reputation, I should have deemed the whole a siction; for he faid that his father divided his estate equally s among his three fons, giving them at the fame time as good advice as ever Cato was capable of e giving; that he himself chose a military life, and met with fuch fuccess, that in a few years, merely by dint of bravery, he was appointed captain of a company of foot, and had a fair prospect of being advanced to the rank of colonel; but here, where he had reason to expect fortune would continue her ' favours, she totally forfook him; for in the famous battle of Lepanto, where fo many christians recovered their freedom, he most unhappily lost his. was taken in the goleta, and, after various turns of fortune, we became campanions and brother flaves at Constantinople; from whence we were carried to Algiers, where one of the strangest adventures that was ever heard of befel this brave officer.' The curate then briefly recapitulated the story of Zoraida, the judge all the time paying greater attention possibly than he had ever done on the bench: the priest, however, brought the narration no farther than the period when

^{*} The company had excellent appetites; for this is the fe-

the christians met with the French pirate: he expatiated much on that particular circumstance; but said he had never heard whether these unfortunate christians arrived afterwards in Spain, or what became of them.

The captive, or captain we will now call him, stood listening in a corner all this time to what the curate faid, and observed some peculiar emotions in the countenance of his brother, who, as foon as the parlon had finished his story, breathed forth a profound figh, with tears flarting from his eyes, faying, 'O Signor! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have now been relating, you would eafily account for these tears which slow involuntarily from · me! That brave officer, of whom you have given · fo circumstantial an account, is my eldest brother, who having a foul formed for enterprise and fame, ' chose the life of a soldier, which was one of the three paths proposed by our father, as your unfortu-5 nate companion told you. I applied myself to study, and my applications have been amply rewarded: ' my other brother is in possession of a vast estate at ! Peru, and has behaved in a most liberal manner both to his father and myself; his generosity hath enabled the old gentleman to indulge his natural disposition, and by his remittances to me when at college I made ' a great process in learning, and acquired the high post which I now enjoy. My father is still alive, but is · melancholy at intervals on-account of my poor elder brother, and importunes heaven that he may once ' more see him before death closes his eye-lids. · very strange, considering my brother's discretion in other matters, that neither prosperity or adversity could induce him to write to his father; for if he, or either of us, had known of his captivity, he should ' have been under no necessity of awaiting his deliverance by the miraculous cane: now I am in the ' utmost concern about him; for probably the French, in order to conceal their villainy, killed both him and his companions. I am so unhappy, that my

voyage to Mexico, in which I had promifed myself 6 so much pleasure, will afford me nothing but the · most disagreeable and melancholy reflections. O my brother! my dear brother! did I but know whether thou wert alive, and where I could find thee, I would at the hazard of my life go to thy relief: and were it possible for my poor father to know where thou art, he would not despair of thy release, though hidden in the most loathforne dungeon in Barbary, whilst his own fortune, mine, and my brother's, · could be at thy fervice; and as to the generous ' Zoraida, how would we thank her! how would we adore her! O that the bleft day would come when I could be witness to the regeneration of her gentle foul, and fee her united in marriage with that brother whom we have all fo long and fo much la-" mented.'

The curate finding himself thus successful in what he had undertaken, and perceiving the judge to be fo fensibly and really affected, resolved no longer to protract his anguish; wherefore he withdrew into the apartment where the ladies and the captain were, (who had all overheard the judge's expressions of grief,) and leading out Zoraida, then called the captain to him, and taking him also by the hand, said to the judge, 'Make yourself easy, my good lord judge, and enjoy what you have so ardently wished for: here is vour elder brother! and here too is that generous " maiden who released him from flavery! behold me-' rit and poverty in virtuous union! to this extremity they were reduced by the French pirate: now, my · lord, you have an opportunity to display your munification.

cence and humanity.'

The captain now approaching to embrace thejudge, the latter kept him off with both hands, in order to look at him attentively; but no fooner did he clearly recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and burst into such tears of joy, that the faculty of speech had for some time left him, whilst every spectator sympathised in the most affecting scene. brothers.

brothers, as foon as they could speak, uttered such expressions of fraternal tenderness, and were mutually so surprised, so happy, and yet so distressed, that we must leave an incident, so pathetic in its nature, to the mind's conception, since it is beyond all power of description.

The judge faluted Zoraida with great affection, and most generously made her an offer of his whole fortune; then commanding his daughter to embrace her, the interchangeable caresses of the beautiful christian

and lovely Moor renewed the company's tears.

Don Quixote was in a profound filence all this time: he marvelled at these strange occurrences, but

attributed them to his knight-errantry pursuits.

The captain and Zoraida refolved to return with their brother to Seville, from whence they could advife the father of his fon's arrival in his native country, in order that the old gentleman, if able to undertake fuch a journey, might be present at the baptism and nuptials of his fair daughter-in-law; as the judge could not possibly go much out of his road, because in a month's time the flota was to fet fail from Seville to New Spain. In short, every thing being now settled, to the universal fatisfaction of the company, and the night having grown late, they all agreed to go to-bed, except Don Quixote, who infifted upon guarding the caftle, left Some sensual giant, hearing that so many ladies were in it, might cover the vast treasure of beauty. The company thanked him for his great care, and then giving the judge some account of his general strange behaviour, the latter was not a little diverted with it.

Sancho Panza complained that he was very fleepy, and wanted to get to-bed; and indeed he was in this respect tolerably well provided; for he made himself a bed with the furniture of his ass; but he paid dearly

for it, as will appear presently.

The ladies having retired to their chamber, and every body else withdrawn to rest, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the castle-gate: and a little before morning the beauteous dames were serenaded by a

most agreeable and pleasing voice. Dorothea was immediately awakened by the charming songster, whose notes, unaccompanied by any instrument, sometimes sounded as if proceeding from the yard, and sometimes from the stable.

Cardenio, who had also heard the soft music, got up, and gently tapping at the ladies chamber-door, said, 'Do you not hear the sweet voice of a muledriver?'

Dorothea replied, 'I have heard it with infinite pleasure, but did not know who or what was the delightful finger.'

Cardenio retired, and the voice ceased; it soon, however, resumed its melodious accents, and the following words were heard distinctly:

CHAP. XIII.

The pleasant story of a young mulateer; with other incidents that happened at the inn.

IN Love's vex'd feas I chearless stray,
While storms of doubts and fears uprise:
Nor offers to my devious way

A friendly port to calm my fighs.

Yet does one distant kindly light
My gloomy, erring passage gild;
One start than all the stars more bright
Prying astron'mers e'er beheld.

Drawn by its blaze, my enchanted foul Ploughs thro' the ftorm the way it guides, As the touch'd needle marks the pole, Heedless of any track besides.

But oft, as dark, impervious clouds

From heaven's bright beams exclude the eye,

Female referve my prospect shrouds,

And, when most wanted, veils the sky.

O pure, atherial, splendid star!

Hide not thy beams in clouded skies!

Me of thy light shouldst thou debar,

Thy worshiper, despairing, dies!

All the ladies heard the young mulateer except the judge's daughter, Donna Clara de Viedma, who was in a found sleep; Dorothea, however, who lay in the same bed with her, thinking it was a pity she should not hear him, awaked her just when he had begun his last verse, faying, 'I beg pardon, my dear, for the freedom I have taken to disturb you; but I dare say you will ' forgive me, fince 'tis only that you may listen to one of the most pleasing voices that ever charmed your ' ears.' Donna Clara, who was scarcely awake yet, did not thoroughly understand what Dorothea had faid to her, and begged the favour of a repetition; Dorothea therefore obliging her, the young lady liftened with great attention, when the mulateer finging the conclusive verse twice, and the second time in a somewhat louder tone than before, Clara began to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague; and clasping Dorothea, 'Ah, dear madam,' faid she, ' why did you wake me? it would have been much happier for me to have flept: - that unhappy musician!

'What do you mean, my dear,' answered Dorothea; 'tis a young mulateer who is thus so charm-

' ingly finging.'

'No, madam! he is not a mulateer, I assure you,' said Donna Clara; 'he is a young gentleman of great fortune.'

'My dear young lady,' refumed Dorothea, 'you are not thoroughly awake fure: it is an humble mule-

driver who has thus entertained us.'

'Indeed, madam, you mistake,' replied Clara: 'he is, as I have already told you, a young gentleman of fortune: and I can tell you something more: he has taken such possession of my heart, that if he does not quit it of his own accord, it will be his for ever.'

Dorothea was furprifed to hear this passionate expression from so young a creature, and said to her, 'I cannot conceive, my dear, what you mean; pray be more explicit; but stop a little; methinks the No. 9

Ss charm,

' charming fongster is tuning his voice for another

'You may give as much attention to him as you please, said Clara; but as to myself, I shall stop both my ears.' In a few moments the mulateer began the following:

SWEET hope! affliction's ever steady friend!
Whose chearful ray still paints the happy scene!
Thro' thee our prospects all in comfort end,
Whate'er the miseries that intervene.

Wreathless his temples shall for ever be,
Blasted his coward-name for ever stand,
Who never lifts his troubled eye to thee,
But, hopeless, bows to fortune's wild command.

The joys which love, and love alone bestows,
The gen'rous breast, t'attain, nought dang'rous deems:
Bliss is more nobly gain'd 'gainst fortune's blows:
Whate'er's acquir'd with ease, whoe'er esteems?

Shall I then strive to check my ardent stame,
Aw'd by a fickle semale's peevish frown?
No, thou dear hope shall yet support my claim,
Sweet, smiling hope my perseverance crown?

Here the voice ended, and Clara fighed!

Dorothea was much at a loss to conceive what could be the occasion of such agreeable music, and such doleful sighings; she therefore desired the young lady to proceed with what she was about to express before the last song was begun. Upon this, Clara putting her mouth close to Dorothea's ear, that none of the other ladies might hear her, whispered, 'Dear madam,

this most agreeable songster is the son of an Arragoinian cavalier, the lord of two towns, who, when he

attends the court, relides overagainst my father's

house; and although our windows are always covered

with canvas in the winter, and with lattices in the fummer, yet this young gentleman, by what accident

I know not, obtained a fight of me; whether it was at church, or some other place, I really can't

tell or think; however, 'tis certain he became ena-· moured of my person, and made me sensible of his passion from the windows of his own apartment, by fuch showers of tears that at once forced me both to admire and love him, without knowing why I did 6 fo. Amongst other tokens of his esteem for me, one " was that of joining his hands together, meaning that he wished to make me his wife; and though I wished it as much as himself, still as I was motherless, and had nobody to communicate my fentiments to, I ' let the affair rest as it was, without granting him any other favour than just suffering him to gaze at " me now-and-then for a few moments only, except ' indeed when his father and mine were abroad; and then he would be so happy, that nothing in the world fure was ever like it; though, upon my honour, we only then converfed with our eyes. It happened to be my father's good-fortune to have occasion to go the journey that we are now purfuing; and by some " means or other my lover got notice of it even several ' days before our departure; but how he got the intelligence I don't know, nor can I think, for I'm fure 'I never told him. This gave him so much concern, as far as I understand, that he fell sick; so that I did not fet eyes upon him the morning we fet out, to have one parting glance or fo, in which you know there could have been no harm: however, after travelling two days, just as we entered the inn ' where we lodged last night, I saw him standing at the gate; which surprised me prodigiously; for he was so naturally disguised in a mulateer's habit, that 'I should not have known him, had not his image ' been stamped in my soul: he stole a glance of me unknown to my father, whose sight he very carefully avoids when we cross any road, or arrive at the different inns: and now fince I know it is him who has been thus fo agreeably finging, I'm quite unhappy on his account, because he must undergo great fatigue in travelling about fo much on foot. I am at a loss to conceive what method he could take to escape S s 2

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it an't tell from his father and mother, who almost doat upon him, as being their only child; and indeed there is

fomething so engaging in his manners, that it is

next to an impossibility not to admire and esteem, him: added to his pleasing demeanour, his conver-

fation is finart and polite; he is besides a good scholar, and hath a fine talent for writing love-poetry:

those verses, I dare venture to say, which he sung

under our window, were of his own composing. Whenever I see him, or happen to hear his charm-

s ing voice, I am dreadfully frighted lest my father should make a discovery of the regard we have for

each other. I declare I never spoke to him in my

If if is and yet I must confess I do so dearly love him, that he is never out of my thoughts. All that I

have told you, madam, is the real truth; he who

hath so highly entertained you with his singing is no

mulateer, but a young gentleman of rank and for-

tune, who is in possession of every agreeable quality,

as well as of my poor heart.

'Make yourself easy, my dear girl,' said Dorothea, 'and I will endeavour to be of some service to you: probably I may so manage your affairs, that the end of 'them may be as happy as the beginning hath been 'innocent.'

'Alas, my dear lady,' replied Clara, 'what happy end can be expected, fince his father is a person of

fuch high distinction, that he would think me scarce worthy to be his son's servant, much less his wife;

and besides, I would not marry him without my

father's confent for the universe. All I wish or defire is, that he would return home; for absence per-

haps, together with the great distance I am going,

feel on his account; and yet, probably, the remedy

from which I hope for relief, may have a quite con-

trary effect. I can't imagine whence or by what

" means this passion of love stole into my heart, considering how young both of us are: I shan't be six-

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teen till next Michaelmas, and he I believe is much.

about the fame age.

Dorothea, who could not forbear to laugh at this innocent talk of Donna Clara, faid, 'Let us repose ourselves, my dear girl, during the little that remains 'of the night; and when day appears I will put a period to all your uneafiness, if my skill does not 'fail me.'

They now both fell asleep again, and a general silence prevailed throughout the inn, except indeed the landlord's daughter and Maritornes, who were awake, and, knowing that Don Quixote was keeping guard upon the back of Rosinante, were resolved to have a little pastime with him, and hear some of his sine knight-

errantry elocution.

Now it so happened that the inn had only one window or opening towards the field; and, in truth, this was no more than an hole for the purpose of receiving straw or hay. It was at this same hole that our demi-donzellas, the fair daughter and Maritornes, placed themselves, and from whence they saw the hero of La Mancha mounted, leaning on his lance, and breathing fuch mournful fighs as feemed to tear his very foul; they likewise heard him pronounce, in a foft and amorous tone, 'O thou most divine creature! thou envy of thy fex! thou mirrour of beauty! 'thou pride of nature, and heaven's first favourite! thou quintessence of discretion! thou source of joy ' refined! my dear angelic Dulcinea! what noble idea ' now fills thy generous mind? art thou reflecting on thy captive knight, who thus most undauntedly exposes himself to all dangers on thy account? Give • me some information of my lovely queen, thou treble-' faced luminary! who art now perhaps gazing envioully upon her as the passes along some superb gal-' lery of her magnificent palace, or leans upon some grand balcony; meditating how, without prejudicing the delicacy of her honour, she may alleviate the torture which my poor heart endures on her account; how the shall crown my sufferings with triumfervices with ample requital; and, in short, my death with a new life: and O thou sun! thou bright expansive planet! who at this time art busy in harnessing thy steeds to illumine the globe, and amply enjoy the sight of her who is the sovereigness of my affections, I intreat thee to salute her for me, but not to touch her beauteous face, lest I become more

' jealous of thee than ever thou wert of that nimble

ingrate who led thee such a dance along the plains of Thessaly, or the banks of Peneus: I have forgotten which of these it was that thou didst run over so

haftily, and with fuch love and jealoufy.'

He had no fooner uttered these last words than the innkeeper's daughter called out to him in a very foft. voice, 'Sir knight, please to come a little nearer this way.' Upon which, turning his head, he perceived, by the moon's light, fomebody beckoning to him from the straw-hole, which he fancied to be a large window with gilded bars, suitable to the general magnificence of the castle; and he assured himself that the governor's daughter, who had been captivated with his person when at the castle before, was now come to give him a recent testimony of her affection; wherefore turning Rosinante, and approaching towards the splendid straw-hole, he thus addressed the girl: 'Illuftrious and beautiful lady! it gives me much unhappiness to find that you have fixed your affections on a person who can by no means make you that adequate return which is due to your distinguished ' merit: and yet, thou tender fair one, blame not the champion of La Mancha, whom love hath incapa-' citated from being the devotee of any other than that angelic creature who hath long been fole mistress of ' his heart. Excuse me, therefore, excellent lady, and retire to your apartment: I befeech you that no arguments of love may compel me to behave with lefs courtefy and gratitude than naturally direct and actuate my disposition: if your passion can find in me the power of obliging you in any other way, you may

command

· command my utmost services; for I swear, by that

absent and charming enemy of mine, to gratify your

wish immediately, even if it be to have a lock of

· Medufa's hair, which was composed of snakes, or

· fun-beams confined in a vial.'

'My lady is in want of none of those things, Sir knight,' said Maritornes.' 'What then is it that thy lady doth want?' answered Don Quixote. 'She only

wants,' added Maritornes, ' the favour of touching 'your worship's hand, to assuage in some degree that

" violent passion which has forced her hither at the

hazard of her honour; for if my lord governor, her father, were to know of it, the least punishment he

would inflict, would be to cut off one of her ears."

' Not while I remain in the castle would he proceed to such cruelty,' replied Don Quixote, 'unless he were

inclined that I should bring him to the most deplora-

ble death that ever father suffered, for having laid

' violent hands on his enamoured daughter.'

Maritornes concluding that the knight would certainly grant the request, and having resolved to play a trick upon him, hastened down to the stable for the halter of Sancho's ass, and returned with it just when Don Quixote had set his seet upon the saddle of Rosinante, the more easily to reach the fancied golden window, and present his hand to the lady. 'Receive, madam,' said he, 'the hand which is the dread and foourge of all who commit bad actions: receive the hand, I say, which yet was never touch'd by woman; no, not even by that lovely creature on whom

my affections are so irremoveably fixed: I do not present it to be kissed, but only that you may admire its delicacy, together with the fine contexture

of its finews, and the ligament of its muscles; whence you may guess of my arm's strength and

force.

We shall see that presently,' said Maritornes, who having made a noose in the halter, threw it round the knight's wrist, and then descending from the straw-hole, tied the other end of the halter to the bolt of

the door. I do not admire this bracelet which thou

hast put round my wrist, faid Don Quixote: 'tis to

' your fair lady, the governor's daughter, that I prefent this hand: she, I am certain, will use it more

tenderly, fince it is blameless for what she suffers on

my account: nor would it be just that the whole tempest of revenge should be discharged on so small

a part: those who love with fincerity, are never cruel

in refentment.

Not the least regard was paid to these expostulations of the knight; for as foon as Maritornes had fastened him, the and her young miftress ran laughing away, leaving him fo firmly fixed, that it was impossible for him to get loofe: thus standing on the back of Rossnante, with his whole arm drawn up into the hole, and the rope tied fast to the bolt below, he knew that if his fleed should move ever so little on either side, he must inevitably slip, and hang entirely by that arm; so that he was afraid to ftir; they indeed he might have expected, from Rofinante's natural patience, that the goodnatured animal would not have moved for a century. In fhort, perceiving himself thus fixed, and that the governor's daughter had forfaken him, he concluded the whole to be the effect of enchantment, especially as he had before been fascinated in this same castle, when drubbed by the enchanted Moor of a carrier. He now began to upbraid himself with want of discretion in entering the same castle a second time, in which he before had been so unfortunate; for it was a maxim of knight-errantry, that when an adventure proved not successful, it was referved for some succeeding champion; for which reason the first adventurer never returned to his fuccessless exploit.

Our hero pulled and pulled again, in order to difengage his arm, but all to no purpose; and true it is that he pulled very cautiously, lest Rosinante should stir: he fain would have seated himself upon his saddle again; but this was impossible; he must either continue in his position, or leave his hand by way of ransom: therefore he wished for the sword of Amadis, to which no enchantment was superior; cursed his hard fortune; considered what a loss the world sustained during the time he was thus enchanted; reslected anew upon his divine Dulcinea; called to his faithful squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in prosound sleep, lay stretched on the pannel of his ass; supplicated the good Urganda; and the two sages, Lirgando and

Alquife,

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In fhort, he remained thus fituated till morning, when he began to bellow like a bull, not expecting that the day would put an end to his tribulation. Rolinante, the meek-minded, sweet-tempered Rosihante, did not offer to ftir: whence the knight conjectured, that his horse was enchanted as well as himfelf; and he concluded they were both to remain in this state of fascination, without either eating, drinking, or fleeping, till the malignant influence of the stars should cease, or some more powerful sage should dissolve the charm. But here he was mistaken; for Aurora had scarce shewn herself, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well accounted; with firelocks hanging at their faddle-bows: they knocked hard at the inn-gate, and called aloud for the host or his servants to get up; upon which Don Quixote, notwithstanding the situation he was in, thus addressed them with great haughtiness and arrogance; Knights or squires, or whatever you are, forbear ' your rude knocking at those gates of the castle: from their being shut, it is evident the fortress does not admit persons so early in the morning; ye will diffurb the governor and all his illustrious company; retire therefore till the bright fun begins to display himself on the globe; and then we shall fee whether ye have any just title of admission or not.

'What the devil fortress or castle is this,' said one of the men, 'that we must be obliged to pass through so much ceremony?' and then discovering the knight sanding in so strange an attitude upright on his horse's

No. 9 T t

back

back, with his hand in the straw-hole, said, 'prithee,

friend, what art thou thrusting thy hand after? art thou the landlord of this inn? if thou art, call up

thy fervants, that we may have fome accommodation; for we are upon a journey in which we are

' obliged to be expeditious.'

'Do I look like the landlord of an inn?' faid Don Quixote. 'I know not what thou dost look like,' faid the traveller; 'but I know what thou dost talk 'like; for none but a madman would call this inn a 'castle.'

' A castle it certainly is,' said the knight, ' and one of the grandest in the province; at this very instant

it contains those who have wielded sceptres and

worn crowns.' What!' faid the traveller, ' is there

then a company of strolling players in the house? those gentry often wield sceptres and wear crowns: I

' am fure no people of rank would take up with a

" lodging in fuch a forry inn as this."

'Thou art a fool,' faid Don Quixote, 'and knowest

onothing of chivalry.

The other horsemen being tired of this dialogue between the crazy knight and their companion, began to knock again at the gate, and called out much louder than before, which awaked the host and all his com-

pany.

Much about this time the gentle Rosinante, while bearing his out-stretched master on his back, was approached by one of the travellers horses, who smelling at the peaceful animal, Rosinante, in order to return the compliment, turned about, and his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he now hung entirely by his arm; and such a shock did he receive in consequence of his steed's moving, that he thought his wrist was separating from his arm, and his arm from his shoulder. He suspended so near the ground, that he just touched it with his toes, which added to his distress; for by vainly endeavouring to tread firmly on it, he stretched and fatigued himself like those who, in suffering the

strappado, put themselves in the utmost misery, by fruitlessly endeavouring to lengthen their limbs; actuated by the delusive hope of reaching the ground.

CHAP. XIV.

A continuation of the wonderful incidents and adventures which happened at the inn.

THE unfortunate hero of La Mancha began to roar dreadfully; infomuch that the innkeeper was alarmed, and opening the gate, ran out to fee what was the matter. Maritornes (who had returned to bed after the trick she had played) being also awaked by the noise, and instantly conjecturing the cause of it, went unperceived to the hay-loft, and releasing the knight's hand from the straw-hole, down he dropt in fight of the landlord and travellers; who making towards him, asked why he had so violently and loudly cried out? but the knight, without making any reply, loofened the noofe from his wrift, started up from the ground, mounted Rofinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a large circuit in the field, most emphatically cried out, 'If any person dare affert that 'I have justly suffered enchantment, I here give him the lye, and challenge him to fingle combat, on a brefumption of acquiescence from my gracious lady

the queen of Micomicon.'
The travellers could not conceive what he meant; however, their surprise abated when the landlord told them who and what Don Quixote was: they then asked the host whether a youth of about sifteen had stopped at his house, clad like a mulateer, with such and such marks, denoting Clara's lover: he answered, that there were so many people in his house, that it was impossible for him to recollect whether such a youth was amongst them or not; but one of the travellers

how casting his eye on the judge's coach, said, 'he is certainly here, for yonder is the very coach that he is said to follow: let us lose no time; we will search throughout the inn for him; but it is necessary that one of us stand at the door in the mean time; but stay; let me consider: two of us will go into the house, while one stands at the door, and another goes all round to prevent his escaping through a back-yard or over a wall.' This being determined on, they accordingly put their plan in execution.

The innkeeper could not, for the foul of him, conceive what could possibly be the meaning of all this: it being however clear day-light, the company, who had been disturbed by the continual noises about the inn, were getting up; indeed Clara and Dorothea had but very little rest, the former having been made unhappy by her lover, and the latter kept awake by the

charms of an unexpected ferenade.

Don Quixote finding that neither of the travellers made any reply to the challenge he had given, or took the least notice of him, was inflamed with rage and fury; and could he have called to mind any law of chivalry, authorifing a knight-errant to engage in a new exploit while sworn to refrain from any future atchievement till the present was compleated, he would have attacked them all together, and forced them to make him some reply: but having undertaken to reinstate the princess of Micomicon upon her throne, it was impossible for him to engage in any other atchievement till that important business was accomplished.

The travellers, after a diligent fearch for Donna Clara's lover, at length found him sleeping under a tree by the side of a young mulateer; when one of them, shaking him by the arm, said, 'Truly, Signor Don Lewis, you are in a mighty pretty condition; this dress is very becoming a person of your quality; this lost of bed too is quite suitable to the care and tenderness your mother brought you up with! The youth rubbing his eyes, and perceiving the person who thus accosted him to be one of his father's domet-

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tics, was much confused, and unable to utter a word. The fervant proceeded, faying, 'You will now return home with us immediately, unless you are determined to break the hearts of both your father and mother.' ' How came my father and mother to know of my taking this road, or having thus difguifed ' myself?' faid the young nobleman. ' One of your ' fellow students,' replied the servant, 'whom you com-' municated your defign to, being moved by the afflic-' tion which he faw your father and my lady in, difco-' vered it, wherefore my good old mafter immediately ' dispatched four of us in search of you; and here we all are, at your fervice, Signor, and think ourselves happy in having found you, in order that we may conduct you fafe home to those who so sincerely love you, and who are now fo grievously lamenting your absence.' ' My returning home depends, next to the will of heaven, entirely on my own inclination, replied Don Lewis. 'True Signor,' answered the fervant; 'and what can heaven better ordain, or you better perform, than to restore happiness to your parents?"

The young mule-driver who lay with Don Lewis, overhearing this conversation, arose from the ground, and going immediately to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were now all got up, told them that a strange man had come and disturbed his fellowfervant, deliring him to return home to his father and mother, and bestowing on him the title of Don. Cardenio prefuming that this must be the same who had fung so agreeably in the night, was determined to make a little enquiry into the affair, and to give him some affiftance, provided any violence should be offered; Dorothea, however, calling him aside, and relating what Donna Clara had told her of this young adventurer, Cardenio informed her of what had passed on the arrival of his father's fervants: and Clara, who overheard this, would have funk to the ground, had not Dorothea catched her in her arms; so much afrected was the young lady at hearing this news. Cardenio now defired both Dorothea and Clara to retire to their apartment, promifing an exertion of his utmost endeavours to end the matter happily: he therefore, attended by Fernando, the curate, and fome others of the company, went to the difguised young nobleman, and found him still talking with the servant; in short, all four of the servants were pressing him in the strongest terms to return with them, and indeed threatened to take him by force if he would not consent to go quietly; Don Lewis however, replied, that if they should offer to take him by force, they most assuredly would take him dead. 'It is impossible for me to return home yet,' said he; 'I have an affair of importance upon my hands, in which my honour and future happiness are very materially concerned: when

I disengage myself from this, I shall most readily return to my parents; but at present no solicitation

or compulsion can or shall take me from this place,

or from any other to which my inclination shall lead

The news of this circumstance being now spread all over the inn, several people gathered round the disputants, the judge not excepted; and Don Quixote, who thought it no longer necessary to guard the castle, stuck his spur into Rosinante's side, and galloped up to the spot.

Cardenio, though he knew the motive of the fervants conduct, asked them what authority they had to threaten taking off the young man contrary to his own inclination? 'Sir,' replied one of them, 'we have

fufficient authority as well as sufficient reason for what we do; nothing less than his father's life depends on

his return.

'I will return, if I please,' said Don Lewis; 'but,' if I do not please, no force thall take me; I am free,

and free I will continue: I am a gentleman by birth, fortune, and education; but what are either of these

distinctions, if unattended with freedom of inclina-

tion?' An please your honour,' said one of the domestics, we only act in obedience to the orders of

our master, which are, that if you will not return with your own free consent, you must be taken without it.

The lord judge now interfering, and defiring to know the whole of the matter, one of the fervants. who immediately knew his lordship, replied, 'An " please you, my lord, this young gentleman is your e neighbour's fon, he has run away from his father, and put on these dirty rags, to the scandal of his fa-' mily.' 'Hold! hold!' faid his lordship; ' let me examine his face! --- 'tis even fo, in good truth :---what frolic is this, Signor Don Lewis? what is the ' occasion of your putting on this curious garb, so ill ' fuited to your rank?' The youth could make no answer, and tears starting in his eyes, the judge bid the scrvants withdraw, telling them he would take proper care of their young master: his lordship then retiring with Don Lewis, intreated to know the cause of his elopement,

During this strange affair, which threw the inn into great confusion, two men, who had lodged there all night, endeavoured to get off without paying their reckoning; but the innkeeper happening to be too cunning for them, stopped them at the threshold of the door, demanded the money, and treated them with such rough language, that they both fell violently upon him with their fists, and caused him to call out for affistance: his daughter hearing him, and seeing her father thus abused, ran to Don Quixote, and begged his immediate interference; but the knight replied, Beautiful lady! it is impossible for me to affist the

' governor your father, because I am withheld from undertaking any new atchievement till I shall have

accomplished one in which my honour is already en-

gaged: however, fair lady, I will give you counsel:
go to your father directly, and defire him to maintain your combat as long as he possibly can, and in

the mean time I'll endeavour to obtain leave of the queen of Micomicon to relieve him; but without

her majesty's license, the thing is impossible.'

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Maritornes now made her appearance, bellowing out, 'My master will be beat to a jelly; why does not the knight, who brags so much of his courage,

come to my poor master's assistance?

Appease thy vociferation, sweet damsel, said Don Quixote 'I will go immediately to the queen; and if I obtain her majesty's royal permission to relieve the governor although he should be sent into the other world, I will fetch him back, at least take such vengeance on those who have sent him thither as shall give ample satisfaction to his surviving

friends.'

Upon this, the puissant champion of La Mancha went immediately to Dorothea, and kneeling at her feet, folicited her royal permission to assist the governor of the castle, who was at that time involved in a very perilous engagement; the princefs granting his request, he braced on his target, unsheathed his sword, and went directly to the spot, where the two men were still handling the innkeeper very roughly: but now the knight made a sudden stop; and Maritornes asking him why he delayed exercising his sword, he feplied, 'because I am strictly commanded by a law not to engage with plebeians; wherefore call my ' fervant Sancho hither; the affair belongs to him.' Thumps upon thumps were inceffant all this time upon the carcase of the poor landlord, whilst his wife, daughter, and maid, were almost distracted at the backwardness of Don Quixote, and the affliction of their master. But we now will leave him awhile, and return to his affiftance prefently, though his mifconduct deserves a found drubbing; for he should not have given his tongue that liberty which he knew his hands could not maintain with fuccess.

We left the lord judge in conference with Don Lewis, who grasping his hands very passionately, said, The only reason I can give your lordship for eloping from my father is, that from the first moment of my seeing your lovely daughter, Donna Clara, I resigned to her the entire command of my affections.

' religned to her the entire command of my affections;

and if you, my lord, who I most truly call my father, do not oppose my happiness; this very day I will make her my lawful wife: it was for her fair fake alone that I quitted my home, and difguised myfelf in this drefs of a mulateer, firmly refolving to follow her wherever file should go: she was the north-star that guided my wandering steps; and true as the needle to the pole, my attracted heart adhered to its favourite object: though my voice hath never disclosed to her my passion, my flowing tears have often done it. Your lordship knows the rank and fortune of my father, and that I am his heir: if these, therefore, can plead, I lay them at · her feet, in the full hope that you will bless me with her beauty. Though perhaps my father may not approve of this my choice, a choice in which all my wishes and all my happiness centre, yet time may produce some favourable alteration in his sentiments.

Here Don Lewis left off speaking, and my lord judge stood like a statue: his lordship was pleased with the manner in which the youth had declared his passion, but perplexed how to act in so unexpected and very critical an affair; he however desired him to make himself easy, telling him the matter should be taken into consideration: 'Your servants,' added the judge, 'must be kept at the inn a day longer, in order that I may think of some method of adjusting

things to the general fat sfaction of parties.'

Don Lewis embraced his lordship's hand, and bathed it with his tears: this was enough to dissolve an heart of steel, much more the heart of my lord judge; who, being a man of profound sense and circumspection, had considered very maturely all the advantages of such an union for his daughter; though he wished it could be accomplished with the consent of the young man's father, who he apprehended had no thought of ever matching his son otherwise than with nobility:

By this time Don Quixote had, by dint of intreaty alone, prevailed on the two men, who fo feverely drub-No. q U u bed bed the landlord, to defift from their merciles chastises ment; and indeed so forcible were the knight's arguments that these men even consented to discharge their reckoning, and then went away very peaceably.

And now the servants of Don Lewis were impatiently expecting the refult of the judge's conference with their young mafter, when who should arrive at the inn but, as the devil would have it, - (for furely none but the devil could contrive so much mischief.) who, I fay, should arrive at the inn but the very identical barber whom Don Quixote had robbed of the bason, or Mambrino's helmet, and from whose ass Sancho Panza had stripped the furniture in exchange for that of his dapple.

The barber, as he was leading his beaft very gravely to the stable, happened to fix his eyes upon Sancho, who at the same instant was busy in mending something belonging to the pannel: 'Ha, ha!' faid the barber, what have I caught you at last! where is my bason, 'you dog? and where is the pannel that you took

from my als?

Sancho not at all admiring fuch abusive language. gave the barber a flap in the face, holding the pannel fast all the time with his left-hand; but the barber having also laid hold of a part of the pannel, he would by no means quit it, but bellowed out so loud, that all the company in the inn were foon alarmed. ' Help! ' help! help!' cried the barber; 'this rascal wants to murder me because I endeavour to recover my own

property: he is a common thief.

'You lye, you scoundrel,' faid Sancho, 'I am not a common thief; my lord Don Quixote won this pannel in the field of battle, and 'tis lawful plunder.'

Several people now gathered about them, and amongst them Don Quixote, who was delighted with Sancho's ipirited behaviour, and was determined he should be dubbed the first opportunity; for he thought his gallant conduct highly deserved such honour.

' Gentlemen, gentlemen,' faid the barber, ' pray hear me: this pannel is my property; I know it as well as if it had been bred and born with me; my · beaft that is now in the stible can bear me witness; only just try it on his back, and you'll find all that ' I say is true: besides, gentlemen, the very same day

that this fellow and his thief of a mafter robbed me

4 of the pannel, they also stole from me a spick-andfpan new brafs bason that cost me a good crown.'

Thief of a master!' said Don Quixote, with great indignation; 'by this arm of terror I will make thee eat that pannel, and thy as besides: put the pannel on the ground, friend Sancho, to be exposed to pub-' lic inspection till the real truth shall appear.' Sancho accordingly placing the pannel on the ground, 'Gen-'tlemen,' faid Don Quixote, 'you shall now clearly ' perceive what an error this plebeian is in by degrading that with the name of bason which was, is, and ' shall be the helmet of Mambring, and which I ho-' nourably won in the field of battle: with regard to 'this pannel, gentlemen, 'tis a concern that is beneath my notice; all that I shall say about it is, that my ' squire having asked permission to take the trappings of that coward's horse, and decorate his own with them, he had my authority for the deed, and he accordingly took them; as to their being afterwards transformed into a pannel, I can affign no other reafon for such metamorphosis than that transfigurations of this kind often happen in the events of chivalry: as a confirmation of it, I order thee, Sancho, to fetch the helmet which this ignoramus calls a bason. "On my troth, Sir," answered Sancho, "if this be all ' you can fay for yourself, Mambrino's helmet will turn out a bason as surely as this fellow's trappings " are changed into a pannel." " Obey my orders," faid Don Quixote; 'every thing in this castle surely is not ' under the influence of enchantment.'

Sancho accordingly obeyed the commands of his fovereign lord, and brought the bason, which Don Quixote holding in his hand, faid, 'Now, gentlemen, * fee with what propriety this fellow calls the brilliant * helmet of Mambrino a brass bason : here do I swear

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before you all, by the facred order of knighthood, of which I am a professor, that this is the telf-same helmet which I won by force of arms in the honourable field of combat, without the least addition or diminution.

'I'll swear to the truth of that,' said Sancho; 'for since my master won it, he hath used it but in one battle, which was when he freed the galley-slaves; and had it not been for that same basen helmet, my lord Don Quixote's brains would have been beat out by a shower of stones which those ungrateful miscreants threw at him.'

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The decision of the controversy upon Mambrino's helmet and the pannel; with other important affairs.

PRAY, gentlemen, faid the barber, 'be so kind as pals your opinion on this matter; surely you will not call this bason an helmet.' 'Whoever afferts to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote, 'must know that he lyes, if a knight; and, if a plebeian,

that he lyes most notoriously.

Mr. Nicholas, who attended the whole disputation, faid to his brother shaver, by way of keeping up the joke, 'Indeed, friend, if you are a barber you must know that this is not a bason; I have served a regular apprenticeship to the trade, and have been free of the company these twenty years; and surely I ought to know what belongs to shaving; it is necessary also to tell you, Sir, that I have had the homour to serve in the army; and 'tis hard indeed if I cannot distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and a casque with its beaver, together with other military articles: I do maintain and insist that this

! Is not a bason; 'tis no more like a bason than itis is like a coach wheel; it is an helmet, Sir, though not a compleat one.' You are right,' said Don Quixote; it is not compleat; the lower part and the beaver are wanting.'

A clear case,' said the curate: 'As evident as any thing can be,' joined Cardenio: 'Quite so, quite so,' added Fernando and the others: 'and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had not his thoughts been employed about Don Lewis and

' his daughter.'

' Mercy on me!' exclaimed the barber, ' is it posfible fo many fine honourable gentlemen should not know a bason or helmet better than this comes to? to fay that this bason is an helmet is enough to asto-' nish a whole university, however learned and wife: ' well, if it is an helmet, why it is so; that's all I can fay to it: and by the fame rule my pannel must be an horse's trappings too, as that gentleman is pleased to say.' 'I must confess,' said Don Quixote, that to me it hath the appearance of a pannel; but I will not pretend to determine whether it be the ' pannel of an ass or the trappings of a steed.' 'Nay,' faid the curate, ' if Signor Don Quixote does not decide this point, it never will be decided; in affairs of chivalry we all fubmit to profound experience and fuperior understanding.' ! I protest, worthy gentle-' men,' replied the knight, ' that the adventures which I have encountered in this castle have been so strange indeed, that I look upon almost every thing to be under the immediate power and direction of enchantment. The first night that I ever lay here I was harraffed by an enchanted Moor that dwells in some part of the castle, and my poor squire was almost as roughly treated by some of his attendants; and last night I was suspended near two hours by this arm, without knowing what occasion I had given for fuch discourteous treatment: I therefore cannot pretend to decide upon this affair of the pannel: as to the helmer, I have finally and fatisfactorily determined on that point, but dare pronounce no definitive

decision on the pannel: I refer it entirely to the discerning judgement of the company; who, not having

been invested with the order of knighthood as I have

been, are not subjected to the enchantments of this

caftle, but enjoying clear and undiffurbed faculties,

can penetrate into the nature and fource of these events.' 'Most undoubtedly,' observed Don Fernando, ' the decision of this process depends upon our

' own sentiments, as Signor Don Quixote very judici-

oully observes; in order therefore that the matter " may be fairly and finally fettled, and that we may.

* proceed on folid, rational principles, the opinions of

the company shall be individually taken in private:

for which purpose let every one whisper in my ear ' his impartial fentiment or this perplexing point, and

' I will make a faithful report of the fame.'

To those who were not strangers to Don Quixote's extravagant humour, this proved an excellent joke; but to others the diversion was lost, particularly Don Lewis and his domestics, who were not in the least degree entertained by it: three other travellers too, who had put up at the inn, and who proved to be troopers belonging to the holy brotherhood, did not understand it at all, but thought the company were all crazy alike: the poor barber was in reality so: for it was enough to turn the man's brain to find his bason transformed into the helmet of Mambrino, while he expected every moment that his pannel would be pronounced the gaudy trappings of an horse.

Best part of the company laughed very heartily to fee Don Fernando going about, with the utmost gravity in his countenance, collecting opinions in whispers upon the most important concern of the pannel; and who, when he had received these opinions, said aloud to the barber, 'Honest friend, I am tired of asking fo many opinions; for every body infifts upon it that

it is downright madness to call this a pannel, which

s is so manifestly the rich trappings or furniture of an

horse; wherefore you must be contented; for an horse's furniture it most evidently and certainly is.'

'The devil take me,' said the barber, 'if you are not all wrong; 'tis a pannel, if there ever was a pannel in the world; but the law's measure is the king's pleasure, as the saying is, and a very true saying it is; but I must be mum; the less I say, the more I think: I am not drunk, but fresh and fasting from every thing but sin.'

The simplicity of the barber was not less diverting to the company than Don Quixote's extravagance, who on this determination in his favour said, 'Now let every one take his own, and may heaven join a blessing to it.'

One of Don Lewis's fervants interpoling, faid, The whole of this is a mere jest; it is impossible, gentlemen, that you can be in earnest; you seem to be persons of understanding, and certainly must know better than to really think this bason an helmet, and that pannel an horse's furniture: you may as well try to persuade the barber that he is himself an elbow-chair, or any thing else you please: all the arguments in the world should not persuade me to believe that this is not a barber's bason, or that this pannel is not the pannel of an he-ass.' Why not of a she-ass?' said the priest. 'That makes no disference,' replied the domestic, 'nor has it any thing to do with the dispute.'

One of the troopers of the holy brotherhood, who had attended to the whole of this curious controversy, could no longer conceal his indignation at what he heard: 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'whoever maintains that this bason is not a bason, and that this pannel is not a pannel, must be either stupid, drunk, or 'mad.'

'Scoundrel! thou lyest!' replied Don Quixote; who at the same time listing up his lance, which he had still in his hand, aimed such a blow at the head of the trooper, that if he had not nimbly leaped aside,

he would have been laid flat on the ground: the lance shivered in pieces; and the companions of the trooper feeing their comrade thus treated, called for help from fuch members present, if any, who belonged to the holy brotherhood. The innkeeper being one of that fraternity, ran for his fword and tipstaff, and joined in the behalf of his brethren against the affaults of Don Quixote. Don Lewis's fervants gathered round their mafter, as well to defend him from harm as to prevent his eleaping from them; the barber taking advantage of the confusion, laid hold of the pannel again; but Sancho, who had observed his motions, laid hold of it himself at the same instant. Don Quixote, drawing his fword, and flourishing it in the air, attacked all the troopers together. Don Lewis ordered his fervants to join Fernando and Cardenio, who had espoused the cause of Don Quixote. The priest begged for a restoration of peace; the hostels screamed, her daughter wept, Maritornes howled, Dorothea was frighted, Lucinda was distracted, Clara fainted; the barber drubbed Sancho, and Sancho pummelled the barber; one of the servants of Don Lewis seized his master's arm; lest he should run away from him; for which the mafter sapped the fervant's face; and made his nose bleed; my lord judge vindicated the conduct of Don Lewis; Don Fernando tripped up one of the trooper's heels, and trampled upon him; the landlord bellowed out; 'Help! help! help!' the whole inn and the whole neighbourhood were in confusion: kicks, cuffs, thwacks, thumps, fore-strokes, back-strokes, crying, and screaming, prevailed: the knight of the woeful countenance exerted himself with his usual spirit: but his imagination suggesting to him, in the heat of battle, that he was now certainly involved in the diforder and confusion of Agramonte's camp, bellowed out as loudly as he poffibly could, 'Hold, hold, ye valorous knights! af-' fuage your fury, and sheathe your swords: obey my orders, if we are not weary of your lives: I have ' fomething fomething of importance to say: hear me, or by this

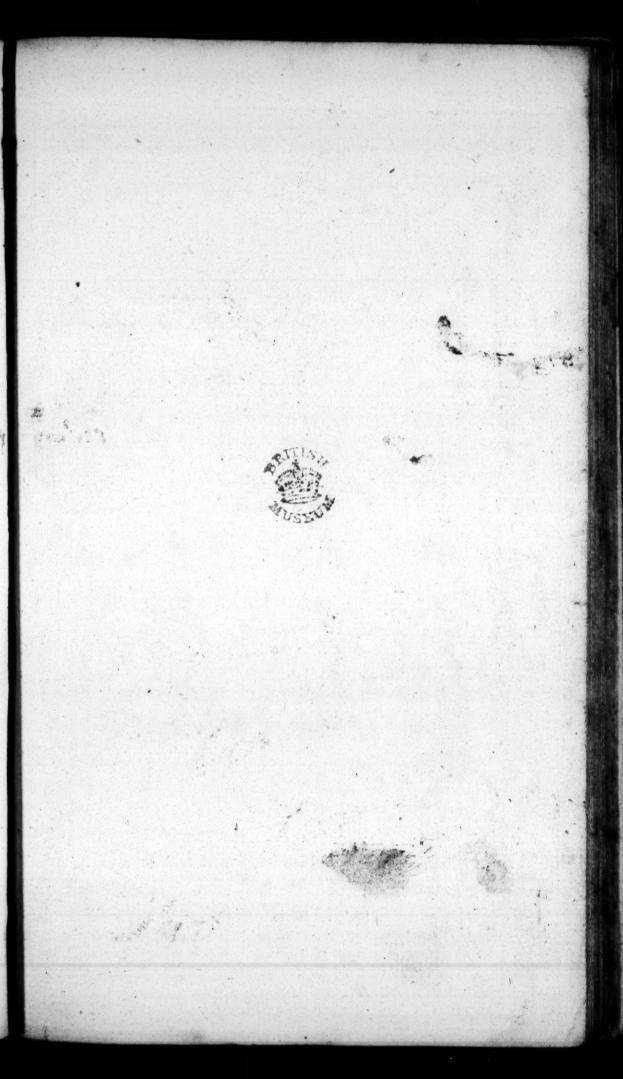
invincible arm I'll -Of a fudden the combatants all defifted, and were filent, wishing to know what the knight had to fay. Gentlemen,' faid he, 'I have already observed to you that this castle is enchanted; it is inhabited by an army of devils: don't you now perceive with your own eyes that the confusion in Agramonte's camp is removed hither? fee, fee how one fights for a fword, another for a milk-white steed, a third for an helmet, and a fourth for standard: and how do we fight? 'O dreadful confusion! we know not how; neither ' do we know why we fight: O my good lord judge! and you Mr. curate! let me intreat ye to re-establish ' peace amonst us, by personating Agramonte and king Sobrino; for, by the powers divine, it were a reproach to chivalry that fo many worthies as ' are here should destroy one another without

caufe.

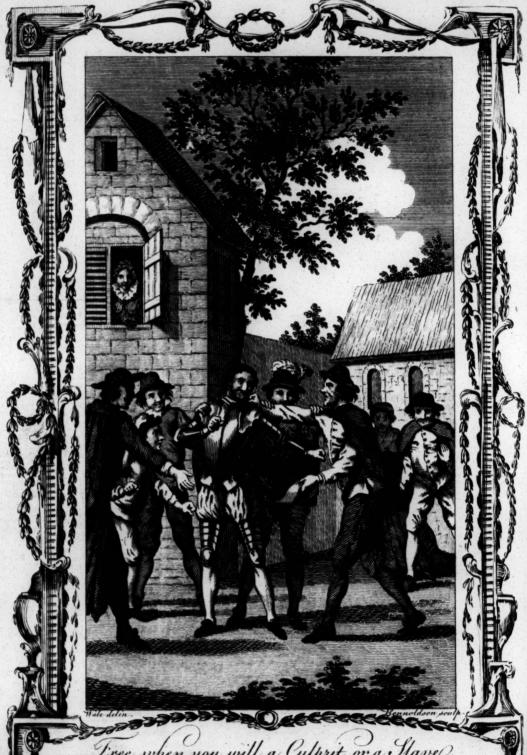
This exhortation of Don Quixote was not understood by the troopers, who having been roughly treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their affociates, would not agree to the knight's proposal for a cessation of hostilities; the barber indeed had his belly-full; for Sancho tore his beard from his chin, and fecured the pannel. The fquire defifted very dutifully as foon as his master issued the general order for a truce: Don Lewis's fervants were also pretty quiet, finding they had not availed much by their interpoling; but the innkeeper was still refractory, and insisted upon chastising that madman who was continually throwing his house in confusion: at length, however, the hurlyburly ended, to the general fatisfaction of parties; the pannel was allowed to be the furniture of a steed, the bason an helmet, and the inn a cattle, in conformity to the fupreme will and pleasure of the knight of the woeful countenance.

Matters being thus happily adjusted by the interference of my lord judge and the curate, the servants of Don Lewis renewed their endeavours to prevail on No. 9 X x their their master to return home with them: Donnewishowever, peremptorily refused to go: whereupon the judge held a consultation with some of the company about what he thould do on this occasion; informing them of the young nobleman's resolution. At length it was agreed that Fernando should tell the servants that he intended to take their master with him to Andalousia, where he should be entertained by his brother the marquis in a manner furtable to his rank and fortune; and that they must by no means oppose this defign, as Don Lewis was determined rather to be facrificed than return home yet. The servants being made acquainted with Don Fernando's quality, and perceiving that the resolution of their master was unchangeble, came to an agreement amongst themfelves that three of them would return home to his. father with an account of what had happened, and the fourth remain to wait on him till his father's pleasure should be further known.

Thus was every thing most amicably and happily fettled by the interpolition of Agramonte and king Sobrino, whose prudential conduct pulled down the dreadful structure of contention and disorder which the father of all iniquity had so industriously raised: but the implacable enemy to human peace, mortified thus to fee his building destroyed, and all his labour lost, determined once more to revive the flame of discord: for although the troopers, upon discovering that their antagonists were people of quality, defisted very readily. yet one of them, who had been most severely handled by Don Fernando, recollected that, amongst feveral other warrants for apprehending public offenders, he had one against the person of Don Quixote for having fer at liberty the galley-flaves; looking therefore very Readfally in the knight's face, in order to be fure of feizing the right man, he produced a small bundle of parchment, from which he took the warrant, and read it with great deliberation, still fixing his eyes fully upon the knight every now-and-then, by way of comparing the lineaments of his countenance with the description tion's



Don Quixote seiz'd for freeing the Galley Slaves . -



Tree when you will a Culprit or a Slave, You hurt an honest man, and serve a knave. Don Quixote by the Trooper's rightly served, And meets the fate by merit he deserve. Cription given in the warrant: by this means being fure as to his identity, he vaulted upon him like a dion upon his prey, and feizing him by the collar, held him fo fast with his thumb upon his windpipe, that La Mancha's hero could fearcely breathe; the trooper at the same time cried out aloud, 'Gentlemen, take notice that I feize this fellow by virtue of a warrant from " the holy brotherhood; therefore I charge ye, in the ' king's name, to give me your affiftance.' The curate read the warrant, and found it to be valid: but Don Quixote, on finding himself thus affaulted by a baseborn plebeian, flew into fuch a tempest of fury, that his eyes darted fire, and all his bones in his skin began to rattle; and notwithstanding the trooper had laid fuch fast hold of him, he most dexterously disengaged himself, and then fixing both his hands upon the trooper's throat, squeezed him with such merciless violence, that he would inevitably have strangled him to death, had not his companions come immediately to his relief. The innkeeper being obliged to affift his brother officer, was engaged in this fresh disturbance, which greatly frighted the hostes, who screamed out, whilst the daughter squawled, and Maritornes pretended to be in fits.

Sancho Panza now began to speak. 'My master' was certainly in the right,' quoth Sancho, 'when he faid this castle was enchanted: may the devil con-

' found fuch a castle, say I.'

At length the curate and Don Fernando separated the two antagonists, to the mutual satisfaction of both, who had been grasping each other's throats with a murderous design: the troopers, however, demanded their prisoner, and ordered the company, in the king's name, to affist in binding him as an highwayman and common robber. But Don Quixote only smiled at being called an highwayman, and with great composure said, 'Ye base-born crew, ye despicable caitists, ye ragamussin 's fooundrels, ye offspring of filth, and extraction of

dunghills! do ye call him an highwayman who loofens the chains of the enflaved, relieves the

wretched, and raises the fallen? your minds are too ' low and grovelling to comprehend any thing which relates to chivalry; otherwise ye would have known that even the shadow of a knight-errant had claim to your veneration. Tell me, poltroons, ye robbers ' licensed by authority, tell me what fool of a magiftrate it was that figned the warrant for apprehending 'a knight-errant; fome mongrel booby or other who ' is ignorant that a professor of chivalry hath no law but what is ordained by his own fword: what block-' head was it? who was the miscreant that did not know that we knights-errant are exempted from all ' judicial authority, and restricted only by our own " will and pleafure? who was the stupid fellow? who was he, I fay, who knows not that no title or charter of nobility can claim fo many prerogatives and ' exemptions as are due to a knight of my order the ' very moment he is dubbed, and devotes himself to the illustrious though laborious profession? what 'knight-errant ever paid taxes, tolls, customs, or ' fubfidies? what taylor ever brought in a bill for cloaths made for him? what governor ever refused ' him admission into his castle? what king is there at whose table he is not always welcome? what lady ever resisted his attractions, or obeyed not his will ' and pleasure? in short, what knight-errant is there whose single prowess is not sufficient to bastinado four hundred troopers, should they have the rashness to oppose him?

CHAP. XVI.

Containing the notable adventure of the troopers, and the terrible ferocity of Don Quixote.

W HILE the champion of La Mancha was fetting all law and justice at defiance, the curate assured the troopers that he had entirely lost his senses, as indeed was evident by his strange behaviour; that therefore

Zoraida,

therefore it would be entirely needless in them to proceed further in the affair; for even if they took him away, he most certainly would be disinissed as a lunatic. The trooper who had the warrant made answer, 'As to his being a lunatic or not a lunatic, that is no consideration of mine; I am bound to the discharge of my duty, and must obey the orders of my superiors; they may do what they please with him, after

' he is out of my custody.'

'Whatever you think or intend,' faid the curate, 'you shall not take him away at present; nor indeed

will he fuffer himself to be taken by force.'

In short, the priest talked so much to the purpose, and Don Quixote committed fo many extravagancies at the fame time, that the troopers must have been more infane than himself if they had persisted in their defign of carrying him forcibly off; wherefore they not only defifted, but offered to be mediators between the barber and Sancho Panza, whose animosity was still mutually violent, and who were on the point of taking t'other brush: the mediation of the troopers, especially as they were officers of justice, was readily accepted; and they decided the matter so effectually, that both parties, if not fully contented, were in a great measure fatisfied: the troopers determination was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the halters and girths remain as they were. With respect to the helmet of Mambrino, the curate, unfeen by Don Quixote, gave the barber eight rials for it, causing him at the same time to fign a general release that secured the knight from any indictment, action, or profecution, thenceforward and for ever.

These important quarrels thus decided, it now remained that three of Don Lewis's servants should forthwith return home, and the fourth attend his master to the place where Don Fernando intended to escort him: the servants behaved very obediently, and every thing wore a favourable aspect, to the inexpressible satisfaction of Donna Clara, whose beauty became more charming in proportion as she grew happier.

THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF

Zoraida, though she could not well comprehend the incidents she had seen, was sad and chearful alternately, as she observed others to be by their countenances, especially her beloved Spaniard, on whom her eyes

were more particularly fixed.

There was still one thing wanting to effectuate a perfect and general reconciliation; and this was, to make the innkeeper full compensation for all the mischief which Don Quixote had done him; for the host having taken notice of the satisfaction which the curate made the barber for his bason, thought himself entitled to demand payment of Don Quixote's former reckoning, as well as proper amends for the quantity of wine that was spilt when the knight conceived himself engaged with a monstrous giant. 'I have as much right to be satisfied as other people,' said the host, and satisfied I will be before ever Rosinante or Sancho's as goes out of my stable; I'll so far be an enchanter myself as to prevent them from stirring away till I'm

paid to the utmost farthing.

The curate, however, foon pacified the growling landlord, and Don Fernando discharged the bill; though indeed the judge very generously offered to pay it himfelf out of his own purse. Thus was universal tranquility restored: the inn no longer resembled the confused camp of Agramonte, but rather seemed blessed with that concord and harmony which reigned in the days of Augustus: and this felicity being attributed to the prudent conduct of the curate, together with the generosity of Don Fernando, they received the unanimous acknowledgements of the company.

And now Don Quixote being extricated from the feveral broils and troubles in which he had involved himself, he began to think of the adventure which he had undertaken in behalf of the princess Micomicona, and that it was high time to set off on his journey, in order to compleat an atchievement so pregnant with same and glory. Intoxicated with this golden idea, he went and threw himself at the feet of Dorothea, who would not hear him in that posture, but prevailed on

him

him to arise, when the knight thus addressed her: Royal madam! we have an excellent old proverb. diligence is the mother of success; and we learn from experience that in every enterprise of moment, affi-· duity and vigilance furmount the greatest difficulties; the truth of which appears in nothing fo much as in war, where a diligent and watchful care to frustrate the defigns of the enemy frequently obtains a com-· plete victory before the foe hath time to put him-' felf properly on the defensive. This I observe, most excellent princefs, because it appears to me that our ' stay in this castle is not only to no fort of purpose as to our immediate good, but may prove fatally danegerous to us: for who knows but by means of fecret and crafty spies your gigantic adversary, Pandafilando, · may get intelligence that I am preparing to destroy ' him; and taking advantage of the time that we now are losing, fortify himself in some castle in such a manner as to baffle every vigorous effort of my inde-· fatigable arm; to the disappointment of my honour, and your highness's happiness: wherefore, illustrious ' madam, let us prevent his designs by our diligence ' and immediate departure from this place; for the · fooner I get within reach of him, the fooner will the · vain usurper feel the effects of my unconquerable ' valour.'

Here Don Quixote left off speaking, and with a composed gravity awaited the princes's replication, who with a countenance truly majestic, and in a stile quite apposite to the knight's humour, made answer, Most noble and puissant Sir Don Quixote! the slower of chivalry, and guardian of the oppressed! the desire you express to assist me in my missortunes, confers on me an obligation that will ever stimulate my heart to applaud, love, and bless you: kind, courteous, benevolent Sir Don! may heaven shower down its choicest blessings on you! and may all your glorious toils in the cause of humanity be in the end rewarded with that happiness of mind to which such intrinsic merit is entitled: when the voice of same becomes

becomes hoarfe with proclaiming your honours, may the fweet foothing olive be your comfort: your " unwearied attention to the welfare of community in egeneral, hath a fair claim to universal applause; but ' your fingular concern on my account demands my * most particular acknowledgements: it is my une ceasing prayer, therefore, that your defire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that I may be enabled "to prove to you the honour and gratitude which are to be found in some of my sex. As to our departure from this castle, I leave it entirely to your worship's pleasure: my will, Sir Don Quixote, is included entirely in yours; you are to dispose of me just as ' you pleate: for be affured, she who hath entrusted to you the defence of her person, can by no means oppose whatever your profound wisdom and pruden-

"Where is Rosinante?" said the knight, in extasy;

• where is that noble beast? by this invincible arm, • since so beautiful a princess thus humbles herself

before me, I will lose no opportunity of replacing

her upon the throne of her royal ancestors; she hall be exalted according to her dignity, and raised

• to her hereditary feat of dominion. Beautiful and

to her hereditary feat of dominion. Beautiful and

" illustrious madam! let us away: away! away! away!

fame and felicity both beckon to us; delays are dan-

gerous; honour infpires and animates me; heaven never created, nor hell ever faw an object that

' could fright me. Where is my squire? where art

' thou, Sancho?'

' tiality shall ordain.'

' Here, Sir, here am I,' replied Sancho.

'Saddle Rosinante this instant,' resumed Don Quixote, 'and prepare the queen's palfrey; then get 'ready thine as: in the mean time we will take leave of the governor and his noble visitors, and then im-

" mediately depart."

Sancho Panza now shook his head, saying, 'Ah, 'master, master! there are always more tricks in a

'town than are talked of; begging pardon of all

honourable ladies for fo faying.

· Wha

What tricks, thou rascal, cried the knight, can there be either in town or city to lessen my reputa-

'Nay, Sir Don Quixote,' quoth Sancho, 'if your worship is angry with me only for just speaking,

I'll fay no more; no, no, I'll bung up my mouth,

Sir, and not utter a syllable of what, as a trusty fquire and servant, I ought to make known to my master.

'Say whatever thou wilt,' replied the knight, 'fo' it tend not to cowardice; if fear possess thee, let' nobody know it: trouble not me with the mention' of fear, which my soul abhors.'

'Pshaw, the devil take fear,' quoth Sancho; 'I' was thinking nothing about it: but I know for cers tain, Sir, that this fine lady who calls herself the queen of Micomicon, is no more a queen than I am at

present a king; for if the were a queen, she would

not be so often in a sly corner, nuzzling and smacking with one of the company, where she thinks she

s is not feen.

These words of Sancho Panza occasioned Dorothea to blush exceedingly; for true it was that Don Fernando had often, unperceived as he thought, made free with her lips, by the way of reaping some part of the reward that his affection was entitled to; which Sancho happening to observe, imagined that such condescension rather became a courtesan than an illustrious Dorothea not making any answer to Sancho's fagacious remarks, 'This, dear mafter,' continued the fquire, I make bold to mention, because after we have trudged through all weathers, and rode hard, fed hard, and lain hard, one of the company is diverting himself at our expence, and gathering the fruit of our labour: there is no occasion for faddling Rolinante yet, or getting ready the lady's palfrey and my dapple; fairly and foftly; we had much better remain peaceably were we are: let those that have a mind for the hare, beat the bush them. felves, fay I; young women get nothing by idleness: No. 9

every harlot to her spinning-wheel, and we to good

eating and drinking.'

Heavens! how was Don Quixote enraged at these expressions of his squire! his whole frame trembled, his tongue faultered, and fire feemed to flash from his eyes: in short, such was his excessive indignation, that he was some time before he could utter a syllable to vent his fury: at last, however, with a voice of thunder, he cried out, 'Scoundrel, scoundrel! thou foulmouth'd blasphemous booby! thou ignorant, impudent flanderer! thou baker-legg'd, broken-ribb'd, flat-' nos'd poltroon! thou miscreant, caitiff, whelp, and ' hell-hound! how darest thou to utter such language ' in my presence, and in the presence of this honourable ' company? how darest thou entertain such ill-grounded ' and injurious ideas? Away from my fight, thou mon-' fter of nature! thou magazine of iniquity! thou cupboard of deceit! thou granary of infolence! thou fink of calumny! thou dunghill of malice! thou publisher of folly! thou foe to ail virtue, and author of all mif-' chief! Get out of my fight, and never presume to · come near me more, on pain of my most furious displeasure: get thee gone this instant, lest I crumble thee to atoms, and featter thee to the four corners of the globe!' Then frowning dreadfully, and diftending his cheeks, he stamped on the floor, in consequence of the fury that inflamed his bowels.

Sancho was so much difmayed, terrified, and confounded, that he would have been glad if the earth had opened and swallowed him; all that he could do was to shrug his shoulders, turn his back, and sneak away. Dorothea, however, who was well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, undertook to appeale his violent indignation: 'Sir knight of the woeful coun-' tenance!' faid she, ' I befeech you that your wrath · may fubfide: why should those expressions of your ' fourre raife in you fuch excess of indignation? per-

haps he had some reason for what he said: and as from his good understanding and honest principles

he cannot be suspected of uttering any false or ma-עופרץ Licious

- * licious accusation, we are to suppose, and indeed it
- * is natural to suppose, that almost every thing in this
- castle, as your worship has found by experience,
- * being under the influence of enchantment, fo fome
- " diabolical illusion hath appeared to Sancho, and re-
- * preferred to his enchanted fight what he afferts to my
- * dishonour."
- 'I swear by Almighty Mars," cried Don Quixote,
- * your highness has discovered the real cause: poor
- Sancho! fome necromantic vision hath disturbed his
- " fenies; for fuch is the natural good-temper and firm-
- ' plicity of the poor wretch, that I am fure he could
- * not of himself invent a lye to the disparagement of
- ' any body,'
- 'That is certainly the case,' said Don Fernando,
- wherefore it behoves your worship to forgive poor
- ' Sancho, and restore so trusty a servant to your fa-
- vour, ficut erat in principio.

Don Quixote promising to pardon his squire, the curate went to seek for him, and bringing him back, Sancho sell at the seet of his master, and begged to kits his hand, which Don Quixote readily agreeing to, and at the same time bestowing on him his blessing, said, 'Son Sancho, thou wilt now believe what I have 'so often told thee, that nearly every thing in this castle is governed by enchantment.'

'I always thought so, Sir Don Quixote,' replied Sancho, 'except in the blanket affair; and that hap-

- " pened in the ordinary course of things?"
 - 'Thou dost mistake, faid the knight, 'for had it
- been fo, I would certainly have revenged the affront
- ' put upon thee, and would even do it now; but
- neither at that time, nor at the present time, could I,
- ' or can I find any object deserving of my furious re-
- fentment on that blanket-toffing account.

Several of the company, who had never heard of this blanket affair, being defirous of a little information about it, the landlord gave them a full and circumstantial account of it, which afforded them the utmost diversion: but Sancho was very angry, and

Y y 2

would have gone to loggerheads with the innkeeper if his master had not again assured him the whole was taused by enchantment; which though the squire believed not, he held his tongue; but his simplicity was never quite so great as to induce him to think this blanket usage the effect of enchantment; his own sufferings convincing him that his executioners were not phantoms, but beings of slesh and blood like himself.

Two whole days had this good company now spent at the inn, and therefore deeming it high time to depart, the curate contrived a method of getting Don Quixote home without putting Dorothea or Fernando to the trouble of humouring his extravagancies any

longer.

A waggon with a team of oxen happening to pass by, the priest bargained with the driver for carrying the knight to his native village in it; and now a kind of wooden cage being prepared, large enough for a man either to fit or lie in it, Fernando, Cardenio, the troopers, Don Lewis's fervants, and the innkeeper, under the immediate direction of the curate, disguised themselves in different shapes, and entered the knight's chamber, where he was sleeping very foundly after the great fatigue he had endured: as foon as they had furrounded his bed, they laid fast hold on him, and tied his hands and feet; and the knight awaking foon afterwards, was amazed to find his invincible arm motionless, and that he had also lost the use of his legs: he was likewife much alarmed to fee fo many ftrange figures about him, some having blacked their faces in a frightful manner, and others having masks on: he at once concluded them to be the phantoms which infested the castle, and that he was now the object of their incantation.

Sancho Panza was the only person who was not disguised; and though he perfectly knew each individual phantom, he was determined not to speak a word till he should discover the meaning and end of so strange a proceeding: the knight also was very silent, waiting the event of his calamity.

The cage being now brought into the chamber, the supposed spirits put Don Quixote into it, and fixed the bars so fast, that nothing could force them asunder; then raising him on their shoulders, they were saluted by a rough, hollow voice, somewhat like a deep base roaring through a speaking-trumpet; at least, it was as loud and dreadful as the lungs of Mr. Nicholas could possibly make it. Upon this, the phantoms set down their load, to give attention to the aweful speaker, who uttered the following words:

'O thou knight of the woeful countenance! thou thrice-valiant champion of La Mancha! repine not at an imprisonment which is ordained for thy more expeditionally and effectually accomplishing that ' royal adventure in which thee, thou flower of chivalry, art to give the wondering world a recent testimony of thine incomparable prowess! an ad-' venture which is to be performed when the rampant ' Manchegan lion shall be united with the white Torbosian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the foft yoke of wedlock; from whole embraces shall ' fpring two lion whelps, which with their tearing talons · shall trace the footsteps of their furious father: and this shall happen before the bright pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall, in his rapid yet regular course, have twice performed his vifit through the stupendous ' luminaries of nature. And O thou, the most noble and faithful fquire that ever had fword on thigh, beard on chin, or fense of smell in nose, be not dis-" mayed at this captivity of thy valiant lord and ' mafter; for ere it be long thou wilt be so sublimely exalted, that thou wilt not know thyself: neither wilt thou be disappointed in those promises made thee by thy noble-minded master: I am authorised by the fage, Mentironiana, to affure thee that thy whole falary will be duly and truly paid thee: fol-' low, therefore, thine heroic and enchanted lord; for ' it behoves thee to attend him till both of ye attain * that which is prescribed by destiny: I am com-* manded by the fates to fay no more; therefore I bid thee farewel, and shall now return to regions far remote.

The barber managed the cadence of his voice so admirably at the conclusion, that even those who were privy to the imposture, began to be surprised, and somewhat awed by an illusion of their own con-

triving.

This prophetic harangue gave Don Quixote much fatisfaction; for he foon comprehended the fignification of it, and applied it to his intended marriage with Dulcinea del Tobofo; of whom, he conjectured, would be born those whelps, (meaning his sons,) to the eternal future glory of La Mancha: in consequence of which firm belief, he breathed a deep figh, and then raifing his voice, replied, 'O thou, whoever thou art, whose happy prophecy I own and acknowledge, I beg that thou wilt, in my name, implore the fage enchanter, who takes charge of my affairs, to release me from this prison till mine eyes shall behold the accom-* plishment of those joyful and inestimable promises which he has been pleased to make me; then ' should it be his pleasure to re-imprison me, I shall glory in my captivity, and endure with pleasure * those chains with which my limbs are fettered: my ' prison I shall deem a palace, and these rough boards 6 softer than the delectable down of my nuptial bed. And as to the confolation given my faithful squire, Sancho Panza, I have in fo many instances experienced his " fidelity and affection, that I am certain he never will * forfake me either in advertity or prosperity: and though his or my own unpropitious stars should prevent me from bestowing on him an island, or some 4 possession adequate to it, according to my promise, ' yet he is fure of his falary, bequeathed to him by " my last will and testament that I have left at home; though what he is to receive, I confess, is more proportioned to my own flender ability than to his own intrinfic merit.

Sancho Panza made his master several very respectful bows, and kissed both his hands; for as they The marks ago a plant of the control of a control of the control o

and a kivab possible and some

were tied fast together, he could not salute one of

them fingly.

The phantoms now hoisted up the cage, and taking it down stairs into the inn yard, placed it in the waggon.

CHAP. XVII.

Continuation of the knight's enchantment; with other remarkable occurrences.

ON Quixote was much furprised at the very extraordinary manner in which he was enchanted. Amongst the many volumes of chivalry which I ' have perused,' said he, ' I never met with an inflance of an enchanted knight-errant being put into a cage, or drawn in a waggon by those sothful quadrupeds called oxen: on the contrary, they ' used to ride in golden chariots through the air, drawn by winged dragons, or by some such sierce animal, and were hurried along with incredible velocity: but to be drawn in this strange manner by a paultry team of oxen, staggers the feat of my understanding: ' it should seem the enchanters of our present times follow not the example of the ancient fages; though ' it is not improbable that they have contrived this ' fingular mode of fascination for me, as being the reviver of that most honourable and glorious profession which had so long lain in the womb of oblivion. What is thy opinion, fon Sancho?'

'An please your worship,' said Sancho, 'I have no opinion at all about it, feeing that I'm not fuch a ' scholar as your worship; and yet for all that, I could almost take my oath that these phantoms that whisk

and frisk about here, are not orthodox.

Orthodox! brother Sancho!' cried the knight; how is it possible those beings should be orthodox who occasionally assume such fantastic appearances?

they are mere spirits or devils: to be convinced that

" they are fuch, only endeavour to touch them, and

thou wilt find they are nothing but air.'

'Nothing but air, Sir?' faid Sancho; 'I'm fure' there's fomething more than air in one of them; 'for here's one as plump and fat as a partridge, and

• I've touched him feveral times: besides, Sir, he does

onot smell like a devil; for instead of brimstone, he

has musk and amber about him.

Sancho Panza made this observation upon Don Fernando, who being a man of quality, wore scented linen.

Wonder not at that, honest Sancho,' replied the knight; for the devils are more cunning than thou art aware of: they can deceive the nose as well as the

eye: that fat devil, whom thou dost speak of, means

to impose upon thee.'

Fernando and Cardenio, who overheard this conversation between the knight and his squire, began to be afraid that the latter would discover the whole plot, and therefore defired the waggoner to fet out as foon as possible; then calling the innkeeper aside, they bid him get Rosinante saddled immediately, and Sancho's ass panneled: this the landlord did with all possible expedition, whilst the priest agreed with the troopers for so much a day to escort Don Quixote to his own habitation, Cardenio having hung the knight's target on one fide of the pommel of Rofinante's faddle, and the bason on the other, made signs for Sancho to get aftride his ass, in order to lead his mafter's horse, and then placed a couple of the troopers, with their firelocks, on each fide of the waggon, But before the oxen fet forward, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, came to take their leave of Don Quixote, pretending much affliction on account of his misfortune; to whom the knight faid, · Weep not, ye illustrious fair ones! disasters of this kind are entailed upon the professors of chivalry; s if they did not betal me, I should not efteem mysels

a true knight-errant; for these calamities never happen to knights of little fame and reputation: they are the inheritance only of knights renowned, whose valour and fuccess are envied by divers princes and other rivals, who being incapable of equalizing our ' shining prowess, basely and treacherously seek to ruin us: but virtue is of itself so prevalent and ' powerful; that in spite of all the incantation which ' its original inventor Zoroaster ever practised, it ' vanquishes and triumphs over all obstacles, and ' displays its beams upon the earth with a splendor equal to the fun in heaven. Pardon me, ladies, I befeech ye, if, through ignorance or omission of the respect due to your high quality, I have unwittingly offended ye: to the best of my knowledge, I never committed a wilful wrong: I crave therefore the affiltance of your prayers for my deliverance from this prison in which I am confined by some enchanter, and the first business of my freedom shall be a public acknowledgement of the manifold favours I have received from your fair hands in this fuperb caftle?

While Don Quixote was thus complimenting the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took leave of all the company, and particularly of Dorothea and Lucinda. Fernando defired the priest to favour him with a letter as foon as he should be arrived at the habitation of Don Quixote, and afterwards to continue his correspondence; affuring him that he should be happy to hear of the knight's speedy and perfect recovery: ' and,' added Fernando, ' you may affure yourfelf, Signor, that I will inform you of every circumstance relative to my marriage, as well as the baptism of Zoraida, Don Lewis's success, s and in fliort whatever will afford you any degree of pleasure.' The curate then promising to comply with his request, and the last compliments being paid, he was just setting off, when the landlord presented him with a bundle of papers, which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau that contained No. 10

contained the novel of The Fatal Curiofity; affuring him they were heartily at his fervice, fince there was now little likelihood of the owner ever coming to demand them. The priest returned him many thanks, and casting his eye slightly on one of the papers, found it entitled The Story of Rinconete and Cortadilla: whence he conjectured, that fince the Fatal Curiofity was an agreeable and pleasing tale, this might likewife have merit, as being in all probability written by the fame author; he therefore refolved to read it the very first opportunity: and now the barber and himfelf mounting their beafts, with their faces difguifed, the procession began in the following order: first, the waggoner and oxen; next, the troopers with their firelocks; then, Sancho Panza aftride his afs, leading Rosinante by the bridle; and the priest and barber brought up the rear, mounted on their mules. The procession was exceeding folemn indeed: the waggon moved with an aweful flowness, whilst the knight fat encaged, with his hands and legs tied, leaning against the bars, and was fo filent, refigned, and patient, that he appeared more like a statue than a man. After travelling in this manner about two leagues, they arrived in a valley, where the waggoner propofed baiting his oxen; but the barber affuring him there was a much more convenient vale a little farther on, they did not stop here.

Soon afterwards they were overtaken by fix or feven perfons well mounted, who remarking the fingularity of the procession, and observing Don Quixote in a cage, asked 'what that criminal had done?' concluding, by the attendance of the troopers, that he was fome desperate offender whom the holy brotherhood had apprehended. The person who asked the question happened to be a canon of Toledo; to whom one of the troopers made answer, 'Signor, the prisoner ' must himself inform you of the occasion of his confinement; for we know nothing about the matter.' Don Quixote overhearing them, said, 'Gentlemen, are ye acquainted with chivalry? if ye are, I will ' relate to you the occasion of my misfortune: if ye are not, ask no more questions.' Truly, friend,' replied the canon, 'I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with Villalpando's divinity.'

'Better, dost thou say, than with Villalpando's divinity?' cried the knight; 'if it be so, I inform
thee then that I am enchanted, through the baseness
of some envious necromancers; for virtue is more
persecuted by the wicked than patronized by the
good: I am a knight-errant, but not one of that
fort whose actions never obtained or merited an enrolment in the eternal records of same: no; I am
one of the illustrious number, who, in spite of envy
herself, or of all the magi of Persia, the brachmans
of India, or gymnosophists of Æthiopia, secure
places in the sacred temple of immortality.'

The curate now riding up to the canon, faid, 'All that my lord Don Quixote has told you, Signor, is very true; he is not confined in this waggon for any bad actions, but through the malignity of those who are envious of his fame and virtue: this gentleman, 'Signor, is the knight of the woeful countenance; whose transcendent exploits will be inscribed on eter-

and marble, in spite of all the efforts of malice to

' tarnish the purity of their glory.' The canon and his companions hearing the priest thus speaking in the same strange stile with the knight, were in the utmost amazement; but Sancho, who had liftened to all that passed, was determined they should know the real truth: 'Gentlemen,' faid he, 'I can't forbear speaking, let the consequence be what it may: the truth is this: my lord Don Quixote is just as much enchanted as the mother that bore me; his fenses are as entire as yours are, and his judgement is as found; he eats, drinks, fleeps, and does every thing else like other people, and as he used to do before he was put into the cage; therefore how can folks pretend to fay that he is enchanted? for those who are in that condition, as I have been told, never seat or fleep, or even speak; but my master, if they would.

would let him alone, could out-talk forty lawyers. Sancho then turning to the curate, faid, 'O Mr. curate! do you think I don't know the meaning of: all this? yes, yes, I do; and you fee I know you too, notwithstanding the mask on your face: none of your fly tricks can escape my notice; but 'tis an old faying, the weakest always go to the wall: and now the devil take the devil, fay I; had it not been for your meddling, my malter by this time might ! perhaps have been married to the princels of Micomicon, and I might have been an earl; but, as the faying is, fortune turns round like a mill-wheel, and he that flood yesterday at the top, lies to-day at the bottom: I am only troubled on account of my poor wife and children, who instead of seeing me return home a viceroy or governor of some island, will see that I am still no more than an humble squire: I wonder, ' Mr. curate, you should not have a better conscience; fhame on you; you will have a deal to answer for in the next world."

What is that fool prating about?' faid the barber; why furely, friend Sancho, thou dost belong to thy master's fraternity; methinks tis necessary to put thee into the same cage with him: what enchanted island is it that is floating in thy brain? or what demon hath been riding thy imagination, and

got it with child of fuch ridiculous ideas?"

Got me with child? faid Sancho; 'no king in Europe, nor queen either, should get me with child; though I am poor, I am honest, I am an old christian, and out of debt: supposing I do covet an island, there are others who covet more; every man is the son of his own works; the poorest man may in time be a pope, and why not I the governor of an island; especially as my master may gain more than he'll know what to do with? therefore hold your prating, Mr. shaver: as to my master's enchantment, I shall say nothing about it; but I know what I know; nobody shall put a false card upon me."

The barber was afraid to reply, lest Sancho should discover what he and the priest took such pains to con-

ceal; and the latter being under the like apprehension, prevailed on the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, when he acquainted him with the true cause of Don Quixote's imprisonment in the cage. The canon making a general declamation against books of chivalry, the curate informed him of his having destroyed the library of Don Quixote, and of the feruting he had previously made, at which the canon laugh'd heartily, but faid, that notwithstanding he disapproved of those books, yet he found one good thing in them, which was the subject they presented for a fertile genius to display itself on, opening a large field for the pen to expatiate in the description of tempelts, shipwrecks, and battles; representing a brave commander, with all his great qualifications, penetrating into the defigns of an enemy, eloquent in perfuading or diffuading his foldiers, judicious in council, active in execution, and valiant in affailing or repulling; sometimes recounting a dreadful accident, at another time an happy and unexpected event; in one place a beautiful lady possessed with virtue and discretion; in another, a courteous knight endued with furprifing valour; here a boifterous, boafting, cruel ruffian, there an affable, kind-tempered, wife, and warlike prince, and fo forth. 'Befides,' added he. the author has an opportunity of difplaying his fkill and talents in necromancy: he may describe the artifice of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the ' gallantry of Achilles, the calamities of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the fincerity of Euryalus, the ' munificence of Alexander, the courage of Cæfar, the candour and clemency of Trajan, the circum-' spection of Cato, and all those distinguishing qua-'lities which constitute the fame, honour, and pre-'eminence of an illustrious hero; fometimes uniting ' them all in one great person, and sometimes dividing ' them among feveral; and the whole being given in ' a pleasing, ingenious file, carefully preserving an e air of probability, will undoubtedly form a production of fuch beautiful variety, as cannot fail to yield both pleasure and instruction.'

CHAP. XVIII.

Being a continuation of the canon's discourse upon knighterrantry; with other matters.

YOUR observations are very just, Signor,' replied the curate; 'and I think those authors who have published books of knight-errantry without the least regard to consistency and good-sense, 'are unpardonably blameable; for had they observed the necessary rules of art, they might have rendered themselves as celebrated in prose as the two princes

' themselves as celebrated in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are in verse.' ' I must acknowledge,' said the canon, ' I was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry myself, observing those rules I have mentioned; in short, I have now upwards of an hundred sheets by me, which I have shewn to persons of taste and learning, as well as to people of very little discernment; all of whom approve of my production: nevertheless I have not gone on with the work, esteeming it incon-' fistent with my profession, and knowing there are ' more fools in the world than people of sense: and though it were better to be commended by the small ' number that are wife than laughed at by the many that are foolish, yet I did not chuse to expose myself to the confused judgement of the giddy vulgar, whose ' province it chiefly is to read performances of this 'kind: but my principal motive for declining a process, was the reflection I made upon our modern comedies; for, faid I to myself, if these comedies, whether of the poet's invention, or grounded on ' history, are all, or the greatest part of them, known ' to be absurd productions, and yet received with ap-' plause by the multitude; and if the authors who write, and the actors who represent them, affert that ' this and no other method is to be practifed, because the auditors must be pleased; that such as are well-

* jects

contrived, and agreeable to the rules of art, ferve only to entertain a few fenfible people who underfrand them; and that it is better for them to gain a decent livelihood by the fenfeless many, than starve upon the approbation of the judicious few; at this rate, faid I, if I should compleat my work, after racking my brains to preferve the necessary rules of art, I might be only laughed at for my fruitless labour. I have sometimes endeavoured to persuade the players that they are wrong in their judgement, and that they would have fuller houses, as well as be fure of obtaining more reputation, by exhibiting re-' gular comedies, than those preposterous pieces: but on demonstration could ever after their opinion.

' Signor,' faid the curate, 'you have touched upon a point that revives in me an animofity I long have ' had against our modern plays, and which indeed is equal to my enmity against books of knight-errantry. ' Comedy, as Tully tells us, ought to be the mirrour of life, the picture of truth, and pattern of manners; whereas our modern productions are mirrours of abfurdity, pictures of ribaldry, and patterns of folly; for what can be more difgusting than to see the character, who in the first scene of the first act appears ' a child in fwaddling cloaths, in the fecond appear a full-grown man? or what can be more abfurd than to represent to us a fighting old man, a cowardly ' young one, an eloquent footman, a page a counsellor, a prince a porter, or an empress a scullion? Then what shall I say of their regard to time and situation? 'I have feen a play, in which the first act began in · Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa: * probably had there been a fourth, the scene would have lain in America; fo that the comedy would have travelled through each division of the globe. If we consider those plays which are written on divine ' fubjects, what a number of false miracles shall we ' find in them? what mistakes do we discover in the * author, who confounds the operations of one faint with those of another? nay, even in prophane sub-

jects they have the effrontery to work miracles; merely on a prefumption that fuch a supernatural operation will attract a numerous audience: but these things are a prejudice to truth, as well as an injury to hiftory, and a reproach to our Spanish wits; · because foreign authors, who are extremely exact in coffering the rules of the drama, look upon us as an ignorant and barbarous people, upon feeing fuch egregious absurdities in our compositions: nor would ' it be any admissible pretext to alledge, that the grand design of every well-regulated state, in licensing the public performance of plays, is to amuse the commonalty with some honest recreation, in order to di-· vert those ill humours which idleness generally beegets; and that fince this purpose is attained by any fort of plays, whether the composition be good or bad, it is needless to prescribe laws to them, or oblige either the authors or performers to write or represent such as are strictly conformable to the rules of the drama. To this I would answer, that the same end, without any kind of comparison, will be much better answered by good than bad plays; for he who fees a play that is regular, natural, and well-digested, is pleased with the comic part, informed by the ferious, and agreeably furprifed with the incidents; collecting improvement from the language, caution from the frauds depicted in the fable, knowledge from the examples, a love of virtue, and · an aversion to vice; for all these sensations will a good · comedy excite in the spectator's mind, be ever so unpolished, ignorant, and stupid: and it is abso-· lutely impossible that a play which has these qua-· lifications should not afford a greater degree of entertainment than one that is defective in thefe particulars, as most of our modern productions are: onot that the authors are altogether in fault; for fome of them are very fenfible of their errors, and extremely capable of writing much better; but their ' pieces being composed for fale, (as they say themselves) ' they must study the taste of the public; so that the e poet

poet is obliged to comply with the demand of the player, by whom he is paid for his labour. As a proof of this observation, let us consider what a nums ber of plays have been written by that ingeniou-' bard, Lopez de Vega Carpio, which are fo replete with wit, gaiety, and humour, fo elegant in their versification, so genteel in their dialogue, and of such fententious gravity, loftiness, and elocution, that their fame is spread throughout the whole globe: yet this fine genius, in being obliged to fuit himself to the false taste of the actors and auditors, hath not been able to affix the stamp of perfection upon his pieces. Some authors have written their plays with so little confideration, that after the exhibition of them on the stage, the players have been under a necessity of absconding, through a fear of being punished for ' having given offence to royal personages, and dishoonoured noble families. These, and various other inconveniencies, would at once cease, by the appoint-· ment of some sensible and discerning courtier to in-· vestigate every dramatic performance before its public representation: by which means actors would be careful to fend their plays to this inspector or censor, and the writers would be more cautious, studious, and circumspect. Thus we should be furnished with good plays, and the purpose of such productions happily accomplished, to the entertainment of the people, and the reputation of Spanish wits; while the actors would be secure from the resentments of government. And if this fame or any other licenser were appointed to examine the different romantic ' productions while in manufcript, some of them would appear in all the perfection you have described; increasing the eloquence of our language, and totally extirpating the old books of chivalry.

During this conversation between the canon and the curate, they were interrupted by Mr. Nicholas, who informed the latter that they were now arrived at the place in which the oxen were to bait: the curate said it was impossible they could halt in a more plea-

No. 10

fant fituation; and the canon, highly pleafed with the agreeableness of the spot, as well as charmed with the curate's company, determined to flay with them; wherefore he gave orders to two of his domestics to proceed to an inn at a small distance, and bring from thence victuals enough for the whole company.

In the mean time Sancho perceiving he had now an opportunity of speaking to his master, approached close to the cage, faying, 'Sir Don Quixote! Sir Don!

- my conscience is ready to burst, and burst it shall; these people with masks on their faces, pretending to
- be phantoms, are the curate and barber of our vilbut only play'd

the fool with.

- ' Thou art in the wrong, fon Sancho,' replied the knight; "they are no more what thou doft imagine them than I am a Turk.'
- ' Heaven's mercy!' quoth Sancho, 'this is madness with a witness. I tell you, Sir, you are only play'd the fool with. Will your worship suffer me to ask
- you a question?

" Ask what thou dost please, brother Sancho,' faid the knight.

' An please your worship then,' quoth the squire, during your enchantment in the cage has your wor-" ship had a motion?"

' A motion? what meanest thou, son Sancho?'

- " Mercy on my fins!' quoth the squire, ' how dull'headed your worship is grown! have you had any " motion to do what nobody can do for you?"
- 'Yes, yes, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'I have had two or three motions of that kind; and, to be
- · plain with thee, I am troubled with one of those mo-
- · tions now: prithee try fome method to relieve · me; for methinks I am not quite fo clean and sweet

as I could wish.

CHAP. XIX.

The wife conference between Don Quixote and his trusty squire.

TA, ha, is it so?' cried Sancho, 'then y'faith 'I've caught you at last: this is the very thing 'I wanted to know. Come, Sir, you cannot deny, that when any persons are in the dumps, so as not to eat, or drink, or fleep, folks fay they are en-' chanted or fo; from whence it is as plain as the nofe ' in my face, that your worship is not enchanted, who ' can eat, drink, and fleep, and have a motion for do-'ing your natural occasions.' 'So far thou art right, 'Sancho,' replied the knight; 'but there are different 'kinds of enchantment; and it may be, that time hath altered the manner of incantation; now, perhaps, those who are enchanted may, like thy master, " retain the use of their faculties, notwithstanding those " persons were unpossessed of them who were formerly ' in the fame predicament; fo that there is no drawing ' inferences from what did once exist, in contradistinction to present practices: I am certain that I am ' enchanted, otherwise my heart would be miserable; ' for, to be thus dishonourably borne about in a cage, drawn by fluggish oxen, and withheld from the im-" portant offices of my function, when at this instant ' perhaps hundreds of distressed objects are in want of * my affistance, would be insupportable, were I not ' under the absolute controul of fascination.' 'Yet, " for all that,' faid Sancho, 'your worship furely might try to free yourself from this prison: come, Sir, I'll fet you at liberty myself, and then a fig for them all. Act as thou dost please, son Sancho, replied the knight, ' but thou wilt affuredly find thyfelf mif-" taken."

Thus conversed the knight-errant and his squire till the slow-moving oxen arrived at the place where the A a a 2 curate,

curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, were waiting for them. Prefently the waggoner unyoked his oxen, and fet them a-grazing; when Sancho, perceiving those animals enjoying their liberty, thought it extremely hard that his mafter should be still confined, and therefore begged of the curate that he might be released during the time the oxen baited, just to stretch his legs a little; at the same time affuring him, that if he refused, the prison would not be so clean or fweet as the presence of so worthy a knighterrant required. The curate made answer, that he would readily comply with his request, provided he could be fure that Don Quixote would not re-affume his old tricks and escape from them. 'I'll be bail ' for him, Sir,' faid Sancho; 'and I'll join in the ob-' ligation,' faid the canon, 'provided he will pledge his honour not to leave us.'

' I will, I will,' cried the knight, who had attentively liftened to all that they had faid; and I do now. ' moreover fwear to it, by the faith of a virtuous knight-errant; though you need no fecurity beyond

' the power of incantation, enchanted bodies not hav-

ing the ability of felf-disposal.'

The canon now releasing him from his confinement, the knight was very grateful for the favour, and, after stretching his limbs, gave Rosinante a slap across the buttocks, saying, 'Thou slower and glory of horseflesh! I trust that in time we both shall obtain what our hearts defire; thou prancing under thy lord and " mafter, and thy lord and mafter mounted upon thy flurdy chine, performing those atchievements for " which he was fent into the world."

Sancho now conducted his mafter to a thicket; from whence they foon returned, the former much sweeter and lighter than before, and the latter perfectly happy in having succeeded in his petition. The canon could not forbear to gaze upon Don Quixote, and was furprised with the peculiar symptoms of his disorder; for in his conversation and answers he displayed an excellent understanding, and only lost himself when the difcourfe.

course ran upon knight-errantry: he therefore commiserated his misfortune, and when the whole company had feated themselves on the grafs, waiting the return of the domestics from the inn, the canon thus addressed Don Quixote: 'Is it possible, Signor, that ' your unhappy reading of romantic productions can have fo far impaired your understanding as that you ' should now actually suppose yourself enchanted? and ' that you should be impressed with other chimeras of the same kind, as remote from natural reason as false-' hood is from truth? How is it possible that human ' fensibility can conceive there ever existed those multitudes of famous knights-errant, those emperors of Trebifond, those Amadises, Felixmartes of Hyrcania, ' damsels, palfreys, serpents, giants, enchantments, s adventures, battles, tournaments, enamoured princeffes, squires, dwarfs, and so forth, as related in books of chivalry? I confess, when I read these histories without considering them as mere fictions, my mind is fornewhat amused; but when I seriously ' reflect what they are, I throw them contemptuously ' aside, and should even commit them to the slames if 'I was near a fire, as delinquents meriting that fate, because, like impostors, they act in direct contrariety 6 to the common course of nature; they are like in-' ventors of new fects and prepofterous ways of living, ' inducing the illiterate to give credit to their absurdities: ' nay, fo prefumptuous are they, that they fometimes ' difturb the brain of gentlemen who have been liberally educated, as too obviously appears by the effect they ' have wrought upon your judgement, Signor. Owing. to these destructive books you are now confined in ' a cage, and carried about like some wild beaft to be exhibited as a public spectacle. Good Signor, call home your wandering reason, and exercise that good-! fenfe which God has bleffed you with; apply your ' talents to more profitable studies. If you have a f prevalent and natural propenfity to histories of great exploits, let me recommend to you the book of Judges in the facred fcripture, where you will find 6 the

the most miraculous events founded in real truth.
Rome produced a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal,
Greece an Alexander, Castile a count Fernan Gonzalez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Valencia a Cid, Toledo a Garcilasso, Xerez a Garcia
Perez de Vargas; the histories of these great men
improve, surprise, and delight a judicious reader.
This species of reading would be worthy your talent,

" and would render you learned in historiology, ena-" moured of virtue, prudential in conduct, brave

without rashness, and cautious without cowardice;

all which would redound to the glory of God, your own emolument, and the honour of La Mancha,

" where I find your family originated."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse, and replied, 'Signor, you would ' perfuade me that there never were any fuch renowned ' personages as knights-errant; that all the books of " chivalry are fabulous; and that fuch books have ' deprived me of my natural reason: whence it is evident that you yourfelf have lost your senses, and ' that you, and not fuch books, deferve to be burnt. "If you maintain that there were no knights-errant, ' you may as well infift that there never were fuch persons as Hector and Achilles, or a king Arthur of Eng-' land, who was transformed to the semblance of a raven, and is expected every hour to return to his throne. Some people may perhaps be abfurd enough to fay that the history of Guarino Mesquino, and the effort of St. Griel, are fictious; that the amours of Don Tristan and queen Iseo are apocryphal, as well as those of Ginebra and Lancelot; though there " are people living who can almost remember having ' feen the old duenna Quintanona, who had the best hand at filling a glass of wine of any woman in Britain. I myself have often heard my grandmother, by the father's fide, fay, when she saw a duenna with her reverend veil, that fuch a duenna was very much ' like Quintanona; whence I infer that she either ' knew her, or had feen her portrait. Now who can

" pretend

pretend to deny the truths contained in the history of Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, fince at this very day may be feen, in the king's ar-' moury, the identical peg with which Peter turned his wooden horse that carried him through the air? which peg is rather bigger than the pole of a coach, and stands near Babieca's saddle. Nay, at Roncevalles is kept the horn of Orlando, which is as big as a beam: whence it is evident that those illustrious heroes we read of under the denomination of knights-errant, did absolutely exist. Why don't you endeavour to persuade me that the gallant Juan de Merlo, native of Portugal, was no knight-errant, * notwithstanding it is well known that in the city of Ras in Burgundy he encountered the famous lord of * Charne, and afterwards fought with Monseigneur · Henrique de Remestan; obtaining a conquest in both battles, to his eternal honour and fame? Why too don't you tell me that no fuch persons existed as those valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Guttiere Quixada, (from whom on the father's fide I am lineally descended,) who conquered the fons of the count de St. Paul? Infift upon it that thefe and other great heroes never had a being, and at once prove yourfelf destitute of common-sense."

The canon replied, 'We have the most unquestionable testimonies that some of these illustrious personages existed; but I protest I never saw Peter's peg in my life, though I have been in the royal armoury a great number of times.' 'Whether you have seen it or not,' quoth the knight, 'there it certainly is, and is kept in a case of calves leather, to preserve it from rust.' 'Well, Signor Don Quixote,' replied the canon, 'even allowing it to be there, I am not obliged to give credit to the stories of so many 'Amadises, and other knights treated of in those idle fables of chivalry.' 'Idle sables!' quoth the knight; 'so you call those books, printed by the king's special license and authority, idle sables: cease, Signor, to 'vent such blasphemy, and believe that in this respect

· Ladvise you to act agreeably to the dictates of reason and good-fense. I can with truth affirm, that fince I have taken on myfelf the profession of a knighterrant, I have not only been brave, courteous, liberal, well-bred, and affable, but a patient endurer of toils, coaptivity, and enchantment; and notwithstanding I have been thut up in a cage like a madman, I expect, through the valour of my arm, heaven favouring, and fortune not opposing me, to be sovereign of some kingdom in a very fhort time, when I shall be enabled to give proofs of my inherent gratitude and egenerofity; for in truth, Signor, a poor man is inca-· pable of exerting the virtue of beneficence, however naturally well inclined; and that gratitude which is · restricted to good-will alone, is like faith without works: wherefore it is my wish that fortune may foon make me an emperor, in order that I may diffelay the native liberality of my heart, in affifting those whom I esteem, particularly my faithful squire and fervant, Sancho Panza, who is one of the honestest fellows in the world, and whom I intend to create s an earl, though I fear he will want fense and cir-* cumpection to conduct himself after his advance-"ment. oug sono is has . galed

Sancho hearing his master's last words, said, 'Well, 'well, Sir Don Quixote, don't you trouble your head about that matter; let me but once be made an earl, and I'll warrant you I shall know how to conduct myself: I can do as my betters have done before me; I can have a deputy to do all my business, while I receive my rents, live jovially, and care not a fig for the world: I would not be controuded in my earldom; fairly and softly; I would be absolute; because he that is absolute can do what he pleases; and he that can do what he pleases, must surely please himself.'

By this time the canon's fervants being arrived with the provision, they all fell to eating; when prefently they heard the tinkling of a little bell among fome adjoining briars and thickets, and immediately

there

there appeared a beautiful she-goat, speckled with various spots, and a goatherd running after her, who in his rustic dialect called to her to stop and return to the fold; but the innocent fugitive ran towards the company panting and frighted, as if to intreat their protection; whilft the goatherd, feizing her by the horns. faid to her, as if the animal had been endued with rationality, 'Ah, you little wanton! how you ramble about! the wolves will catch you one day of other: what can be the reason of your straying from the fold fo often, my pretty child? yet indeed what can it be but that you are a female, and therefore inconstant: · plague on you, and on those you resemble, fay I: turn back; my little dear; for though you are not fo happy in your fold, you will there be fecure from all harm: if you, who olight to fliew a good example to your companions, ramble about in this manner, what will become of them?"

The goatherd's reprimand to his little wanderer diverted the company much, particularly the canon, who faid to him; 'I befeech you not to be in fuch hurry to get your goat back to the fold; for, as a female, she will do as she pleases, in spite of you: take this morfel, and have a cup of wine:' (at the same time giving

him the leg of a rabbit.)

Gentlemen; faid the goatherd; 'you must not conclude me an ignorantis for having talked in those terms to my goat; my expressions had a mysterious meaning in them: 'tis true I am a peasant, yet not so rustic; but that I can converse with men as well as goats.' I doubt it not,' replied the canon; 'for the woods sometimes produce men of learning, and simple sheep-cots discerning philosophers.' At least,' resumed the goatherd, 'they sometimes harbour men who have a tolerable knowledge of the world; and, by way of proof; I would relate a story, were I fure it would not be disagreeable.' The company expressing a desire to hear him; he recounted what will be found in the following chapter.

CHAP. XX.

The goatherd's ftory to the company.

N a little village, at the distance of about three leagues from this valley, there lived an opulent farmer, who was one of those good scarce people that are more beloved for their virtue than respected for their wealth: but his primary happiness centered in the beautiful person of an only female child, whose prudent and amiable conduct added confiderably to her external accomplishments: when at the age of fixteen the was not only the topic of conversation throughous all the neighbouring villages, but in remote cities, and even at the court; infomuch that people came from all parts to fee her: her father was very careful of her, for was the less careful of herfelf; for in truth a young woman's own prudential felf-preservation, is better than all the bolts or padlocks in the universe. Her incomparable beauty, and the wealth of her father, occasioned many fuitors to demand her in marriage; but fo very numerous were they, that the old man was much perplexed, and knew not upon whom to beftow her. Amongst the crowd of her admirers I was one. and had great hopes of fuccess, from the knowledge her father had of me, and being a native of the fame' village; I was besides of a reputable family, heir to a good estate, and not very defective in understanding: but another lad of our village, who was in every respect my equal, being at the fame time her fuitor, the old man was much embarraffed, well knowing that either of us was worthy of his daughter: to be, however, no longer in such a predicament, he told Leandra (for that was her name) she was entirely at liberty to make her own choice. I know not which of us Leandra preferred; but this I know, that her father put us off from time to time, under pretence that she was too young to be married, treating us both in fuch general

terms

terms as could neither please nor offend us. My name is Eugenio; my rival's name was Anselmo; for it is necessary you should be made acquainted with the names of the persons principally concerned in the tragedy depending, though you must naturally expect it

will have a melancholy termination.

About this time there came to our village one Vincent de la Rosa, the son of a poor labourer in the neighbourhood: this Vincent had just left Italy, where he had ferved as a foldier, as well as in other foreign parts, having been carried away, when he was about twelve years of age, by an officer who happened to march through the village at the head of his company. Vincent was in a gay uniform, bedecked with various toys of crystal, and flender chains of steel: to-day he dreffed himself in one piece of finery, to morrow another; but all his trinkets were but of little value. The labouring people, who are naturally invidious, took particular observation of his apparel, and found that he had no more than three fuits; yet fuch was his contrivance, that any one who had not undertaken to detect him, would have supposed that he had appeared in ten or a dozen different fuits, and above twenty plumes of feathers. it not feem impertment or unnecessary that I mention this circumstance of his dress, because the story depends greatly upon it. He used to seat himself upon a bench, under a large poplar, and enterrain us with an account of his travels and exploits, affuring us there was not a country in the universe that he had not feen, or a battle in which he had not fought: he had flain more Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and as to duels, he had fought a greater number than ever Gante had, or Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredez, or any other champion; always coming off victorious, and without losing a single drop of blood; in short, he was continually boasting of his prowels, and pretended to understand music, as well as to have a talent for poetry; he would sometimes thrum a guittar a little, and write copies of verses. This adven-Bbb2

turer being seen by Leandra from a window that looked into the street, she was struck with the finery of his appearance, and delighted with his verses, of which he took care to disperse several copies; she was pleased also with the exploits he related of himself, and in short became enamoured of him even before he had prefumed to make his addresses to her; and, as in the circumstances of love every thing is easily effected by the fuitor who wins the heart of his fair miftress, so was it a matter of little difficulty for Leandra and Vincent to have frequent meetings; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the least suspicion of her inclination, she had fully gratified it; and leaving her father's house, (she had no mother,) she ran off with this foldier. The whole village was alarmed with the event, and every body amazed that heard of it; I and Anfelmo were aftonished, the father overwhelmed with grief, and her other relations outrageous: justice was folicited, a party of troopers fent out, examining every thicket and corner, and after a fearch of three days Leandra was found in a cave at the foot of a mountain, robbed of jewels and money that she had taken along with her, and stripped even to her shift. The troopers brought her back to her father; and on enquiry into the cause of her elopement, she made an ingenuous confession that Vincent had deceived her; that he had promised to marry her, and to conduct her to Naples, which he faid was one of the richest and finest cities in the world; that she placed confidence in all he faid, and robbing her father, put herfelf entirely under his protection; that he led her up a freep craggy mountain, and put her in that same cave where she was found; that, however, though he ftripped her, he had not made the least attempt on her virtue. It was not an easy matter to induce us to think favourably of the foldier's continence; but she persisted in it with such repeated affeverations, that the afflicted father was in Ibme degree comforted, who esteemed nothing so highly as his daughter's reputation. The fame day that she was brought home, the old man removed her from our eyes: he immediately fent her to a monastery, in hopes that time would expunge the difgrace she had brought upon herfelf. Some people readily pardoned this mifconduct of Leandra, in confideration of her tender years; but those who were acquainted with her usual diferetion and good-sense attributed it entirely to that levity of disposition which is natural to women. Leandra being thus confined, Anselmo could never meet with any object that gave him the least satisfaction; I also was equally unhappy: we cursed the soldier's finery, and railed at the father's want of care: at last we both agreed to quit the village, and retire to this valley, where he feeding a large flock of sheep that are his own, and I tending as large a flock of goats that are likewise mine, we pass our time among the woods, giving vent to our passions, singing in concert the praises or reproaches of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himself sighing and complaining to heaven. imitation of us, feveral others of her lovers have visited these steep mountains, and bemoan their fate as we do; so that this spot wears the pastoral prospect of Arcadia, almost every part being crouded with shepherds and their flocks, and scarce any thing heard but the repetition of Leandra's name: one curles and calls her light and fickle; another stiles her wanton and immodest; a third acquits and forgives her; a fourth arraigns and condemns her; one extols her beauty; another declaims against her baseness: in short, most of them blame her, and yet all adore her: nay so far does this extravagance prevail, that some complain of her disdain who never spoke to her; and others pretend to be jealous, though she never gave occasion for such passion; for, as I already have observed, her disgrace was known before her inclination was suspected. Of the whole group of desponding lovers, he who shews the least, and yet has the most sense, is my rival Anfelmo, who forgetting all other causes of discontent, complains only of absence; and to his rebec, which he plays with great judgement, he joins his voice in couplets of his own composing, which manifest the the excellency of his genius. For my own part, I follow an easier, and in my opinion a wifer method; I declaim against the levity of the whole sex, their breach of promises, their contempt of those who sincerely love them, and their fantastic choice of knaves and fools. This, gentlemen, was the occasion of those expressions I made use of to my goat; for I dislike her, as being a female, though she is the best in my slock; and now you have had my story. My cottage is hard by, where I have some fresh milk and good cheese, with variety of fruit, all much at your service, if you chuse to partake thereof.

CHAP. XXI.

Containing the quarrel between Don Quixote and the goatberd; with the rare adventure of the disciplinants.

PIE goatherd's story was well received by the company, especially by the canon, who observed that his manner of relating it proved him a scholar; and Don Quixote said to him, 'Truly, brother goatherd, were I in a condition to engage in any new adventure, I would make it my business to serve thee: I would soon release Leandra from the monastery, where I presume she is confined against her will; and, in spite of the abbess, and all the nuns and monks under heaven, I would put her into thy hands, to be solely at thy disposal, so far as should appear confistent with the laws of chivalry, which expressly forbid any one to offer the least violence to a damsel.'

The goatherd, gazing at Don Quixote with no little admiration, and marvelling what he meant by his most extravagant expressions, said to Mr. Nicholas, 'Pray who and what is this man that talks so wildly?'

Who is he?' quoth the barber, 'why no less a per-

o son than the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flail of oppression, the revenger of injuries, the

· protector of damfels, and the ribroafter of giants.'

Then he follows the example of those renowned

champions whom we read of in books of knighterrantry, observed the goatherd; but I suppose

· you are only inclined to be a little merry with the

gentleman, or perhaps his brains have deferted their

quarters.'

Don Quixote immediately taking up a loaf, and throwing it furiously against the goatherd's head, said,

'Thou impudent scoundrel! 'tis thou who hast lost 'thy brains! the head of him whom thou doft infult,

is more pregnant than ever was thy old bawd of a

" mother!"

The goatherd, not brooking such kind of usage, flew at the knight, and feizing him by the throat, would have inevitably strangled him, if Sancho had not pulled him backwards among the dishes, bottles, and glasses, to the total devastation of the whole arrangement of those articles. Don Quixote finding himself free again, attacked the goatherd, who, befmeared with blood, and trampled upon by Sancho, crept on his hands and knees in fearch of a knife or fork to take fatal revenge, but was prevented by the canon: afterwards, however, getting Don Quixote under him, he bestowed on him such a storm of blows, that the knight foon became as bloody as the goatherd. In the height of this desperate battle they heard a trumpet utter fo doleful a found, that they could not forbear turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the mournful note proceeded; but he who seemed to regard it the most, was Don Quixote, who, though he lay much against his will under the goatherd, yet his spirit of revenge was at that instant ready to submit to that of curiofity.

Brother devil,' faid he, (' for a devil thou certainly

' must be to have strength equal to mine,) I beg a

* truce just for one hour; because the melancholy

found of that trumpet calls me to some new adventure.' The goatherd being tired of drubbing, as well of being drubbed, immediately granted the truce; and Don Quixote getting on his feet again, turned towards the place from whence the difmal tone feemed to have iffued, and foon espied a great number of people clad in white, in the manner of disciplinants, descending an adjacent hill. That year no rain had dropt for a great length of time; and the people deeming it effential to implore heaven for a few refreshing showers, were proceeding to an hermitage built on one of the hills that furrounded the valley ! and Don Quixote observing the peculiarity of their dress, without reflecting that he had often feen the like before, conjectured the whole to be some new adventure: and what strengthened his idea was an image cloathed in black, carried before them, which he furmifed to be fome princess whom they were taking off by force. Upon this, feizing his fword and shield, which were fixed to the saddle of Rosinante, who flood grazing at a small distance, he mounted his faithful steed before the company had time to prevent him, and rode directly to the disciplinants, crying out, 'Soho, ye caitiffs in mafquerade! attend to what I have to fay.' The persons who first stopped were those who carried the image; and one of the four priefts who fung the litanies remarking the strange figure of Don Quixote, and the leanness of Rosinante, together with other circumstances sufficient to force laughter even from persons in their then situation, made answer, 'If you have any thing to say to us, speak it immediately; for you are to confider our brethren here are now severely * Ariping themselves, and it is not reasonable therefore that we should be stopped.' ' Yes, yes,' faid the knight, 'I shall speak it immediately: know then that it is my immediate pleasure

' that ye do release the princess.' The people thinking

^{*} A religious order of men who scourge themselves on such occasions.

him crazy, could not forbear laughing in his face; which enraged him fo much, that laying his hand on his fword, he directly affaulted the image-carriers; when one of them quitting his post, met the threatening hero with a fork or pole on which they supported the bier when they were tired; Don Quixote, however, foon cut the fork in two; but his antagonist, who held the remaining part in his hand, gave the knight such a blow on his shoulders, that his shield being unable to fustain the shock, down dropped the knight of the woeful countenance. Sancho, who had followed him as fast as his breath and legs would let him, seeing his master fall, called out to his adversary to forbear striking him, urging that he was a poor enchanted knight, and one who meant harm to nobody: however, it was not Sancho's intercession that stopped the countryman's fury, but his own apprehensions; for perceiving Don Quixote to lie motionless, he thought he had killed him, and therefore took to his heels, and

was foon clearly out of fight.

By this time the canon, curate, and the rest of the company, were nearly arrived at the fpot where Don Quixote lay; and those of the procession seeing so many persons approaching towards them, attended by troopers belonging to the holy brotherhood, began to apprehend some dreadful disafter; wherefore forming themselves in a circle round the image, they lifted up their hoods, grasped their scourging instruments, and prepared for an affault, refolving to defend themselves bravely; but fortune had ordered things much better than they expected; for while Sancho lay stretched out at full length over his master's body, most dolefully bewailing him as dead, the curate happened to be known by one of the priests of the procession, which at once dispelled all apprehensions on both sides; and the curate giving his brother parson, in a very few words, an account of Don Quixote's infanity, the whole body of disciplinants repaired to the poor knight, to examine whether he was alive or dead, when they found Sancho, who supposed his poor master was no No. 10 Ccc more.

more, making, almost drowned in tears, the following funeral oration: 'O thou bright flower of chivalry! by a difcourteous cudgel thus laid low! O thou pride and honour of thy family! thou glory of La Mancha! thou support of the world, which by the untimely death is now become a poor orphan, expoled to the violence of wicked men, who will ravish virtue, and set justice naked with her heels upwards! thou wert more bountiful than all the Alex-' anders that ever reigned! for after I had ferved thee only eight months, thou didst promise me an island! thou wert the scourge of oppressors, a sworn foe to baseness, daring in danger, and in love without e reason! in a word, thou wert a knight-errant; and

' in that great name lies every thing.'

Sancho's lamentations brought Don Quixote to himself again, who heaving a most melancholy sigh, faid, 'Ah! Dulcinea! he who is absent from thy charming person cannot be otherwise than wretched: ' help me, Sancho, into the enchanted chariot; for I am not in a condition to mount Rolinante, my " fhoulder being much bruised." I will obey you, " my good lord," replied Sancho; "I am always ready to affift my dear mafter; and now, Sir, let us return home to our own village, where your worship will have leifure to confider of some new adventure more to our honour and profit.' 'With all my heart, friend Sancho,' replied the knight, 'for in that time ' perhaps the malignant influence of the planets will pafs over.

The canon and curate were happy to hear Don Quixote agree to his squire's request, and then placing him in the cage as before, the waggon fet off again; the people of the procession continued their ceremony; the canon took his leave of the curate; the goatherd went away about his bufiness, and the troopers were paid and

discharged.

At the end of fix days, in the forenoon of Sunday, the curate and barber fafely conducted Don Quixote to his native village, when the waggon was quickly furrounded

furrounded with people, who were aftonished to see their old neighbour, Signor Quixada, in a cage. A little boy ran immediately with the news to the knight's house, and particularizing the miserable manner in which he lay upon a common truss of hay in a waggon drawn by oxen, his niece and housekeeper burst into a flood of tears, making the bitterest exclamations against all books of knight-errantry; and it would have softened the most obdurate breast to have heard their lamentations when the waggon moved up to the door.

O my poor dear uncle! faid the niece, was there no other method of conveying you home but in this nafty, filthy cage?

O dreadful! cried the housekeeper, to be thus

caged like a wild Swedish cat !

And now the wife of Sancho Panza made her appearance, whose first care was to ask her husband, how the als had fared? and Sancho answering, 'much better than his master, heaven be praised, faid fhe, 'and now tell me what thou hast got for me by thy squireship; hast thou brought me home a new ' petticoat, or any stockings for thy children?' ' No, no, no, replied Sancho, 'I have brought things of " much greater consequence." I am glad of it, faid she, 'prithee let me see them,' 'See them!' quoth Sancho, ' thou, shalt see them when we get home: I can tell thee, thou wert once very near being an earl's lady. Shou'd it be my lord Don Quixote's ' fortune to fet out again in quest of adventures, I I shall be made governor of one of the finest islands hat the falt-water ever washed.'

What dost thou fay? quoth Joan Panza.

What do I fay,' replied Sancho, 'why I'm to be governor of an island.'

Governor of an island! what's that?"

Thou shalt know in good time, replied Sancho; have a little patience; honey was not made for an ass's mouth. It will be time enough for thee to know what I mean when thou dost hear thyself called Ccc2 my

my lady, and see thy servants cringing and scraping to thee with their hats off!

' Mercy on us!' quoth Joan, 'and when is all this

to happen?

' Happen?' faid Sancho, 'why when my mafter. and I go out again: though, by the way, 'tis a rare thing to be only a knight-errant's squire; for supopofe most of the knight's adventures are unlucky, and his squire gets heartily kick'd and cuff'd, as I have been ferved, yet 'tis a pleasant life to ride ahunting after fortune over rocks, mountains, and de-

farts, and to flay whole days at castles and inns with-

out paying a farthing.

During this curious discourse between Sancho and his wife, the niece and housekeeper of Don Quixote undressed and put the knight to-bed, where he lay casting his eyes alternately at them, without knowing who they were, or that he was then under his own' roof. The curate enjoined the niece to take the utmost care of him, and to watch him very narrowly, lest he should escape again, affuring her that the getting him home had been attended with greater difficulty and trouble than the could possibly be aware of: here both niece and fervant again exclaimed with violence against the books of knight-errantry, and invoked heaven to hurl to the lowest pit of destruction the authors of fuch infamous productions: for the poor women were apprehensive they should lose the knight again as foon as he recovered his ftrength, which indeed really happened. But although the author of this hiftory hath been very affiduous in his' enquiry into the circumstances of Don Quixote's third fally from home, yet he could never obtain any account in which he could confide: fame alone hath preserved, among the antiquities of La Mancha, some' memoirs of his future exploits, which inform us that in his third fally he vifited Saragossa, where being present at a famous tournament, he met with many' recent occurrences worthy of his genius and gallantry: but our author would never have obtained any intelligence

ligence respecting his death, had not fortune directed him to an old physician who happened to be in possesfron of a leaden box which he faid he had found amongst the ruins of an hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some scrolls of parchment, on which were recorded, in Castilian verse, and gothic characters, several of Don Quixote's famous actions, as well as a description of Dulcinea's beauty, the fine figure of Rosinante, and the integrity of Sancho Panza; together with an account of the knight's funeral, embellished with several epitaphs, and eulogiums on his life and manners. Whatever was intelligible enough to be transcribed is here annexed by the author of this new and stupendous history, who defires no further compensation for his great labour and trouble in examining the ancient records of La Mancha to complete so inimitable a work, than that his reader will give it as much credit as difcerning people bestow upon those volumes of knight-errantry which are now fo univerfally read: with this he will be fatisfied, and perhaps encouraged to feek for other historical matters, which, if not altogether so true as this, yet may not be less ingenious and amusing.

The following were the verses written on the first piece of parchment found in the box:

Monicongo, academician of Argamasilla in La Mancha, on the tomb of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

CHampions! however known in ftory!
Nothing can now avail your claim:
Here lies the oracle of glory,
Whose worth eclipses all your fame.
Dread of oppressors, foe to fear:
La Mancha's valiant knight lies here.

390 THE ATCHIEVEMENTS, &c.

Paniguado, academician of Argamasilla, on the tomb

no mandan EPLTAPH.

Y E love-fick maids and am'rous fellows,
Here fleeps the queen of Blowzabellas!
Tobofo's empress! Quixote's love!
For whom, long time, in doleful dudgeon,
Mountains and defarts he did trudge on.
What could he more his flame to prove?
But nought from death's fell jaws could keep her:
Lo! she is dead, and se must weep her.

These were the only legible verses: the rest, which were much impaired by time, were put into the hands of an academician, who, we hear, with unwearied diligence and labour hath investigated their meaning, and intends to make them public, stattering us with the hope of being amused with Don Quixote's third fally from his native village.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.



* * THE translator has endeavoured to adhere, with a proper attention, to the genius of his author, without introducing any mode of expression tending to give offence to the judgement of his reader. He has paid that regard to the original, which, in his opinion, is the duty of every person who undertakes to translate from one language to another. The profound gravity and importance, the incomparable prowess and discernment, the sublime ideas and expectations, the sapient pursuits and determinations of La Mancha's bero, together with the admirable discretion and sagacity of his faithful squire, have, it is presumed, been supported in that stile, and with that spirit, for which the nature and tendency of the work were originally designed. The wit, humour, and satire, which flow through the bistory, will, in these volumes be found, it is hoped, to bave been preserved on that principle which alone should actuate the pen of every writer who means to blend example with amusement, delineate a striking picture of folly, and paint virtue in all ber native amiableness, purity, and perfection.

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